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The giant ran after Jack, trying to hit him with his monstrous club

FAIRY TALES *of* MANY LANDS

FAMOUS STORIES

FROM THE ENGLISH, GERMAN, FRENCH,
ITALIAN, ARABIC, RUSSIAN, SWEDISH,
DANISH, NORWEGIAN, BOHEMIAN,
JAPANESE, :: :: :: AND OTHER SOURCES

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY
LOGAN MARSHALL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ROMA GANS

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CHICAGO PHILADELPIA TORONTO

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Fairy Tales of Many Lands

U. S. 706584

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A PEEP IN.

Not far away from you is a wonderful village where real fairies, giants, dwarfs, knights, and princesses live. How would you like to go there? It doesn't look like any place you've ever seen before, and the people who live there do the most interesting things. There is Jack the Giant Killer who goes through the village looking for a giant to kill. You may see him slay one. As you pass a beautiful castle you will see a boy, Childe Wynd, make a cruel stepmother shrivel up into an ugly frog.

How would you like to open the Golden Snuff Box, and watch three tiny dwarfs hop out of it? You will meet Jack who has the Golden Snuff Box and see him open it every time he needs the help of the dwarfs.

There will be no need to hurry; you may stop and look at any place as long as you wish and still be in time to see Cinderella rush out into her garden, pick up two lizards, a rat, and a pumpkin and carry them into the house. Then, a few seconds later, you will see her ride to the ball in a beautiful coach which was made from the pumpkin. With her you will see the coachman, who was the rat, and the two footmen, who were the lizards.

In a plain little house in the center of the village lives Tom Thumb. You ought to walk carefully as you go near the house so that you do not step on Tom Thumb—he is sure to be about. If you wish to talk to him, it will be best if you hold him in your hand. Then he will be close enough to you so that you can see him plainly. But don't be surprised if he's not the least bit afraid of you—he once went up to a sleeping giant and stole his Seven League Boots!

One place to which you must be sure to go is the Dolphin Gallery. Watch for a hole in the ground that is large enough for you to enter, and once you go through it, the way to the wonderful palace under the ocean will be easy to find. From the windows of this palace, which rocks with the waves of the ocean, you will be able to see the queer things at the bottom of the sea without even getting wet! When you come out from this underground ocean you must watch the way the Magic Horse is made to go. If you get on his back, and turn a peg which is in his neck, he'll go up into the air, anywhere you wish to go, and how fast!

But, why read more here about this wonderful village. Read the stories in *Fairy Tales of Many Lands* and you will feel as well acquainted with all of these wonders as if you had really seen them.

And more than that! You will feel as if you had been given a swift ride first to England where you had heard the English people tell some of their most famous stories, and then, whisk —off to Germany where you had seen the German people and heard some of their best stories. And so on, and on from country to country until you have heard the stories that are told to children the whole world over—the famous stories that everyone should know.

Roma Gans

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

ENGLISH.

When good King Arthur was reigning in England, there lived in the Duchy of Cornwall a countryman who had an only son called Jack. He was very clever, and was always so witty that nothing in the world could ever upset him.

At that time the mountains of Cornwall were in the possession of a mighty giant called Cormoran. He was eighteen feet high and at least nine feet around the breast, had a bold and ferocious appearance, and was the terror of all the neighboring cities and villages. He lived in a deep cave in the mountains, and used to stalk out through the country when hunger drove him and seize everything that came in his way. When he appeared all people fled from him, and he stole their cattle. He used to carry a load of a half dozen oxen on his back, and a row of sheep and pigs hanging around his belt like a bunch of candles. He had been laying the country waste for a number of years, so that the whole of Cornwall was in desperation.

One day Jack was in town at the Town Hall, where the Mayor was just talking about the giant. Jack asked, "What reward will be given the man who kills the Giant Cormoran?"

They told him, "His reward will be the giant's treasure."

Jack said, "I will try it."

He took a hunting horn, a shovel and a hatchet with him and went up to the mountain one dark winter evening. He set right to work, and before morning he had dug a pit more than twenty feet deep and almost as wide, and covered it with thin iron rods and rushes, and he sprinkled clay all over it, so that it looked like the rest of the ground. Then, placing himself on the far side of the pitfall, as far as possible from the giant's lair, he blew his hunting horn just as day began to break. The noise woke up the giant, and he ran out and cried, "You miserable wretch! Have you come to disturb my sleep? You shall pay for it dearly! I will have satisfaction and will eat you for breakfast!" But these words had hardly been uttered when the Giant Cormoran broke through into Jack's pitfall, and he fell so hard that the mountain shook.

"Where are you now, my dear sir?" Jack mocked him. "My good fellow, you have come to justice and shall be punished for your threats. What were you saying about breakfast? Do you still want to roast me? Wouldn't you just as lief have something else to eat as poor Jack?" And after he had mocked the giant so for a while he struck him a terrible blow on the head with his hatchet and killed him dead.

Jack now filled the pit up and searched the cave, in which he found great treasures. When the Mayor learned about this he said that he should hereafter be called "Jack the Giant Killer," and then he gave him a sword and belt, on which was embroidered in golden letters:

"This is Cornwall's valiant man,
Who killed the Giant Cormoran."

The news of Jack's heroic deed soon spread over the whole kingdom, so that another giant called Blunderbore swore he would take revenge on Jack if he could get his hands on him. This giant was the lord of an enchanted castle which stood in the middle of a great lonely forest in Wales. About four months later Jack went to Wales, and as he was going past this forest he felt very tired; so he sat down by a pretty spring and fell fast asleep. While he was sleeping the giant came to get some water, recognized Jack by the inscription on his belt, and without more ado picked him up in his arms and carried him into his castle.

As they were going through the gate Jack awoke. He was very much surprised to find himself in the giant's power, but this was only the beginning of his terror, for he saw as they came into the castle that the ground was covered with human bones, and the giant told him that his would soon be among them. Then the giant locked him in a monstrous room, and left him there until he could invite another giant who lived in the same forest to come and help him eat Jack up.

After a while Jack looked out of the window and saw both giants nearing the castle. "Now," he thought to himself, "my last hour is at hand." In one corner of the room, however, he found some thick cords, and he made slings out of two of them. When the giants opened the iron door he threw the slings around their necks, pulled the cords over a balcony with all his might, and choked the giants. As soon as he saw that they were both blue in the face he pulled his sword and killed them. Then he took the giant's keys and opened all the rooms of the castle. In one room he found three beautiful women, tied by the hair and almost starved. "Fair ladies," said Jack, "I have killed the fearful monster and his brother, and have freed you." So then he gave them the castle keys and set out on his own journey.

Jack hurried to get to his goal as soon as possible, but lost his way, and when night overtook him could not find any place to sleep. Then he came into a valley where a great palace stood, and knocked at the gate to ask for shelter. But how great was his astonishment when out of the gate came a monstrous giant with two heads! Still he did not look so ferocious as the others, because he was the Giant of Wales, and did everything that he did with deceitful cunning under the mask of friendship. Jack told the giant his wishes, and was led politely into a bedchamber. But in the night he heard his host in the next room humming:

"Now it is my guest,
Now it takes a rest;
Then I'll kill it
With a billet."

"Do you really mean that?" thought Jack to himself. "That sounds like your Welsh ideas, but I hope to get the best of you." So he jumped out of bed, put a big piece of wood in his place, and hid himself in the corner. Late at night the giant walked in and struck the bed several terrible blows with his club. He thought that he had broken every bone in Jack's skin.

In the morning Jack laughingly thanked the giant for his night's lodging.

"How did you sleep?" the giant asked him. "Didn't you feel anything?"

"No," replied Jack; "but it seemed to me as if a mouse hit me three times with his little tail."

The giant was quite bewildered and took him in to breakfast. He brought a large dish which had about ten ordinary bowlfuls of broth in it. Jack did not want the giant to think that it was too much for him, so he hid a big leather bag under his blouse and poured the broth into it without the giant's noticing. Then he told the giant he would show him a pretty trick, took a knife and stabbed the bag, and all the broth ran out.

"I can do that, too," said the giant; and he took the knife and stabbed himself in the stomach and fell down dead.

Now it happened that King Arthur's only son begged his father to give him a lot of money so that he could go to seek his fortune in the capital city of Wales, where there was a wonderfully beautiful woman who was possessed by seven evil spirits. The king tried to talk him out of it, but in vain. Finally he gave in, and the prince set out on his journey with two horses, one of them loaded with money and the other carrying the prince. After several days' journey he came into a trading town and saw a great mob of men. The prince asked what that meant, and learned that they were dragging away a dead man on account of the great debts that he had left behind. The prince was saddened to think that the creditors could be so hard-hearted, and said, "Let them bury the dead man and let the creditors come to my inn, where I will pay his debts." And so many of them came that in the evening the prince had only two pennies left.

Jack the Giant Killer arrived in the city just at this time, and was so moved by the prince's benevolence that he wished to become his attendant. The prince was willing, and the next day they set out on their journey. As they were riding out of the city an old woman came running after the prince. "He owed me two pennies for seven years; please pay me like you did the rest of them," she said. So the prince reached into his pocket and gave the woman his last two pennies.

Now, after they had had something to eat this day, which Jack paid for with his few pennies, they were both without any money.

At sunset the king's son said, "Jack, we have no money. Where shall we sleep?"

Jack replied, "Sir, do not worry. My uncle lives about a half hour's journey from here; he's a monstrous giant with three heads, who can overpower and turn to flight five hundred armed men."

"Alas!" cried the prince. "What can we do there? He'll swallow us both at once. Yes; we would hardly be enough to fill a hollow in one of his teeth."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Jack. "I'll go ahead alone and prepare the way for you. Just wait here until I come back." So Jack rode on as fast as he could, and when he came to the gate he beat on it so fiercely that it echoed among the surrounding hills.

At this the giant roared like thunder, "Who is it?"

"Nobody but your little nephew Jack."

"What brings my little nephew Jack here?"

"Dear uncle," answered Jack, "I have sad and serious news for you. Heaven help you!"

"Thanks," laughed the giant. "What kind of sad news can you bring me? Am I not the giant with three heads who can overpower five hundred armed men and chase them before me like chaff before the wind?"

"But," answered Jack, "here comes the king's son with a thousand armed men to kill you and destroy all your property."

"Oh, my dear nephew Jack!" cried the giant in terror. "That is a serious bit of news. I will hide for the present. You can lock me in and hide the keys until the prince goes away."

So Jack locked the giant up, brought in his master, and they both entertained themselves delightfully while the poor giant lay in his dungeon underground and shivered all over his body.

Next morning early Jack loaded the prince's horse with a lot of gold and silver and sent him three miles ahead so that the giant could not catch sight of him. Then he let the giant out of the cellar, and the monster asked him what reward he should give him.

"Oh," replied Jack, "I don't want anything but that old cloak there and that cap, and the rusty sword, and the shoes that stand at the head of your bed."

The giant said, "You have no idea what you ask of me. That cloak makes you invisible; the cap tells you anything that you want to know; the sword cleaves through everything; and the shoes possess extraordinary speed. But you have rendered me a great service, and for this reason I will give you all of these things heartily."

Jack thanked him and went on his way with the gifts. He soon overtook his master, and presently they reached the house of the lady whom the prince was looking for. When she saw that the prince wanted to court her she prepared a splendid banquet, and after dinner she said that she would give him a riddle. Then she wiped her mouth with a napkin and said, "To-morrow morning you must show me this napkin, or else you shall die;" and she placed the napkin on her breast.

The prince went to bed in great anxiety, but Jack's cap told him how he could get the napkin. At midnight the lady called her familiar spirit and ordered him to take her to Lucifer. But Jack put on the invisible cloak and the magic shoes and was there before she was. When she got to Lucifer's house she handed him the napkin and he laid it on the sideboard. Jack took it and brought it to his master. In the morning the prince showed it to the lady and so was saved.

That evening the lady gave the prince a kiss, and said that next morning he must show her the lips which she kissed in the night, or else die. "Ah," said the prince, "if you kissed nobody but me I could easily show them to you."

"That is neither here nor there," she answered. "If you do not do as I say you must perish." At midnight she vanished as before and scolded the demon Lucifer because he had not taken more care of her napkin. "But this time," she said, "it will go hard with the king's son, for I will kiss you, and he will have to show me your lips." She kissed him; and Jack, who was there as on the previous night, waited until she went away. Then he cut off Lucifer's head and brought it to his master under his invisible cloak, and in the morning the prince threw it before the lady.

This broke the evil enchantment, the wicked spirits left the lady, and she appeared before the prince in all her beauty. The next day they held the wedding, and then went back to King Arthur's court, where Jack was made a Knight of the Round Table for his heroic deeds.

Soon after this, however, Jack took up his quest for giants again. He had not ridden far when he saw a cave and a giant sitting on a block in front of the entrance with a great club lying near him. His glaring eyes were like two fiery balls; his face was hideous and his cheeks like bacon; his shaggy beard like a bunch of iron wire; and his gray hair fell down on his massive arms like a nest of hissing serpents. Jack jumped out of his saddle, put on the invisible cloak, and approaching the giant said quietly, "Are you here? You shall not last long, for I will pluck your beard." Then he stepped nearer and struck at the giant's head with his sword. But he missed it, and only cut off his nose. The giant roared like thunder, and began to lay about him in rage with his club. Jack stepped behind him and stabbed his sword into the giant's back up to the handle. The giant fell dead on the ground, and Jack cut his head off and sent it to King Arthur. Then Jack went through the giant's cave to look for his treasure. In one corner stood a great kettle, in another an immense table which the giant used at his meals. Then he walked to the window and saw through the iron lattice a great crowd of prisoners, who cried out, "Oh, young man! Have you come to share our lot in this terrible place?"

"Tell me," said Jack, "why you are in prison."

"We are locked in here," came the answer, "until the day when the giants have a great banquet. Then the fattest of us is always killed. Many of us have already been done to death to make delicacies for the giants."

"So that's the way things are!" said Jack; and he opened the door and gave them their freedom, and all rejoiced like convicts who had been pardoned. Jack looked through the giant's chests, divided all the gold and silver among them, and took them to the neighboring castle where they all celebrated their deliverance.

As the merriment was reaching its height a messenger came and announced that the Giant Donnerkile with two heads, who had heard of his neighbor's death, had come out of the valleys in the north to take revenge on Jack. He was at this time hardly a mile from the castle and chasing the countryfolk before him like chaff. But Jack was not frightened, and said, "Let him come to me; I will soon pull his teeth out. And you, ladies and gentlemen, come into the garden, and you shall witness the death and destruction of the Giant Donnerkile."

The castle stood in the middle of a little island surrounded by a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide. The moat was full of water and was crossed by a strong bridge. Jack ordered the men to cut the bridge nearly through at both ends; then he put on his invisible cloak, and with his sword in his hand went against the giant. The giant could not see Jack, but felt that he was near and cried out:

"Fe! Fi! Fo! Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he living, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

"You mean that, do you?" said Jack. "Then you must be a horrible fellow."

"Are you the rascal who killed my brother? I'll tear you apart with my teeth and drink your blood and crunch your bones."

"You'll have to catch me first," said Jack; and then he threw his cloak away so the giant could see him, put on his magic shoes and began to run. The giant ran after him like a big house, so that the earth trembled at every step. Jack led him a dance around the castle for awhile so that the ladies and gentlemen could see him well, and finally he ran over the bridge, the giant trying with all his might to hit him with his monstrous club. When he got to the middle the bridge broke through, and the giant fell head over heels into the water where he floundered around like a whale. Jack stood by the moat and made fun of him. The giant was raging, but he could not get out of the water. Then Jack took two ropes, threw them around the giant's neck and dragged him up on the beach with a team of horses and cut off both his heads with his keen sword. The heads he sent to King Arthur.

After some time had passed in merry-making, Jack took leave of the knights and ladies and set out for further adventures. He journeyed through many forests, and finally came to the foot of a lofty mountain. Here late at night he found a lonely house, and when he knocked at the door an old man with snow-white hair opened it. "Father," Jack addressed him, "can you give shelter to a lost pilgrim whom the night has overtaken?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "welcome to my poor house." Jack stepped in and sat down near him. "My son," began the old man, "I read on your belt that you are a great giant killer. Up here on the mountain you will find an enchanted castle which the Giant Galligant lives in. He is helped by an old wizard, and holds many knights and ladies captive, whom he has enchanted into different forms with his magic art. But I am especially grieved over a prince's daughter, who was carried off through the air from her father's garden on a burning chariot drawn by fiery dragons. They locked her up in the castle and changed her into a white hound. Many knights have tried to break the evil enchantment and free her, but none has succeeded because of two horrible monsters, half eagles and half lions, which stand guard at the entrance and tear apart every one who draws near; but, my son, if you can reach the gate without being seen you will find written there in great letters how the enchantment can be broken."

Jack pressed the old man's hand, and promised to risk his life in the morning to free the royal girl.

The next morning Jack put on the invisible cloak and the magic shoes, placed the knowing cap on his head, and made himself ready for the fight. When he got to the top of the mountain he saw the two fire-breathing monsters, but he passed fearlessly between them. When he got behind them he saw a golden trumpet hanging at the gate on a silver chain, and under it these words:

"Who blows the horn shall break the charm
And free the world of giant's harm."

Hardly had Jack read the words when he seized the trumpet and blew so hard that the castle shook to its foundations, and the giant and the wizard were in great fear. They tore their hair and bit their fists for they knew that their power was broken. When the giant came to his senses and wanted to seize his club, Jack sprang up and cut his head off at one blow. The wizard mounted up into the air and was carried away by the wind. The charm was broken, and all the ladies and gentlemen who had so long been enchanted into different animals took their true forms again, and the castle vanished in smoke and mist. When all this had been accomplished Giant Galligant's head was sent to King Arthur.

Jack went to the palace with all the rescued knights and ladies. As a reward for his noble deeds the prince gave Jack his daughter in marriage at the king's request, and when the wedding took place the whole kingdom rejoiced. King Arthur gave Jack a splendid castle and a beautiful estate, where Jack lived with his wife to the end of their days in joy and happiness

THE ENCHANTED DRAGON.

ENGLISH.

In Bamborough Castle there lived, a long time ago, a king who had a beautiful wife, a son named Childe Wynd, and a daughter called Margaret. Childe Wynd left home to seek his fortune in the world, and soon afterwards, his mother, the queen, died. The king mourned for her a long while, but one day while hunting he met a woman of such unusual beauty, and fell so much in love with her, that he decided to marry her. So he sent word home that he was going to bring a new queen for Bamborough City.

Princess Margaret was not very well pleased to learn that a strange woman was to take the place of her mother, but she did not complain, and did what her father wished her to do. So on the appointed day, she waited at the city gate with all the keys of the house to hand them over to her stepmother, as the new mistress of the castle. Soon the procession came, and the new queen stood before the princess, who bowed low and handed her the big castle key, which she carried upon a beautiful cushion. With lowered eyes and rosy cheeks, she stood there and said, "Welcome, dear father, to your rooms and halls; and welcome also to you, my new mother, for everything which is here belongs also to you."

But as she handed the key to the stepmother one of the knights from the queen's escort cried out with astonishment, "This northern princess is surely the most beautiful in the world."

At these words, the queen became red in the face and remarked, "You might at least have been polite enough to make an exception of me," and she said to herself, "I will soon put an end to her beauty."

Right away that night, the queen began to plot against the poor princess. She was a powerful witch, and she went into a solitary cell and began to use her witchcraft. After she had spoken three curses and had made nine signs nine times with her hands, she began to lay her spell upon the princess. Her curse began:

"I enchant thee into an ugly dragon, and thy own form will be given back to thee only by thy brother Childe Wynd, if he kisses thee three times. Otherwise, my spell shall have no end so long as the world lasts." So it happened that the princess went to bed that evening as a beautiful maiden, and woke in the morning an ugly, crawling dragon.

When her maids came in the morning to dress her, they found all coiled up in the bed a hideous monster, which raised itself as they came in, and began to crawl toward them. Every one of them ran away with cries of terror, and the ugly reptile crawled and crawled away until it reached the Spindle Stone Cliff, around which it wrapped itself and there warmed its hideous jaws in the sun. This did not last very long before the whole neighborhood knew only too well that on the Spindle Stone Cliff lived a dragon, for hunger drove the monster to crawl out of its den from time to time, and it destroyed everything that it found.

The people hunted up a mighty wizard and asked him what they should do. The wizard looked into his books and took counsel with the spirits that served him, and then he said, "Your repulsive dragon is really the Princess Margaret, and it is only hunger that forces her to such deeds. Choose seven cows which shall be set apart only for her, and carry all their milk every evening at sunset, and put it in the stone trough at the foot of the cliff. If you do this, the dragon will not disturb the country any more; but if you wish her to be released and take on her former appearance, and wish the person who bewitched her to be punished, send over the sea for her brother Childe Wynd."

They did as the wizard advised; the dragon lived on the milk of the seven chosen cows and the neighborhood was not any further disturbed. When Childe Wynd received the news he swore a mighty oath that he would free his sister and take vengeance on the cruel stepmother. Thirty-three of his knights took the oath with him, and they set to work and built a big ship, of which they made the keel of the Rowan tree. When everything was ready, they seized the oars and rowed to Bamborough Bay.

As they came near, the stepmother felt by means of her witchcraft that something unpleasant for her was going to happen, and so she called together the spirits and said to them: "Childe Wynd is coming back over the sea, but at any cost he must not land here. Stir up the wind or break the bottom of his ship, but in any case do not let him land from the boat."

The spirits flew to meet Childe Wynd's ship, but as they came to it, they saw that they had no power over it, because its keel was hewed from the Rowan tree. So they returned to the royal witch, who did not know what to do. She ordered her hired soldiers to draw themselves up against Childe Wynd when he should try to land, and forced the Spindle Stone Dragon, with her witchcraft, to wait at the harbor.

When the ship arrived, the dragon plunged into the sea, seized Childe Wynd's ship and hurled it back from the land.

Three times Childe Wynd cheered on his followers to row up stoutly and courageously, but the dragon threw them back every time. Then it came into Childe Wynd's mind to turn the ship around, and the queen witch imagined he had given up the attempt, but he only sailed around to the next headland, steered safely and quietly into a little river up to the bank and hastened against the dragon with sword drawn and bow strung, and all his knights following.

In that moment, however, when Childe Wynd landed, the queen lost her magic power over the dragon and she went back into her room, without even a single spirit or a single soldier who would help her. She felt that her hour had struck.

Now as Childe Wynd came near to the dragon, it did not try to stop him or do any harm to him, and as he raised his sword to kill it, the voice of the Princess Margaret came out of the dragon's jaws and said: "Oh, let thy sword fall and let thy bow drop and kiss me three times, for although I am an ugly dragon, I will do no harm to thee." Childe Wynd held back, but he did not know what to do, for he thought this might be some new witch. The dragon said nevertheless: "Oh, let thy sword fall and let thy bow drop, and kiss me three times, for thou wilt never see me again, if the sun goes down."

Then Childe Wynd walked up to the dragon and kissed it once, but it did not change. He kissed it again, and still it was the same. Then for the third time he kissed the monster, and with a frightful roaring, the dragon disappeared and before Childe Wynd stood his sister Marg
He wrapped her in his cloak and took her into the c
As he came inside, he walked into the chamber of the w
stepmother, and struck her with a twig of Rowan tree
he had hardly done so when she began to shrivel up tog

until there was nothing left of her but an ugly frog, which rolled its eyes and awkwardly hopped away down the steps of the castle.

Childe Wynd became king instead of his father, and they lived happily. Now even until this day, you can see near Bamborough Bay an ugly frog, and this frog is the wicked queen who was a witch.

Chu
Spin
harb
W
seize

JACK AND THE GOLDEN SNUFF BOX.

ENGLISH.

In the olden times—and they were good times such as neither I nor any of you ever lived in—an old man and his wife lived together. They had one son and dwelt with him in a very large forest. The son had never in his life seen any person except his father and mother, and yet he knew that there were other men and women in the world, because he had a lot of books and used to read them for whole days at a time. So as he read of all the beautiful princesses, he longed exceedingly to see one of them. One day when his father was carrying wood out of the forest, he told his mother that he would like to go out into the world to live somewhere else and to see more people than just the two of them, and he said, "I can look at nothing at all around here except tall trees, and if I stay here perhaps I will go crazy before I see anything."

The old woman replied to her son, "Very well, my poor boy, if you are determined to go, it will be better for you to get away. God be with you. But wait a minute before you go," continued his mother, and she meant it kindly; "which would you rather have? Shall I bake you a small cake and give you my blessing, or shall I give you a large cake and curse you?"

"Oh, dear mother," answered the son, "bake me a big cake, for perhaps I will be hungry on the way."

So his mother baked a big cake and climbed up on the roof of the hut and cursed her son as long as she could see him going through the forest.

While he was walking among the trees, his father met him and asked, "Where are you going, my dear boy?" The boy gave the same answer to his father as he had already given to his mother.

"Well," said the old man, "I am sorry to see you leave home, but since you have made up your mind to go, it is better that you do so."

But Jack, for that was the boy's name, had hardly taken a few steps, before his father, calling him back, pulled a golden snuff box out of his pocket and said to him, "Take this little box and hide it in your pocket, but do not dare to open it unless you are surely threatened with death."

The young fellow went on and on until he was tired and hungry. Then he ate the entire cake. Meanwhile night had overtaken him and he could not see his way before him any longer. At this moment he noticed a little light shining at a great distance, so he went in its direction until he came to a small door. On this door he knocked until a maid servant came out and asked him what he wanted. Jack replied that night had overtaken him and that he wanted a resting place until morning. Whereupon the girl called him to the window and gave him lots of good things to eat and drink, meat and bread and beer, and all of it tasted very good.

Just while he was eating the owner's daughter came by, and when she saw him, she liked him right away, and he fell in love with her.

The young girl went to her father and told him that a handsome young man was downstairs in the kitchen. Immediately the master went into the kitchen and asked the young peasant what he could do, to which Jack, being a simple fellow, answered that he could do everything. He meant he could do every easy kind of housework, but he should have said so, for the answer he gave caused him no end of trouble, as you shall see.

"Good!" replied the master. "If you can do everything, then I wish to have in front of my house at eight o'clock to-morrow morning a large lake, and on it several big ships, and I want the biggest ship to fire a salute in honor of the king, and I want the last shot to shoot apart the foot of the bed in which my daughter sleeps."

"It shall happen," was Jack's response, and then after he had said his prayers he went to bed. He slept peacefully until it was almost eight o'clock, so that he did not have any time to think up what he should do. Then he remembered the golden snuff box which his father had given him. "I certainly was never so near death as now." With that he put his hand in his pocket and pulled the box out. Upon opening it, three little red dwarfs jumped out and asked what he desired of them.

"I wish," answered Jack, "to have a large lake in front of this house, and on the lake several battleships—the largest in the world—and I want the biggest one to fire a salute, and the last shot must shoot apart the foot of the bed in which the daughter of the house is sleeping."

"Very well," replied the dwarfs, "go to sleep."

Jack had barely time even to tell the dwarfs what they must do, for immediately eight o'clock struck and a shot rang out from the largest ship. Jack sprang out of bed, and I tell you he certainly was astonished, for he had never seen anything like this in his whole life. However, he got dressed, said his morning prayers and came downstairs laughing, for he was happy and proud that his task had been so well performed. The master of the house came and said to him, "My good young man, you are really very clever. Come to breakfast with me," and he added, "you must perform two more bits of work and then you shall have my daughter for your wife."

Jack ate his breakfast and frequently stared at the young girl, and I must say that she also looked at Jack pretty often.

The second bit of work as the king called it, which Jack had to do, was to fell all the big trees for a mile around before eight o'clock next morning. To make my long story short, this was accomplished, and it pleased the master exceedingly, so that he then said to Jack, "The third task, and it is the last which you must carry out, is as follows:

"You shall build me a large castle on twelve golden columns, and in front of the castle regiments of soldiers are to be exercising; and at eight o'clock the commander must say, 'Shoulder arms!'"

"Very well," replied Jack; and when the third morning came the last great work was accomplished and Jack got the young girl for his wife. But, alas! his troubles were not yet over.

Her father organized a great hunt, and invited all the gentlemen from far and near in order to show them his new castle. Jack was presented with a beautiful horse and a purple suit of clothes and went with them, but when he put on the new suit his servant took the old clothes away, felt in his trousers pocket and found the golden snuff box which Jack had forgotten. As he opened it three red dwarfs sprang out and asked what he wanted of them. "I wish," said the servant, "I wish that this castle would be taken away over the sea."

"Good!" answered the three dwarfs. "Do you want to go with it?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, come along," and they took the servant with the master's castle, golden pillars and all, far, far away over the boundless sea.

Now, when the hunting company came back the castle on twelve golden columns had vanished, to the great disappointment of those who had not seen it. They threatened poor, simple Jack that they would take his young wife away from him because he had deceived them, but his father-in-law gave him a respite of twelve months and one day in which to find the castle again. So Jack set forth upon this hopeless search with a good horse and plenty of money.

He wandered and wandered, looking for the castle over mountains and valleys, through thick forests and deserts. Finally he came to a place where they say the king of all little mice lives. A tiny mouse was standing watch at the outer gate which led into the palace, but would not allow Jack to go in. He asked the mouse where the king was, and said he wanted to see him. At this the watchman sent another mouse to show him the way, and when the king saw him he called Jack to him.

The king asked him where his journey was taking him, and Jack replied that he had lost a large castle and that he was looking for it; that he had been given a period of twelve months and one day for this purpose, and asked the king if he knew anything of it. To this the king replied, "I do not, but I am king of all the mice in the world. To-morrow morning I will call them all together, and perhaps one of them may have seen the castle."

Then they gave him a good supper there and a bed for the night, and in the morning he went into the fields with the king. The latter called all his little mice together and asked them if they had seen a large, beautiful castle on twelve golden columns. All of them answered, No, and there was not a single one among them that had seen the castle. But the old king was not discouraged, for he told Jack that he had two older brothers. One of them was king of all the frogs, and the other, the oldest, king of all the birds in the world. "Hunt them up," suggested the king of the mice, "perhaps they know something of your lost castle. Leave your horse and take my best one, and give my brother this cake. He will then know at once who sent you. Do not forget to tell him that everything is going well with me, and that I would like to see him." With these cordial words he took leave of Jack.

As Jack rode through the gate, a little mouse begged to be taken along with him, but Jack answered, "No, I am afraid I might make the king angry."

The mouse urged him however. "It will be better for you if you take me along, for perhaps I can help you in some way without your knowing it."

"Well, jump up here," he replied, so the mouse ran up the horse's foot and leg and Jack let it snuggle in his pocket.

They rode on together, and they had a long way before them. Finally, Jack came to the place he was seeking, but there stood a frog on watch, with a gun on his arm. When Jack informed him, however, that he wanted to speak with the king, the guard let him inside the gate. The king came to meet him and asked what he wished. So Jack told him everything from beginning to end.

"Well, well, come into my palace with me." So Jack was received again in the best of style. Next day the king whistled and called all the frogs in the world together. He asked them if they knew anything of the castle on twelve golden columns, but all began to croak and said, No. Accordingly, Jack received a fresh horse and a cake for the king's other brother, who was ruler of all the birds in the air. As Jack was riding out through the gate, the frog that was standing watch there begged him to be taken along. Jack hesitated a little, but finally he took the frog and put him in his pocket.

Again he had a very long journey ahead of him. It was three times longer than the first. Finally, however, they found the place they were looking for, and there a beautiful little bird was standing watch. This time Jack went by him without a word and spoke to the king, and told him everything about the castle. "All right," said the king, "to-morrow morning you shall find out from my birds if they know anything of this castle." Jack took his horse to the stable and after his supper went to sleep.

In the morning he went into the fields with the king, who whistled, and immediately all the birds of the world came flying to them. The king asked them if they had seen the castle, and they all said they had not. "And where is the biggest bird?" asked the king further. They had to wait a long time until there appeared a huge eagle which flew to them all tired out, since the king had sent two smaller birds away up into the sky to have him brought. The king asked the eagle if he had seen the castle, and the eagle replied, "Yes, I have just come from the place where it is now."

"Good!" said the king. "This young man has lost it and you shall take him to it, but first you must have something to eat."

They killed a calf and gave the biggest part of it to the eagle so he could strengthen himself for his long flight over the sea. Then Jack seated himself on his back, and the eagle carried him through the air. After they had flown a long time and finally saw the castle, they did not know how to begin to get back the golden snuff box, but the little mouse in Jack's pocket had an idea. "Let me go up there," he said. "I will get you the snuff box." So the mouse slipped into the castle and got hold of the box, but as he was running down the staircase again he stumbled and the servants almost captured him. He got out of the castle, however, with the box. Jack and his friends got hold of the box and they all flew on farther.

As they were flying over the wide sea, they began to quarrel about who was to have the credit for getting the snuff box. They argued about it until the snuff box fell in the water. This happened because they were handing the box to each other to look at it.

"Now, you see," said the frog, "I knew for sure that there would be some work for me to do." So he dived into the water and remained three days and three nights at the bottom.

Then he stuck his head out of the water, and all asked him, "Have you got the snuff box?" But the frog replied, "No." "When, then, what are you doing down below?"

"Nothing at all. I only want to get a breath of air." With that the poor frog dived down again and remained another day and another night under water, until he finally brought up the snuff box. They flew still farther on for four days and four nights. After this long flight over the sea and mountains, they finally reached the palace of the king of all the birds in the world. The king was very glad to see them, greeted them heartily and talked with them a long while. Jack opened the snuff box and ordered the dwarfs to fetch the castle.

The dwarfs hurried away, and when they got to the castle they were afraid to enter before the master and his wife had gone out; but finally these went away somewhere to a dance. Nobody remained at home except the cook and a maid servant, so the little dwarfs asked them if they would rather stay there or go away with the castle. Both replied, "We will go with you." The dwarfs told them to run upstairs, and they were hardly up there before the master and his wife, with all their followers, came back. But it was too late. The castle flew away with the greatest speed, and the two women laughed outright at their former master.

They were nine whole days on the journey, and one of them was Sunday, which they observed in the right way. One of the dwarfs made himself into a priest, the other became the sexton, the third played the organ and the two women sang. Suddenly there was a discord, and one of the dwarfs tried to find what had caused it. He discovered that it happened because the women laughed when they saw how the little organ player had to stretch his feet over the pedals and his hands over the keys. They laughed also because he had forgotten to take off his little red night cap. They had never seen anything like it, and the poor women could not keep themselves from laughing.

Now, as they had not noticed what they were doing, the castle came into great danger and began to sink and almost fell into the sea.

After a merry voyage, however, they finally came back to Jack and the king of the birds. The king admired the castle and walked up the golden staircase to see for himself what the interior looked like. He was delighted with the castle, but poor Jack's time of twelve months and one day was already almost at an end, and besides this, since he longed to see his young wife, he ordered the three dwarfs the next day at eight o'clock in the morning to be ready for transporting the castle to the second king and to stay over night at his place; thence to fly to the third king, the ruler of all the mice; and after that to place the castle upon its own proper foundations.

Jack took leave of the king and thanked him heartily for his hospitality. So they flew away to the castle of the second king and then to the third, in whose care Jack left the castle. Then, taking his horse which he had put up here you will remember, he started out; but he was very sleepy because he had been staying up late every night with the brothers of the king of mice, so he fell into a doze, and would almost have lost the way if the three dwarfs had not led him. Finally he came home, but he was not at all kindly received, because he had not brought the castle with him, and what was worse, he did not get a glimpse of his wife because her parents would not let her go to him.

Jack gathered all his strength and set out again with the three dwarfs to fetch the castle. They soon came to the king of mice. Jack thanked him for his royal goodness, and then ordered the dwarfs to hurry and fly with the greatest speed. They certainly did fly, and almost at once they were at the end of the journey. Jack's wife came to him and greeted him joyously, and they lived happily thereafter.

U. S. 70658

LUCKY JACK.

GERMAN.

There was once a country boy who was called Jack. It is true he had not done very much in the world, but everybody liked him because he was so honest and industrious a fellow. He had been working for a very rich man several years, and would surely have stayed with him if he had not suddenly become homesick. He wanted to return to his mother, so he asked his master for his pay. The rich man gave Jack a piece of gold which was as big as his head; and Jack's head was not one of the smallest. The young fellow safely packed the heavy gold nugget in a cloth and started off on the road home, but he found walking very hard because the lump of gold was terribly heavy.

Presently along came a knight, riding easily and happily on a beautiful horse. "Ah!" cried Jack, "riding is fine if you can do it and have a horse." The horseman drew up his nag as he heard Jack's words and asked him what it was he was dragging along with him so tiresomely.

"Oh!" said Jack, "it is gold, heavy gold," and with a groan he threw the nugget on the ground.

"Oh, ho!" said the rider, "if you want to ride so badly, let us make an exchange; you give me your piece of gold and take my horse for it." The knight did not have to ask twice, and Jack traded his lump of gold for the knight's horse. The latter took the gold and hurried out of Jack's sight; the latter, however, climbed up on the horse and rode on, but it did not last very long, for the horse presently kicked up his heels, so that Jack, who did not know how to ride, promptly fell off.

A farmer who was coming along with a cow caught the runaway and brought it back to where Jack was lying. Poor Jack cried and rubbed his joints and said, "I will never ride again; it's no use. If I only had a nice, quiet little cow like this one, good friend! Then I could drink milk every day and never get thrown off."

"Well," said the crafty farmer, "if you like the cow so well I will give it to you for the horse."

"That is a good exchange; I'll do it," said Jack. So he took the cow and went on driving her before him, while the farmer got up on the horse and rode away as fast as he could.

It was a very hot day and Jack thought that he would perish with thirst, so he started to milk the cow, but he was so clumsy that the cow gave him a kick and ran out of sight. A butcher was coming down the road with a little pig and asked poor Jack sympathetically what was the matter with him. Jack told his mishap to the butcher, and the butcher said to him that no milk was to be expected from so old a cow, but that she ought to be killed and sold for meat. "H'm," replied Jack, "I don't think such an old cow would be very tender meat. Now if I only had a nice little pig that would make fine sausages."

"All right," answered the butcher, "if you like my pig so much, let us exchange with each other."

"Right you are," said Jack, heartily glad of his good fortune; so he went his way merrily with the pig, and thought how good it would taste when cooked.

Jack was soon overtaken by another young fellow who had a fat goose under his arm. He spoke to Jack pleasantly, and as they got to talking to each other told him that he was taking the goose to be roasted for a christening. "And," said the young man, "it will be a roast such as you never saw in your life;" and as he said this he let Jack feel its weight with his hand.

"That's a good goose," replied Jack, "but my little pig isn't so bad either;" and then he told him how he had got the pig. But the other fellow looked about him very carefully and said:

"Listen! Let me tell you a secret. Back there in the last village a little pig was stolen yesterday from the Mayor, and they blamed it on you; and if the guard sees you he'll take you for the thief, and instead of getting home to your mother with your pig you will go to prison."

"Oh, my! what an unlucky fellow I am," cried Jack. "Help me, for heaven's sake!"

"Listen!" said the young man. "Give me the pig quickly and take my goose. I know some roundabout paths here and can get the pig safely home to my house."

No sooner said than done, and in two seconds the exchange was made.

"I'm all right now," said Jack to himself; and so he carried the goose a good long way farther. All the while he kept thinking of the good roast meat and bed of feathers, and the pleasure they would give his mother. And so he came into the next village to his own. There stood a scissor grinder, looking very happy, grinding away and singing this merry little song:

"There came a young grinder here;
He sharpened both knife and shear.
'Twas easy to do,
And easy to botch it.
But what's that to you,
And why do you watch it?"

Jack stopped with his goose, said "good-day" to the grinder, and inquired, "You certainly must be getting along well to be so cheerful and happy?"

"Oh, yes, my good friend," answered the grinder, "I'm always jolly, and I always have money in my pocket; but you can, too, with that goose. Where did you get it?"

"I got it in exchange for a pig," explained Jack.

"And the pig?"

"I traded the pig for a cow."

"And the cow?"

"For a horse."

"Well, where did you get the horse?"

"Oh, I gave a lump of gold for it as big as my head."

"That was clever. Where did you get the gold?"

"I worked seven years for it; it was my wages."

"Fiddle-de-de!" said the scissor grinder. "You're bright enough to be a grinder like I am; and then you'll have gold in all your pockets. The only thing you need is a good grinding stone. Here's an extra one that I have. To be sure it's somewhat used, but it works pretty well. I'll give it to you for your goose. How does that strike you?"

"Will I? Gladly," cried Jack, overjoyed. "That's what I've wanted for a long time, to have money in all my pockets."

So the easy-going grinder gave our good friend Jack an old whet-stone and a flint pebble, which was lying by the side of the road, and Jack went on, very happy that everything was going so well with him and thinking that he must have been born lucky.

But the sun was shining, and it was very hot. He got hungry and thirsty and tired, for the stones were almost as heavy as the lump of gold had been. He thought to himself, "Oh, if I didn't have to drag myself along with this grinding stone!" Then he saw a little well near the road at which he thought he would take a drink. So he bent over, and as he bent the stones fell into the well.

Who could have been gladder than lucky Jack, to be rid of his heavy stone like that, without wilfully throwing it away himself? Happily he jumped up, and prided himself that he was the most fortunate man in the world, without any cares or burdens.

So, well pleased with himself, he reached his home and mother that evening in the best of humor—Lucky Jack!

THE THREE WISHES.

GERMAN.

The story that I am going to tell you now happened in olden times, when God used to walk around the earth in the shape of a man in order to find out if people were good or not. (And who knows if He is not doing the same thing this very day?) At any rate, once long ago He took on the form of a poor, old frail man and went into a certain village. There He went up to the door of a rich man's house and begged for something to eat and drink and a bed for the night, because evening had come and it looked as if the night would be stormy.

But the rich man came out of his house and made fun of our Blessed Lord, and said to Him, "You're not very stupid for an old man; you have probably been educated at a pretty good school. Do you take this for a hotel, or a hospital, or me for the cook? Perhaps you think that I keep a beggars' home. I tell you no! Beggars are turned away at this place. Get out! Take yourself out of my courtyard or I will whistle for the dog. You old tramp and vagabond! Don't try to come into my place again."

With a sigh the poor fellow turned from the gate of the stingy, hard-hearted, rich man and tottered away. Then He heard a man's voice calling Him from a little cottage some distance away. "Well old man, where are you going to?"

His voice had so much sympathy in it that the beggar answered, "Alas! nowhere. I have not any home anywhere, but I am hungry and thirsty and tired almost to death."

"Come over here to me, then," called the owner of the cottage, "I know you won't find it too heavy to carry what my neighbor there has given you. I am really only a poor fellow myself, but I still have a bit of bread; and you can have something to drink, too, and a bag full of wood moss for a bed if that is good enough for you."

"You're very kind," answered our Lord; "I accept it. God bless you!" He hobbled over to the cottage and ate and drank with him, and rested Himself. Then it was not yet time to go to bed, so both men sat down outside the house, for God had made the disagreeable weather change suddenly into a clear moonlight night. Even the host of little stars seemed to shine down from the sky and cast their splendor upon the dark earth in praise of Him.

So both men sat together, the old man and the young man—our All-powerful Lord and the poor man who lived in the cottage. Both of them sat side by side on the stone bench in front of the little house and talked to each other.

Across the way, however, the rich man, puffing smoke from an immense tobacco pipe, looked out of his window and muttered to himself: "My miserable neighbor over there has very suitably taken up the old idler and given him a lodging, and yet he himself hasn't got enough to bite or to break. I never saw anything so foolish. But I always said, 'Like and like go together; you never see a scarecrow without rags.' Of course, it's entirely impossible to take in any scamp that comes along, for you never can tell what is back of him. For all you know a rascal like that might set the village on fire, and then have his friends come out of the woods and steal everything. How they are chattering, those two good-for-nothings. I think I'll just listen a little."

"You are so good," our Lord was saying to His host, "that you ought to have three wishes given to you for your good and the good of your soul, as they used to be given to many holy men. But you would have to be careful not to forget your soul, or else it might happen to you like it did to the Blacksmith of Yuterbock."

"What happened to him?" asked the poor man.

"Don't you know the story?" God answered. "This is it. The Holy Apostle Peter came on the back of a donkey to this blacksmith and asked him to shoe his beast with a new shoe, for which he would give him three wishes. Thereupon the blacksmith wished: First, that his brandy glass should never get empty; second, that whoever sat in his pear tree must sit there until the blacksmith allowed him to come down; and, finally, that nobody could go into his room except through the keyhole. By this means, it is true that the blacksmith won a long life from death, because when death came he tricked him into sitting in his pear tree, and he caused the devil a great deal of misery, because he had to go into the blacksmith's room through the keyhole. But the blacksmith had done nothing for his eternal blessedness, which would have been the best wish of all. So when he finally died St. Peter would not let him into Heaven, and the devil was so afraid of him that he slammed the door in his face and bolted it inside; and now the blacksmith does nothing but wander unhappily to and fro."

"Oh, my! that was bad; a terrible mistake," cried the poor man. "I certainly would have made better wishes than that, if such a Holy Saviour or Apostle came to me; at least I would not be selfish."

"You can never tell," replied his Guest, "only man must not wish foolishly, like that married couple to whom God's Angel came and gave three wishes."

"What was their story?" inquired the cottager.

"I'll tell it to you," responded his Companion. "A man and his wife lived once in great poverty, and prayed God day and night to relieve their wretchedness and help them. God was willing to hear their prayers because they had been good and obedient. So He sent His Angel to them, and the Angel said, 'You shall have three wishes for your own good, but the desire for money and property shall not be one of them, for if this were good and wholesome for you, you would get it in due time; and so it is forbidden in God's wisdom for you to wish it.'

"But the man broke out, 'What good are three wishes to me if I cannot wish for what would make my fortune? What is man without money? Everybody speaks of him just as of a bad penny; he is no good.'

"Thereupon the Angel replied, 'Very well, wish if you must in God's name, but you must take the blame yourself if you bring about your own unhappiness.'

"Then the man consulted with his wife as to what each of them would like to consider their wishes. 'What shall we wish for?' he asked his wife. 'I should wish for a whole mountain of gold with a thick wall around it so that no cattle can graze on it and no thieves dig it out. But wait a minute. Perhaps it would be better to have a little chest always full of gold, so that we can take out of it just as much as we need.'

" 'I should think,' interrupted his wife, 'that you would be good enough to give or leave one of the three wishes to me, for I have worked enough and am sore with kneeling; and then you can go ahead and wish whatever you want to.'

“‘All right,’ answered her husband. ‘Women often wiser than men. So take your wish.’

“‘Well,’ spoke his wife, ‘I wish for myself the most beautiful dress, such as no woman in the world ever wore—handsomer than the gown of the greatest empress.’ Scarcely had the woman pronounced this wish before she was clad in the most splendid dress, so richly studded with diamonds, pearls, gold and silver that it seemed to be made only of these precious materials.

“‘Isn’t that a silly, thoughtless wish?’ cried her husband in the greatest anger. ‘With it you could have wished garments for all women, and thus a thousandfold blessings would have been poured down from heaven upon your head by the prayers of thousands of the needy. But instead of that you have used your one wish only for your wanton, haughty self-interest.’

“‘That for you,’ shrieked his wife, snapping her fingers. ‘Fie on you, man, for blaming me so! If you don’t like me in this handsome dress I wager that somebody else will like me all the better. Run away, you fool!’

“‘Wretch,’ cried the wrathful husband, ‘may your dress go into your insolent body!’

“‘Woe is me,’ screamed his wife, for in an instant the dress that had covered her vanished and went into her body, and it hurt her so that she howled out loud and ran through the village and told her sufferings to all the peasants, and how she was so terribly tortured through her husband’s fault. Thereupon the peasants ran all together to the man and threatened that he must help his wife out of her pain or they would kill him at once; and they drew their knives ready to attack him.

“When the man saw that his fellow townsmen were so terribly angry, and saw how his wife was suffering, he spoke these words, 'I wish in God's name that she may be free of her pain.'

"Immediately his wife became well and all her pain went away, for the third wish was now finished. But her dress did not reappear, and now the man had not a single peaceful hour on earth and was the jest of the whole world; and he soon died of grief and worry.

"So take notice, my worthy host, if you make wishes that you do not wander into the ways of the foolish."

"And which ways do you mean?" the cottager asked again.

"The fool's custom," responded his Heavenly Guest, "is to desire that which is wrong, to try to get that which is wrong, and to bewail the loss of that which is wrong. Foolish people are of three kinds: fools who know nothing and can do nothing; fools who do not want to know anything, who despise knowledge and ability; and fools who know how and can do things, but yet do not do what is right, although they should perceive that they will thereby save their souls."

"Well, then, if I could wish," said the poor man, "I would wish first before all other treasures eternal blessedness for myself; after that health and contentment until my death; and then, if it were not against God's will, might I wish that my little house which threatens to tumble down were again put in good condition."

"These wishes of yours are pleasing to God," said his Guest, "and I will add the chief wish of all—that all three may be fulfilled."

After this pious conversation the poor old man and the poor cottager left their stone bench and went into the hut, said their prayers and laid themselves down to rest. The rich man across the way had heard every word that they spoke and made these remarks about them: "It was never intended," he grumbled, "that such an old man should start such childish play; such trifling stories. Fiddlesticks! Surely old age makes people childish."

The rich man, however, had no sooner decided to go to bed himself than he saw a peculiar light glittering around the poor man's little cottage while all the other houses remained dark. Yet it was not the gleam of fire, nor a reflection of moonlight, but a pure heavenly luster, and bright forms seemed to float around the cottage. And there came more and more of them, moving wonderfully to and fro as if they floated on invisible threads, gliding over the roof and around the walls. Everything was solemn and perfectly still.

It made the rich man shiver. He thought they might be ghosts, so he crossed himself and went to bed. But he could hardly go to sleep the whole night long, and early in the morning, when day was just breaking, he was driven by restlessness again to the window.

There, just going past his house, he saw the poor old man, who had gotten up early and was departing. "Hm!" muttered the rich man, "he is on his feet early. There is surely something funny about that; and he is carrying a bag. Yesterday he had none. He must have invited some things over there to take his trip with him, and is going away with them while the neighbor still sleeps. It serves the neighbor right. What have I to do with him?"

While he was making these comments it became lighter outside. The rich man's wife had also gotten up and looked out of the window to see what the weather was like. The fog lifted, and neither of them could believe their eyes as they saw outside a new stately house, which, indeed, had the form of the old cottage, but was in every way larger and handsomer. "Am I dreaming, or am I awake?" asked the rich man. "Has our neighbor really had his wish fulfilled? Who, then, was the old man? By heaven! Surely St. Peter or the dear Lord Himself! Stupid man that I was to send him away so impolitely yesterday."

"Stupid, indeed," cried his wife. "Hurry right after him. Invite him, and speak pleasantly to him. Heavens, what a misfortune it is to have such a simple husband."

"Here, stable boy, saddle the horse, I am going to ride," shouted the rich man. He took money and food with him and galloped along the streets through the town until soon enough he caught up with the old man. But he did not act at all as if he had seen him yesterday.

In the most friendly way he called out from horseback, "Good-morning, old man. Do you feel so young that you start out this early?" Then he added, "What are you carrying in the bag?"

"Thanks for your greeting. I am going out into God's own world," answered the wanderer.

"Are you really a poor, starving fellow?" And he handed down the purse full of money. The old man thanked him.

"Might I know what you are carrying in the bag?"

"Ah," the old man seemed to jest, "it is a little package of trouble, my dear sir, that I have taken away from a poor friend of mine."

"Is that so?" laughed the man on horseback. "I don't care to know what's in it. I only wished—"

"Ha! ha! So you're a wishing-man, too?" interrupted the beggar. "That fits the case exactly. I am carrying in this bag just three wishes which will be fulfilled for him who makes them. But he must take the bag with him."

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" cried the rich man, greedily, and reached out for the bag. "There; there's a piece of bread and a whole sausage for you. You see I'm not stingy like my enemies and envious neighbors say. I'm an upright man, who likes things kept in order and minds his own business, but I give gladly to the poor who are worthy of gifts. Of course one cannot help everybody."

"Everybody? No. That is impossible even to God," answered the old man.

"Yet I have always heard said," the rich man contradicted him, for he had the bag already in his hand, "that with God nothing is impossible, and that His will is that everyone should be helped."

"Oh, my dear sir," responded the beggar, "that is to be understood in a spiritual, not in a worldly, way."

The rich man turned his horse and started homeward again. His head was full of wishes going around inside like the wings of a windmill. But what all should he wish for? Gold he really did not need, for he had plenty of it, and consequently every good thing in life. He was equally healthy and contented. Alas! he thought it not worth the trouble to wish for contentment, for man is never satisfied, he thought. So he rode on as fast as he could hurry. He even spurred his horse, which was already kicking up its heels, and now it stumbled so that it nearly threw its rider off.

"Well, I wish that you'd break your neck, you cursed animal," cried the rich man, angrily. And alas and alack! the horse doubled up and fell and broke his neck. One wish was gone, and the rich man was raging. He unbuckled the saddle and bridle from his dead horse, and carried them some distance, but not very far. They were too heavy for him, and it was fearfully hot. So he wished again, "If only this plagued baggage was at home, and my wife who made me take this trip were sitting on the saddle."

Two wishes were gone. The saddle and bridle, with bit and stirrups and saddle cloth, all disappeared, and the selfish man breathed more freely. It was fortunate that he did not take another wish, for when he got home and came into the house there sat his wife in the saddle with the riding whip in her hand. She had no idea how it had happened to her, and she was wishing with all her might that her husband, his horse and all its trappings were in the bad lands. Whether the rich man wanted to or not, he had to wish his wife free again; and there was his third wish gone, too.

His neighbor's brand-new house stood across the way, shining brightly in the sunlight, and it was the prettiest house in the town.

Full of curiosity, the rich man opened the bag. If only he had not done that! For in the bag was hidden his neighbor's Poverty, which now overpowered him like an armed man.

But the poor man who had been good to the stranger became rich and generous, and lived happily all the rest of his life.

THE TABLE, DONKEY AND STICK.

GERMAN.

There was once a tailor who had three sons and one goat. And the goat, as she nourished them all with her milk, was obliged to have good food, and so she was led every day down to the willows by the water-side; and this business the sons did in turn. One day the eldest took the goat to the churchyard, where the best sprouts are, that she might eat her fill and gambol about.

In the evening, when it was time to go home, he said:

"Well, goat, have you had enough?"

The goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth, and tied a string to her, led her to her stall, and fastened her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

But the father, wishing to see for himself, went out to the stall, stroked his dear goat, and said:

"My dear goat, are you full?" And the goat answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"What is that I hear?" cried the tailor, and he ran and called out to the youth:

"O you liar, to say that the goat was full, and she has been hungry all the time!" And in his wrath he took up his yard-measure and drove his son out of the house with many blows.

The next day came the turn of the second son, and he found a fine place in the garden hedge, where there were good green sprouts, and the goat ate them all up. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

"Well, goat, have you had enough? And the goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth, and led her home, and tied her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

The tailor, not feeling satisfied, went out to the stall, and said:

"My dear goat, are you really full?" And the goat answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"The good-for-nothing rascal," cried the tailor, "to let the dear creature go fasting!" and, running back, he chased the youth with his yard-stick out of the house.

Then came the turn of the third son, who, meaning to make all sure, found some shrubs with the finest sprouts possible, and left the goat to devour them. In the evening, when he came to lead her home, he said:

"Well, goat, are you full?" And the goat answered:

"I am so full
I cannot pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the youth; and he took her to her stall, and fastened her up.

"Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat had her proper food?"

"Oh," answered the son, "she is so full she no more can pull."

But the tailor, not trusting his word, went to the goat and said:

"My dear goat, are you really full?" The malicious animal answered:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

"Oh, the wretches!" cried the tailor. "The one as good-for-nothing and careless as the other. I will no longer have such fools about me;" and rushing back, in his wrath he laid about him with his yard-stick, and belabored his son's back so unmercifully that he ran away out of the house.

So the old tailor was left alone with the goat. The next day he went out to the stall, and let out the goat, saying:

"Come, my dear creature, I will take you myself to the willows."

So he led her by the string, and brought her to the green hedges and pastures where there was plenty of food to her taste, and saying to her:

"Now, for once, you can eat to your heart's content," he left her there till the evening. Then he returned, and said:

"Well, goat, are you full?"

She answered:

"I am so full
I could not pull
Another blade of grass—ba! baa!"

"Then come home," said the tailor, and leading her to her stall, he fastened her up.

Before he left her he turned once more, saying,

"Now, then, for once you are full." But the goat actually cried:

"How can I be full?
There was nothing to pull,
Though I looked all about me—ba! baa!"

When the tailor heard that he marvelled, and saw at once that his three sons had been sent away without reason.

"Wait a minute," cried he, "you ungrateful creature! It is not enough merely to drive you away—I will teach you to show your face again among honorable tailors."

So in haste he went and fetched his razor, and, seizing the goat, he shaved her head as smooth as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure was too honorable a weapon, he took the whip and gave her such a crack that with many a jump and spring she ran away.

The tailor felt very sad as he sat alone in his house, and would willingly have had his sons back again, but no one knew where they had gone.

The eldest son, when he was driven from home, apprenticed himself to a joiner, and he applied himself diligently to his trade, and when the time came for him to travel his master gave him a little table, nothing much to look at, and made of common wood; but it had one great quality. When any one sat down and said, "Table, be covered!" all at once the good little table had a clean cloth on it, and a plate, and knife, and fork, and dishes with roast and baked meats, and a large glass of red wine sparkling so as to cheer the heart. The young apprentice thought he was set up for life, and he went merrily out into the world, and never cared whether an inn were good or bad, or whether he could get anything to eat there or not. When he was hungry, it did not matter where he was, whether in the fields, in the woods, or in a meadow, he set down his table and said, "Be covered!" and there he was provided with everything that heart could wish. At last it occurred to him that he would go back to his father, whose wrath might by this time have subsided, and perhaps because of the wonderful table he might receive him again gladly. It happened that one evening during his journey home he came to an inn that was quite full of guests, who bade him welcome, and asked him to sit down with them and eat, as otherwise he would have found some difficulty in getting anything.

"No," answered the young joiner, "I could not think of depriving you; you had much better be my guests."

Then they laughed, and thought he must be joking. But he brought his little wooden table, and put it in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered!" Immediately it was set out with food much better than the landlord had been able to provide, and the good smell of it greeted the noses of the guests very agreeably. "Fall to, good friends," said the joiner; and the guests, when they saw how it was, needed no second asking, but taking up knife and fork fell to valiantly. And what seemed most wonderful was that when a dish was empty immediately a full one stood in its place. All the while the landlord stood in a corner, and watched all that went on. He could not tell what to say about it; but he thought "such cooking as that would make my inn prosper." The joiner and his companions kept it up very merrily until late at night. At last they went to sleep, and the young joiner, going to bed, left his wishing-table standing against the wall. The landlord, however, could not sleep for thinking of the table, and he remembered that there was in his lumber room an old table very like it, so he fetched it, and taking away the joiner's table, he left the other in its place. The next morning the joiner paid his reckoning, took up the table, not dreaming that he was carrying off the wrong one, and went on his way. About noon he reached home, and his father received him with great joy.

"Now, my dear son, what have you learned?" said he to him.

"I have learned to be a joiner, father," he answered.

"That is a good trade," returned the father; "but what have you brought back with you from your travels?"

"The best thing I've got, father, is this little table," said he.

"You have certainly produced no masterpiece. It is a shabby old table."

"But it is a very wonderful one," answered the son. "When I set it down, and tell it to be covered, at once the finest meats are standing on it, and wine so good that it cheers the heart. Let us invite all the friends and neighbors, that they may feast and enjoy themselves, for the table will provide enough for all."

When the company was all assembled, he put his table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered!"

But the table never stirred, and remained just as empty as any other table that does not understand talking. When the poor joiner saw that the table remained unfurnished, he felt ashamed to stand there like a fool. The company laughed at him freely, and were obliged to return unfilled and uncheered to their houses. The father gathered his pieces together and returned to his tailoring, and the son went to work under another master.

The second son had bound himself apprentice to a miller. And when his time was up, his master said to him:

"As you have behaved yourself so well, I will give you a donkey of a remarkable kind: he will draw no cart, and carry no sack."

"What is the good of him, then?" asked the young apprentice.

"He spits out gold," answered the miller. "If you put a cloth before him and say, 'Bricklebrit,' out come gold pieces."

"That is a capital thing," said the apprentice, and, thanking his master, he went out into the world. Whenever he wanted gold he had only to say "Bricklebrit" to his donkey, and there was a shower of gold pieces, and so he had no cares as he travelled about. Wherever he came he lived on the best, and the dearer the better, as his purse was always full. And when he had been looking about the world a long time, he thought he would go and find out his father, who would perhaps forget his anger and receive him kindly because of his gold donkey. And it happened that he came to lodge in the same inn where his brother's table had been exchanged. He was leading his donkey, and the landlord was for taking it from him to tie it up, but the young apprentice said:

"Don't trouble yourself, old fellow, I will take him into the stable myself and tie him up, and then I shall know where to find him."

The landlord thought this was very strange, and he never supposed that a man who was accustomed to look after his donkey himself should have much to spend; but when the stranger, feeling in his pocket, took out two gold pieces and told him to get him something good for supper, the landlord stared, and ran and fetched the best that could be got. After supper the guest called the reckoning, and the landlord, wanting to get all the profit he could, said that it would amount to two gold pieces more. The apprentice felt in his pocket, but his gold had come to an end.

"Wait a moment, landlord," said he, "I will go and fetch some money," and he went out of the room, carrying the table-cloth with him. The landlord could not tell what to make of it, and, curious to know his proceedings, slipped after him, and as the guest shut the stable-door, he peeped in through a knot-hole. Then he saw how the stranger spread the cloth before the donkey, saying, "Bricklebrit," and directly the donkey spat out gold, which rained upon the ground.

"Dear me," said the landlord, "that is an easy way of getting money; a purse like that is no bad thing."

After that the guest paid his reckoning and went to bed; but the landlord slipped down to the stable in the middle of the night, led the gold donkey away, and tied up another in his place. The next morning early the apprentice set forth with his beast, never doubting that it was the right one. By noon he came to his father's house, who was rejoiced to see him again, and received him gladly.

"What trade have you taken up, my son?" asked the father.

"I am a miller, dear father," answered he.

"What have you brought home from your travels?" continued the father.

"Nothing but a donkey," answered the son.

"We have plenty of them here," said the father. "You had much better have brought me a nice goat!"

"Yes," answered the son, "but this is no common donkey. When I say, 'Bricklebrit,' the good creature spits out a whole clothful of gold pieces. Let me call all the neighbors together. I will make rich people of them all."

"That will be fine!" said the tailor. "Then I need labor no more at my needle;" and he rushed out himself and called the neighbors together. As soon as they were all assembed, the miller called out to them to make room, and brought in the donkey, and spread his cloth before him.

"Now, pay attention," said he, and cried, "Bricklebrit!" but no gold pieces came, and that showed that the animal was not more scientific than any other donkey.

So the poor miller made a long face when he saw that he had been taken in, and begged pardon of his neighbors, who all went home as poor as they had come. And there was nothing for it but that the old man must take to his needle again, and that the young one should take service with a miller.

The third brother had bound himself apprentice to a turner; and as turning is a very ingenious handicraft, it took him a long time to learn it. His brother told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how on the last night of their travels the landlord deprived them of their treasures. When the young turner had learnt his trade, and was ready to travel, his master, to reward him for his good conduct, gave him a sack, and told him that there was a stick inside it.

"I can hang up the sack, and it may be very useful to me," said the young man. "But what is the good of the stick?"

"I will tell you," answered the master. "If anyone does you any harm, and you say, 'Stick, out of the sack!' the stick will jump out upon them, and will belabor them so soundly that they shall not be able to move or to leave the place for a week, and it will not stop until you say, 'Stick, into the sack!' "

The apprentice thanked him, and took up the sack and started on his travels, and when anyone attacked him he would say, "Stick, out of the sack!" and directly out jumped the stick, and dealt a shower of blows on the coat or jerkin, and the back beneath, which quickly ended the affair. One evening the young turner reached the inn where his two brothers had been taken in. He laid his knapsack on the table, and began to describe all the wonderful things he had seen in the world.

"Yes," said he, "you may talk of your self-spreading table, gold-supplying donkey, and so forth; very good things, I do not deny; but they are nothing in comparison with the treasure that I have acquired and carry with me in that sack!"

Then the landlord opened his ears.

"What in the world can it be?" thought he. "Very likely the sack is full of precious stones; and I have a perfect right to it, for all good things come in threes."

When bedtime came the guest stretched himself on a bench, and put his sack under his head for a pillow, and the landlord, when he thought the young man was sound asleep, came, and, stooping down, pulled gently at the sack, so as to remove it cautiously, and put another in its place. The turner had only been waiting for this to happen, and just as the landlord was giving a last courageous pull, he cried, "Stick, out of the sack!" Out flew the stick directly, and laid to heartily on the landlord's back; and in vain he begged for mercy; the louder he cried the harder the stick beat time on his back, until he fell exhausted to the ground. Then the turner said:

"If you do not give me the table and the ass directly, this game shall begin all over again."

"Oh, dear, no!" cried the landlord, quite collapsed; "I will gladly give it all back again if you will only make this terrible goblin go back into the sack."

Then said the young man, "I will be generous instead of just, but beware!" Then he cried, "Stick, into the sack!" and left him in peace.

So the third son brought home the magic table, the golden ass and the drubbing stick. The tailor was very glad, indeed, to see him again, and asked him what he had learned abroad.

"My dear father," answered he, "I am become a turner."

"A very ingenious handicraft," said the father. "And what have you brought with you from your travels?"

"A very valuable thing, dear father," answered the son. "A stick in a sack!"

"What!" cried the father. "A stick! The thing is not worth so much trouble when you can cut one from any tree."

"But it is not a common stick, dear father," said the young man. "When I say, 'Stick, out of the bag!' out jumps the stick upon anyone who means harm to me, and makes him dance again, and does not leave off till he is beaten to the earth and asks pardon. Just look here, with this stick I have recovered the table and the donkey which the thieving landlord had taken from my two brothers. Now, let them both be sent for, and bid all the neighbors, too, and they shall eat and drink to their hearts' content, and I will fill their pockets with gold."

The old tailor could not quite believe in such a thing, but he called his sons and all the neighbors together. Then the turner brought in the donkey, opened a cloth before him, and said to his brother:

"Now, my dear brother, speak to him." And the miller said, "Bricklebrit!" and immediately the cloth was covered with gold pieces, until they had all got more than they could carry away. (I tell you this because it is a pity you were not there.) Then the turner set down the table, and said:

"Now, my dear brother, speak to it." And the joiner said, "Table, be covered!" and directly it was covered, and set forth plentifully with the richest dishes. Then they held a feast such as had never taken place in the tailor's house before, and the whole company remained through the night, merry and content.

The tailor after that locked up in a cupboard his needle and thread, his yard-measure and goose, and lived ever after with his three sons in great joy and splendor.

As Cinderella ran swiftly down the grand staircase, she did not notice that she had lost one of her glass slippers

CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER.

FRENCH.

By the side of the Rhine there once lived a rich and powerful baron. When he had been a young man, he had made a foolish marriage with a sour-tempered woman many years older than himself. After several unhappy years, she died, leaving behind her two little girls. Soon after her death the baron married, and this time he chose a beautiful modest girl. The next few years which he spent with his young wife were such happy ones, that when she died, leaving him another little girl, he could not persuade himself to seek another mother for his three children; for he fancied he should never find the equal of his last wife, and he greatly dreaded that he might get one like his first one.

The two eldest girls, who by the time their little sister came to them had attained the ages of ten and twelve, looked with envy on her paler cheeks and waving golden brown hair; and when she grew into womanhood and became quite a beauty, they, knowing that any good looks they might have had had passed away, determined to keep her out of sight, lest they should lose their chance of good marriages.

So the poor girl was sent down into the kitchen to clean the grates, and cook the dinner, and wash plates and dishes; for the sisters said to themselves they would soon cure her hands of their beautiful whiteness. Besides, being thus made to work hard, they would give her their old dresses to wear out; and as they dressed themselves in queer fashion, their old things were not particularly becoming to the poor girl, so you will readily see that she had every possible disadvantage on her side.

One day when she was sitting down in the cheerless kitchen to her solitary cup of tea, after having finished her hard day's work, she was startled by hearing a flourish of trumpets which sounded in the direction of the King's palace.

"Ah!" thought poor Cinderella (for so her step-sisters had nicknamed her), "the King is about to give another ball, I suppose."

Cinderella found that her guess was correct, for her sisters soon came down into the kitchen and bade her set to work, and wash out and iron all their petticoats and muslins and laces, and be sure they were well done, for they wanted to wear them at the King's ball.

"I wonder how it was Miss Prettyface wasn't asked?" said one sister to the other; "I've no doubt she'd very much like to go."

"I daresay she would," giggled the other.

The two sisters then left Cinderella alone, and she set to work to prepare their finery. There was plenty to do, for the ball was to last three nights, and of course they must have different dresses on each occasion; so Cinderella stood at the wash-tub, and rub, rub, rubbed from morning till night.

At length the day fixed for the ball arrived. The sisters were in a state of feverish excitement, and drove Cinderella hither and thither, up stairs and down, to wait upon them. She laced their corsets, fastened their dresses, arranged the feathers in their hair, buttoned their gloves, fetched their handkerchiefs, searched for anything that was mislaid, and in short waited upon them hand and foot; they, nevertheless, abused her, calling her a lazy thing and all sorts of other names, if she happened not to know where they had left their pearl necklaces or diamond earrings last time they took them off. At last, however, they were dressed, and I think I really must tell you how. The eldest, who considered that she possessed a grand style of beauty which needed very elaborate dressing to set it off, had made her face look young and blooming by the addition of a quantity of rouge and numerous little black patches, which were very much worn at that time. Her arms she powdered well, but they were nevertheless somewhat red and decidedly bony. She wore an underskirt of amber satin striped with green, which was trimmed with flounces and puffs of pink and white. Over this was a train of a pink and blue brocade, fastened up here and there with amber satin bows. Round her waist was tied a pink silk sash, while her gloves were of light amber to match the bows. On her head she wore a wreath of amber roses; and in the knot of hair at the back was fastened a large amber feather, which towered about a quarter of a yard above her head, and fell gracefully over on her forehead.

The other sister, whose style was girlish, she being very slim indeed, wore a crimson and yellow gauze over a crimson silk petticoat. The body of her dress was adorned with numerous sky-blue silk bows. Her hair was powdered and arranged in a crop, and on the top of her head was coquettishly perched, a little to one side, a Spanish hat with a silver buckle and a few peacock's feathers. They both wore pearls and diamonds in their ears and about their throats and wrists.

At last they were dressed and off, and Cinderella, after having thrown their opera-cloaks over them, and not receiving one word of thanks, turned back to the kitchen. She sat down and fell a-musing. "Ah me!" she exclaimed aloud, although she scarcely knew that she did so, "what a hard life mine is—nothing but drudge, drudge, drudge from morning till night, with no reward but scanty food, ragged clothing, and a hard bed, and never a kind word from anybody. I never was at a ball in my life. What a gay scene it must be; I wish I could go!"

"Do you?" exclaimed a voice.

Cinderella turned sharply round, and perceived an old woman standing in the doorway.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am your fairy godmother," replied the old creature. "Your poor mother asked me to watch over you and take care of you, for she feared that no one else would. You have never hitherto expressed a wish aloud, or I should have appeared to you before this. I am come now to grant your wish."

Cinderella looked at her in surprise.

"Didn't you say you wished you could go to the ball?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, I did say so," replied Cinderella; "but it's quite impossible, for I haven't any sort of dress to go in."

"Never mind that," replied her godmother. "Have you any blackbeetles here?"

"There are a few, I have no doubt," replied Cinderella, listlessly, wondering what the old woman could mean by such a silly question.

"Go to the mouse-trap, and if there are any mice in it bring it here."

Cinderella went, and found six mice in the trap.

"Now go and fetch me a couple of lizards out of the garden."

Cinderella did this also. Then the old woman said, "I want now only two things more, and those are a rat and a pumpkin."

So Cinderella went down the garden and fetched a rat and a large pumpkin, which must have been growing there on purpose for her.

Then the old woman waved her wand over five beetles she had caught, and they immediately became five remarkably fine pages, in blue suits, with sugar-loaf buttons. The six mice turned into six cream-colored horses, with resplendent silver harnessings; the rat was converted into a coachman, with a powdered wig and a cockade at the side of his hat; and the lizards became two very polite footmen.

"Now," said her godmother, "we only want a coach."

Then the old woman took the pumpkin, and cutting a piece off the top, began scooping out the pithy inside.

This done, she waved her hand over it, and it immediately became a beautiful coach lined with white silk.

"There!" said the fairy. "Now, will you go to the ball?"

Cinderella, who had been looking on in bewildered surprise, replied by casting a glance over her tattered attire.

"I see what you are thinking of," replied her godmother; and as she spoke she waved her wand over Cinderella's head.

In a moment, rags and tatters vanished, all redness disappeared from her hard-working hands, and there Cinderella stood, dressed as beautifully as the richest lady in the land. Jewels sparkled in her hair, her ears, and upon her beautiful white neck and arms, and she had on a pair of the daintiest little glass slippers.

"Oh, you dear old godmother!" exclaimed Cinderella, delightedly; "this is beautiful!"

"Now jump into your coach, and be off to the ball," laughed her godmother, well pleased to see her favorite's delight; "but mind you don't stay a minute after twelve, for the moment the clock finishes striking you will find your fine carriage and attendants become just what they were before, and your own finery will turn to the rags you were wearing a minute ago."

"I'll remember," cried Cinderella, as she tripped gaily into her carriage, and drove off to the ball.

Presently the grand equipage drew up at the palace gates. The servants thought she must be somebody very great indeed, and sent for the Lord Chamberlain to conduct her to the ballroom. When she entered, the Prince stepped forward to receive and welcome her, and all eyes were turned to where she stood. She bore the scrutiny with perfect composure, and the ladies thought she must be some powerful and wealthy princess.

The Prince seemed mightily taken with the beautiful stranger, and begged her hand for the next dance. This she granted him, and he was so charmed with her graceful movements that he stayed by her side, dancing dance after dance with her, till all the grand lords and gentlemen were quite angry, and declared that if it hadn't been the Prince they wouldn't have allowed it; and the ladies were so filled with envy and jealousy that they looked quite ugly.

Cinderella was just sitting down after a dance, when she looked up at the clock, and saw that it wanted but two minutes to twelve. She slipped out of the room, and got to the door just as the clock struck twelve.

The Prince, who missed his fair partner, rushed down the stairs after her, but failing to find her, asked the servants in which direction the lady who had just left had gone.

The servants replied that no lady had left the ball, and, being closely questioned by the Prince, admitted having seen a scullery-maid in tattered clothing pass by, and remembered asking her "what she wanted there" and telling her to "take herself off."

The Prince was quite bewildered, but he determined to find out something about his mysterious partner, if she came to to-morrow's ball.

At half-past four in the morning the sisters came home, and, while Cinderella was assisting them to undress, she heard them talking to each other about the wonderful lady they had seen at the ball that night, "who really was very beautiful," but they couldn't help saying, "very bold as well."

The next night Cinderella again made her appearance at the ball, much to the delight of the Prince, who had been anxiously watching for her. He was determined now to find out who she really was, so he ordered one of his servants to wait a little way from the palace gates, and watch for her appearance. When she came in sight, he was to follow and find out where she lived.

Cinderella was again the belle of the evening; and after having danced every dance with the young Prince, she managed to escape just as the clock was about to strike twelve. The Prince waited anxiously for the return of his messenger, and as soon as his guests were gone sent for the man, in order to question him. But here he met with a sad disappointment, for the servant had waited until the clock struck two, but had not seen any such grand carriage as the Prince described, at all.

"But did not you see any such lady leave the palace exactly at twelve o'clock?" asked the Prince. No, the man had not seen any lady or carriage or anything of the kind; the only things he had noticed at twelve o'clock were some lizards and mice, and a rat, dragging along a large pumpkin, and a ragged scullery-maid ran by him about the same time.

The poor Prince was utterly bewildered. There was, however, one more night, and he was determined not to let the mysterious lady escape without finding out who she really was.

At three o'clock in the morning the two sisters came home, and found Cinderella sitting among the ashes, crying.

"Well, Miss Crybaby," said they, "I suppose you are crying because you couldn't go to the ball."

Cinderella did not reply, and the sisters went on—"A fine person you are to go to a ball, upon my word, with those coarse hands and awkward manners." Little did they dream that Cinderella, with her coarse hands and awkward manners, was the beautiful stranger about whom every one was talking, and who had completely turned the Prince's head!

The next evening Cinderella again appeared at the ball, and was met at the door by the Prince, who conducted her into the ballroom in so marked a manner, that every one whispered to his neighbor that it was very plain what the Prince meant.

Poor Cinderella, who had been so little accustomed to hear kind words, was so absorbed in listening to the earnest words of her partner that she quite forgot how the time slipped away. Looking up at the clock, she perceived that it was just on the stroke of twelve. She slipped in among the crowd of distinguished guests, and thus managed to gain the ballroom door. Just as the clock struck one—two—three, she was on the staircase; four—five—six, she was half-way down it; twelve, she was just outside the door, shivering with the cold, as the icy wind played roughly amid her tattered garments.

But, as she ran swiftly down the grand staircase, she did not notice that she had lost one of her glass slippers, until, out in the street, she found one foot shoeless, and the other cased in the same slipper as she had worn at the ball. All the rest of her finery had vanished, leaving only this.

The Prince, as soon as he noticed the absence of his beautiful partner, hastened from the room to discover in which direction she had disappeared.

On the stairs he found the little glass slipper. "This," he said, "can belong to no other than the lady I am in search of, for no one else ever possessed so tiny a foot." So he placed it carefully in his pocket, determined to make it the means of finding the lovely girl he had fallen so desperately in love with during the last three nights.

Accordingly, the next day he ordered the town crier to proclaim that a lady's slipper had been found in the ballroom, and that whoever could prove that it belonged to her, might have the honor of becoming the Prince's bride.

Ladies came from far and near to the King's palace to try on the glass slipper, but not one of them would it fit; in fact, it was so small that they all declared it was a trick, and must have belonged to some little child.

One day Cinderella's two sisters announced their intention of going to the palace to try on this wonderful shoe.

"May I come with you and see it?" asked Cinderella.

"You?" ejaculated the astonished sisters; and then, with the evident idea that it would fit one of them, and that "that impertinent minx" would be there to see their triumph, they gave their consent.

So the three went together to the palace, and were shown into an anteroom where the Prince and a number of lords were assembled. Presently a servant entered, bearing a crimson silken cushion, on which the shining glass slipper lay. Each sister attempted to squeeze her foot into it, but it was so much too small that they could get very little more than their toes in, and they were so squeezed that the unfortunate and enraged women were obliged to borrow sticks to walk home with, and were unable to leave the house for at least three weeks afterwards.

When the two sisters had finished trying on the slipper, Cinderella stepped forward and said quietly, "May I see whether it will fit me?"

The servants laughed, and the baron's two eldest daughters tried to frown her into nothing; but the Prince, who was struck by the gentle beauty of her face, commanded them to let her try it on.

Cinderella sat down, and the servant brought her the tiny slipper. It slipped on quite easily, and fitted perfectly. Then Cinderella drew the other one out of her pocket and placed it on her other foot, showing beyond a doubt that she was its true owner.

The Prince, on looking at Cinderella more closely, soon discovered that she was his partner of the ball, which accounted for the impression her face had made upon him. Taking her hand in his, he announced to all present that he had found the only lady that should ever become his bride.

At that moment the good fairy appeared, and waving her wand over Cinderella, converted her old, worn-out garments into silk and lace bridal attire; and at the same moment the gorgeous silk that the two ugly sisters wore became a mass of rags, such a they had before forced upon their young sister.

Cinderella and the Prince were married almost immediately, and there never was, before or since, so brilliant a wedding or so happy a bride and bridegroom.

ROSE-BUD.

FRENCH.

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen who had no children; and this they lamented very much. But one day as the queen was walking by the side of the river a little fish lifted its head out of the water, and said, "Your wish shall be fulfilled, and you shall soon have a daughter." What the little fish had foretold soon came to pass; and the queen had a little girl that was so very beautiful that the king could not cease looking on it for joy, and determined to hold a great feast. So he invited not only his relations, friends and neighbors, but also all the fairies, that they might be kind and good to his little daughter. Now, there were thirteen fairies in his kingdom, and he had only twelve golden dishes for them to eat out of, so that he was obliged to leave one of the fairies without an invitation. The rest came, and after the feast was over they gave all their best gifts to the little princess: one gave her virtue, another beauty, another riches, and so on till she had all that was excellent in the world. When eleven had done blessing her, the thirteenth, who had not been invited, and was very angry on that account, came in, and determined to take her revenge. So she cried out, "The king's daughter shall in her fifteenth year be wounded by a spindle, and fall down dead." Then the twelfth, who had not yet given her gift, came forward and said that the bad wish must be fulfilled, but that she could soften it, and that the king's daughter should not die, but fall asleep for a hundred years.

But the king hoped to save his dear child from the threatened evil, and ordered that all the spindles in the kingdom should be bought up and destroyed. All the fairies' gifts were in the meantime fulfilled; for the princess was so beautiful, and well-behaved, and amiable, and wise, that every one who knew her loved her. Now, it happened that on the very day she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and she was left alone in the palace. So she roved about by herself, and looked at all the rooms and chambers, till at last she came to an old tower, to which there was a narrow staircase ending with a little door. In the door there was a golden key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there sat an old lady spinning away very busily. "Why, how now, good mother?" said the princess; "what are you doing there?"

"Spinning," said the old lady, and nodded her head. "How prettily that little thing turns round!" said the princess, and took the spindle and began to spin. But scarcely had she touched it before the prophecy was fulfilled, and she fell down lifeless on the ground.

However, she was not dead, but had only fallen into a deep sleep; and the king and the queen, who just then came home, and all their court, fell asleep, too; and the horses slept in the stables, and the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the house-top, and the flies on the wall. Even the fire on the hearth left off blazing, and went to sleep; and the meat that was roasting stood still; and the cook, who was at that moment pulling the kitchen-boy by the hair to give him a box on the ear for something he had done amiss, let him go, and both fell asleep; and so everything stood still, and slept soundly.

A large hedge of thorns soon grew round the palace, and every year it became higher and thicker, till at last the whole palace was surrounded and hid, so that not even the roof or the chimneys could be seen. But there went a report through all the land of the beautiful sleeping Rose-Bud (for so was the king's daughter called); so that from time to time several kings' sons came, and tried to break through the thicket into the palace. This they could never do; for the thorns and bushes laid hold of them as it were with hands, and there they stuck fast and died miserably.

After many years there came a king's son into that land, and an old man told him the story of the thicket of thorns, and how a beautiful palace stood behind it, in which was a wonderful princess, called Rose-Bud, asleep with all her court. He told, too, how he had heard from his grandfather that many, many princes had come, and had tried to break through the thicket, but had stuck fast and died. Then the young prince said, "All this shall not frighten me, I will go and see Rose-Bud." The old man tried to dissuade him, but he persisted in going.

Now, that very day were the hundred years completed; and as the prince came to the thicket he saw nothing but beautiful flowering shrubs, through which he passed with ease, and they closed after him as firm as ever. Then he came at last to the palace, and there in the court lay the dogs asleep, and the horses in the stables, and on the roof sat the pigeons fast asleep with their heads under their wings; and when he came into the palace, the flies slept on the walls, and the cook in the kitchen was still holding up her hand as if she would beat the boy, and the maid sat with a black fowl in her hand ready to be plucked.

Then he went on still further, and all was so still that he could hear every breath he drew; till at last he came to the old tower and opened the door of the little room in which Rose-Bud was, and there she lay fast asleep, and looked so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off, and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But the moment the prince kissed Rose-Bud she awoke and smiled upon him. Then they went out together, and presently the king and queen also awoke, and all the court, and they gazed on each other with great wonder. And the horses got up and shook themselves, and the dogs jumped about and barked; the pigeons took their heads from under their wings, and looked about and flew into the fields; the flies on the walls buzzed away; the fire in the kitchen blazed up and cooked the dinner, and the roast meat turned round again; the cook gave the boy the box on his ear so that he cried out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl. And then the wedding of the prince and Rose-Bud was celebrated, and they lived happily together all their lives long.

TOM THUMB.

FRENCH.

There once lived a poor man and his wife who were very miserable because they had no children. They were sitting one evening by the fire, and listening to the stormy weather outside, when the husband started from a doze into which he had fallen, and exclaimed, "How miserable we are without any children! If we only had one, I should be perfectly satisfied."

"So should I," replied his wife, "even if he were no bigger than my thumb."

Some time after this a little child was born to these two; but how was the good woman surprised when, on taking the child in her hands, she found that he really was very little bigger than her thumb!

"See," she said to her husband, "I have got what I asked for; but if he is small he is a dear, pretty little fellow after all, and if he grows quickly and thrives well may turn out a fine child yet."

But unfortunately the little sprite did not grow quickly at all, and so, when his parents saw that he would be a dwarf all the days of his life, they christened him Tom Thumb.

Now, little Tom Thumb, although he was so small, was no fool, but while he was quite young showed signs of shrewdness and ready wit by no means common among the class to which he belonged.

One day, when his father was going to the forest, he said, "I wish I had somebody to mind the horse for me while I'm about my work."

"I'll do that for you, father," said Tom Thumb, springing up from the corner in which he was breakfasting off the leg of a sparrow and a picnic biscuit.

"You," replied his father; "you mind the horse! Why, you are not big enough for him to see."

"Never mind that, father; I'll manage it if you'll only trust me."

So his father took him with him to the forest, and left him and the horse and cart under a tree. Then Tom Thumb jumped into a branch that was waving close to the old mare's ears, and spoke to the creature so skilfully that she never once attempted to move.

Presently a rollicking schoolboy came by, swishing a cane as he went, and scattering the ground with the little branches and leaves he whisked from the trees. As ill luck would have it, the tender green branch on which Tom Thumb was perched came in his way, and before you could have said "Jack Robinson" it had been cut off and thrown across the boy's shoulder, with the little dwarf holding tightly on.

"I must look out sharper than this next time," thought Tom Thumb.

Just then they emerged from the forest, and soon came to an orchard. This the schoolboy soon entered, by clambering over the wall, thereby greatly endangering Tom Thumb's life. The boy then climbed up an apple tree, when Tom Thumb, seizing the opportunity that presented itself, jumped on to a fine golden apple, and, seated across it, felt more comfortable than he had done for some little time.

"Well, I'm high enough in the world now," thought he. "Hello! what's up?" he exclaimed, as, with a sudden jerk, he felt himself rapidly falling through the air. Presently the apple on which he was seated, and to which he had held tightly during its rapid descent, touched the ground.

"I wonder how many miles I came then," thought the little fellow.

There he stayed till it was nearly dark, and he had just fallen comfortably asleep when he felt himself raised up as suddenly as he had fallen.

"What have I got here?" exclaimed a rough voice. "I thought I'd got an apple, and I find I've got hold of a pigmy." I must tell you that in the waning light Tom Thumb, perched upon the apple, appeared to the man like a piece of the tree and a few leaves, and he was not a little surprised to find, on catching hold of the supposed stem, that he had left the apple behind.

"You had better let me go," said Tom Thumb.

"Not I," replied the man, putting the little fellow into his greatcoat pocket.

These were by no means comfortable quarters, for Tom Thumb found himself among a great many odd things, such as stale tobacco-pipes, hard bits of bread and cheese, and several others of the same kind, that were not quite to his liking.

As they were going along the man stooped and picked something up. He seemed to have found a treasure, for he kept on gloating over it, and saying, "My eye, what a beauty! I wonder what that'll be worth, now," and so on. Presently something came tumbling on to Tom Thumb's head, and must have done him some damage had he not managed with a good deal of dexterity to get out of the way.

Before long the man entered a tavern, and taking the thing he had found out of his pocket, he exclaimed, "There.

my comrades, what do you think of that bracelet? Isn't it a beauty?"

"Where did you get that from?" asked several voices.

"My Lady Florella took it off her own fair wrist and gave it to me, in consideration of my saving her from falling out of her carriage."

"You thief, you stole it!" cried out Tom Thumb from the depths of his hiding-place.

"Who says I stole it?" asked the man, angrily. "It's a lie; I didn't."

"You did; you know you did," cried Tom Thumb.

"It's no use for you to try to tell lies about it, my man, when you've got a conscience that speaks as loudly as that," exclaimed the landlord; and the man, who had forgotten all about the little creature he had got in his pocket, really believing that it must be his conscience that had served him this trick, made the best of his way out of the inn, for fear anybody should attempt to molest him as a thief.

By-and-by he thrust his hand into his pocket, and finding our hero, the whole thing occurred to him. "You little wretch, I'll kill you!" he exclaimed.

"You'd better not," replied Tom Thumb, with the most perfect coolness.

"Why not?" asked the man, angrily.

"Because of what would happen to you afterwards," answered Tom Thumb.

"Well, then, I'll have nothing more to do with you," said the man. Whereupon he took the little fellow out of his pocket and placed him by the roadside.

"That's capital; just what I wanted. And now I'll be off home, for mother and father will wonder where I've got to," thought Tom Thumb, and there and then started off.

By-and-by he heard two dogs talking. "You know the man that's got a son no bigger than his thumb?" said the one.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Well, he's lost the little fellow; and it seems he's offered a reward to any one who will bring him back, so I am going to see what he'd offer, and if it's worth while I'll undertake to find him."

"Am I not in luck's way?" laughed Tom Thumb to himself, springing on to the puppy's back.

Off trotted the dog as nimbly as possible, and in this way Tom Thumb reached home.

The poor man and his wife were quite delighted to see the little fellow back again, for they were sadly afraid they should have lost him altogether; when he told them his adventures they patted him on the back and laughed heartily.

Now, after Tom Thumb was born his mother had plenty of other children, and each baby as it was born was so much finer than the last one that when it came to the seventh the youngster was bigger at five years old than most children are at twelve, and our little hero, who was the eldest of all his father's and mother's children, was by far the smallest.

But although the laborer and his wife had been very anxious to have one son, they had never bargained for seven; and they soon found that to provide food and clothing for so many was no joking matter.

Each year made matters worse, for things were not so prosperous with these people as they had been formerly, till at length one miserable year came when they all nearly starved. Despite their mother's endeavors to make ends meet, she found one evening that they had only a few roots left in the pantry.

"Alas!" said she, "we must all starve, for when these are gone where shall we get more?"

"How foolish we were to wish for any children!" said her husband, moodily. "If we'd never had any, we shouldn't have come to this plight."

"Don't say that!!" exclaimed his wife; "I would not have been without my children on any account."

"What are we to do with them?" asked the father. "We can't see them starve."

"God forbid!" replied the poor mother.

The husband and wife sat some time longer, gazing moodily into the fire. By-and-by the woodcutter started up, and exclaimed, "Yes, I will, I must do it!"

"Do what?" inquired his wife.

"An idea's come into my head," he replied, "and it is that I should start off early to-morrow morning, and take the children with me."

"I don't see how that will help us."

"What, not if I leave them there?"

"You would not do that, surely?" said his wife.

"I had rather do that than see them starve before my eyes. Who can tell whether some kind person might not take pity on them and give them food? And even if they do die, we shall not be obliged to look on without being able to help."

"You say truly," replied his wife, tearfully.

Then they arranged that next morning the children should be waked earlier than usual, and after having had their scanty breakfast should accompany their father to the forest and be left behind.

The next morning the woodcutter called his children up early, and, giving them each a crust of bread, led them to the darkest part of the vast forest. Tom Thumb, who had been expecting this, slipped his crust of bread into his pocket, and as they went along strewed the way with crumbs.

But for once he was outwitted by some very simple opponents, for the birds picked up the scattered crumbs, and thus destroyed the clue he thought he had left safely behind him.

Poor Tom Thumb was certainly at a loss when he discovered the trick he had been served. His brothers had depended upon him, and therefore felt no fear; but when night came on, and they found themselves still wandering about in the very midst of the forest, they were terribly alarmed.

Not so Tom Thumb. He didn't know what fear meant, but marched bravely on at the head of his six shrinking brothers.

Presently he noticed a large, bare-looking tree, which seemed to tower above the rest.

"You stay here," he said to his brothers, while I go and see what is to be seen."

The next moment he was mounted on a high branch, anxiously scanning the surrounding country. Far away in the distance he perceived a ray of light glimmering through the trees. He decided to follow it till he came to the cottage or house from which it proceeded, and then beg a night's shelter for himself and his brothers.

On they went, pursuing the ray of light, with many a weary footstep, when, at length, emerging from the denser part of the forest, they found themselves at the gate of a beautiful mansion.

They entered the enclosed ground in which the castle stood, and Tom Thumb, discovering a trumpet, blew so loud a blast that in a few seconds bolts and bars were drawn back, and the figure of a very big woman appeared at the top of a long flight of stone steps which led up to the door.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she inquired.

"We are seven brothers lost in the forest," answered Tom Thumb, "and we beg of you to give us some supper and a night's lodging."

"Poor children," replied the woman, compassionately, "that I would willingly do, but I am the wife of a giant, and if I were to take you in he would soon find it out, and eat you all up."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall we do?" cried the six brothers, mournfully, when they heard the words of the giantess.

Tom Thumb stood and considered for a few seconds. "If we stay in the forest we shall die of cold and starvation, or perhaps be devoured by wild beasts, and worse can't happen to us if we go in here. We shall at any rate get a supper, and I'll see if I can't outwit Mr. Giant."

"Would you be so kind as to let us have some supper, ma'am?" asked Tom Thumb.

The giantess hesitated some minutes; then she replied, "You may come and have some supper if you like, but mind, I have warned you of what you may expect."

"All right," anwered our hero, fearlessly, as he marched up the steps, closely followed by the others.

The woman pushed back the door, and led them through a spacious hall into a square, lofty room. She then spread some food before them, and the poor, hungry creatures fell to with right good will. They were thus pleasantly engaged when a key sounded in the door outside, and a heavy footstep was heard in the hall. "Get under the bed," exclaimed their kind hostess, quickly; and under the bed they all scrambled as quickly as their trembling limbs would allow them.

Only just in time, for they were barely hidden when the giant entered.

"H'm, h'm!" exclaimed the giant, sniffing the air, "what is it that I smell?"

"Smell?" asked his wife, in a surprised tone.

"Yes, smell," replied the giant, in a tone which made the little people under the bed quake. "I smell some children hereabouts."

"Then they are your own, I should think," returned the giantess.

"Hello! What do all these dirty plates mean?" asked the giant, in a tremendous voice, as he caught sight of the table at which the seven brothers had been feasting.

"I suppose they mean that the children have had their supper."

"Don't tell me!" thundered the giant; and with that he began to search in every nook and cranny of the room.

He was not long in coming to the bed. "Ho, ho!" he exclaimed, gleefully, as he dragged all the youngsters from their hiding-place.

The monster then began to sharpen his knife, while the poor boys begged and implored him not to take their lives.

The giantess, who had been looking wistfully on, was suddenly struck with an idea. Taking up little Tom Thumb in her hand, she exclaimed, "See here what little shrivelled-up morsels they are. Leave them to me to fatten them up; have for your supper to-night the half sheep that I have roasted for you."

"Your advice is good," replied the giant. "They are, as you say, but lean morsels at present. We will fatten them up for a week, and see what they will be like by that time. And now let them get to bed."

So the poor little fellows were safe for the present; but Tom Thumb determined that with a week's respite they must be fools indeed if they did not escape altogether.

While his brothers were sleeping he got up and began peeping cautiously about, to see what plans he had better form. He soon discovered a bed close to their own, on which were sleeping seven boys, the sons of the giant, each wearing on his head a crown of gold.

"This is lucky," thought he, as he carefully removed the seven crowns, placing one on each of his brothers' heads; then placing the baby's crown on his own, he jumped into bed by the side of his sleeping brethren.

By-and-by the giant, who had not tasted any children for some time, became so impatient that he felt he could wait no longer. Creeping stealthily upstairs in the dark, for fear of disturbing them, he came to the bed where Tom Thumb and his brothers lay. Passing his hand over their heads, he discovered the crowns, and then turning away to the other bed he took his large knife and slew every one of his own children.

Tom Thumb, who had been wide awake all this while, and heard everything that had taken place, saw that they must make good their escape as soon as possible, before the giant should find out what he had done. Rousing his brothers, he bade them follow him as quietly as possible, and not utter a word.

They crept silently down-stairs, and were fortunate enough to discover a broken window. Through this Tom Thumb shoved each of his brothers, following last of all himself.

Once fairly outside, they took to their heels, and never stopped running till the sun had broken through the clouds, and not so much as a tower of the giant's castle was visible. Then they stayed a minute or two to rest.

"I wonder," said little Jack, "whether the giant has missed us yet."

"Oh, look, look, look there!" shrieked one of the brothers, in an agony of terror.

They looked around, and beheld the giant in the distance, striding after them at a fearful rate. Tom Thumb saw, from the length of each stride, that he must have on a pair of Seven League Boots.

Here was trouble. It was impossible to escape from the giant by running away. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to draw back into a cave that stood by the way, and trust that the horrid monster might by some fortunate accident omit to search it.

Even brave little Tom Thumb trembled with fear as the giant approached their hiding-place. He came nearer and nearer, and made straight for the cave. Seven hearts inside it went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.

"I am dreadfully tired!" exclaimed the giant; "I will sit down here and rest." So he threw himself down on the grass, and leaned against the walls of the cave in which the fugitives were hidden.

Presently the cave shook, and a sound like a distant peal of thunder echoed from wall to wall.

"Now's our time," said Tom Thumb. "The giant is asleep, for I hear him snoring."

The boys crept stealthily out, and shot off in different directions, for they had agreed that this would be the best plan, as by these means the giant could not possibly catch all of them at once, and even should he catch one the rest would have a better opportunity to escape.

Tom Thumb saw his brothers depart, but he did not follow them, for he was determined to make one desperate effort to disarm their enemy. Crawling up to him, Tom Thumb caught the giant asleep and stole the Seven League Boots. Then he jumped into them, and in two strides placed forty-two miles between himself and his still sleeping adversary.

The first thing he did, now that he knew his foe could not follow him, was to return to the giant's house and empty it of all its gold and treasures. With these he enriched his parents and brothers, so that there was now no need for the woodman and his wife to wish to get rid of their large family.

They all lived happily together for the rest of their lives, and Tom Thumb became famous all over that country for his bravery and daring exploits.

THE PILGRIM'S SECRET.

ITALIAN.

There was once a good man called August who was in the wine business, and who was very unfortunate. He had married a beautiful girl named Nina, whom he loved very much, and they had a little daughter, who for two years was the joy of her parents. Her mother never let the child get out of her sight, and taught her how to do all kinds of housework and sewing and other things that girls should know. But one sad day, when Nina was cooking some broth for the child, and the little girl was playing in the sunshine in the garden, just outside the kitchen door, an ugly-looking man broke into the yard, seized the child, who was speechless with fright, and ran away with her.

You can easily imagine the despair of her parents when their daughter was stolen from them. They tried everything to get her back again; but all was in vain, and they had nothing left to do except to try to comfort each other in their suffering. Every evening when August came home Nina had eyes red from crying, and there was such an expression of grief in her face that even a stone would have felt pity for her. The poor woman kept repeating and repeating, "My poor little girl. Where can she be?"

The more August tried to soothe her as well as he could, the more she answered: "It's easy for you to talk like that. You go out of the house at daybreak and come back late in the evening, but if you knew how sad it is to be alone the whole day and to think of my darling! She was so pretty, so sweet; even the sun has lost its brightness now that she has gone, and I am shivering the whole day. I will not stay at home alone any more. You must be here, too; at least, we can talk about her."

"You're not sensible, dear Nina," August was accustomed to say. "If I let somebody run my wine shop we would not have any money."

"What's the use of earning money when we have nobody to leave it to?" replied his wife.

"But we would have to beg," answered her husband, "if I did not work. Or who would give us a living?"

"That is also unnecessary. Why live when we have so much trouble, and, above all, without any hope?"

"Who can tell?" retorted August, hopefully.

But, although he spoke so bravely, he had given up hope of ever seeing the light-haired head of his little girl again, for five years had already gone by in crying and lamenting since the day when she had been stolen, and up to this time they had not found a single trace of her.

One evening, as August was coming home, sadly as usual, there appeared before him a little boy about seven years old, who came out of the shade of the poplar trees beside the road, and cried and begged of him, "Take pity on me. I'm so hungry."

The good man heard the voice, and tears of sympathy stood in his eyes as he said to the boy, "So you are hungry, little fellow?" Both shame and fear appeared upon the pale, thin face of the little beggar as the moonlight streamed down upon him. "Are you hungry?" repeated August. "Well, come with me; we'll have some supper together."

Then he took the boy's hand, and he noticed fright and astonishment in his eyes. He wanted to encourage him, and he said in a fatherly way: "You'll soon get it. Nina has certainly got a big dish of pastry ready, because she knows that I like it very much. Perhaps we'll also have veal cutlet, and we'll share it like good friends." August took care that his voice should sound cheerful, but his heart was filled with sympathy for the poor boy, who seemed to be just as old as the beloved little daughter who had been stolen from him.

To give his gloomy thoughts another turn, he asked the little beggar if he was fond of pastry.

"Yes, indeed," answered the boy, whose mouth was already watering at the thought of such delicacies, and who was beginning to fear the strange man less and less. August became more friendly to the little fellow all the while and asked him his name.

"Oresto," was the answer.

"And your mother?"

The boy's whole body trembled as he strained to speak, and he painfully answered, "My mother died just two days ago. They have buried her."

This answer made a lump rise in August's throat. With difficulty he kept the tears back, and squeezed the boy's hand tenderly in his own.

"How about your father?"

"I never knew him," answered the child immediately. "I was not two years old when he went away from mother and me to 'seek his fortune in the world,' as he said. Since that time we never heard of him, and mother mourned him as dead."

"Perhaps it is so," agreed August, for the boy's wretched condition had given him the idea of adopting the little fellow in place of his kidnapped daughter, to be a joy and comfort to them in their sorrow. But, of course, he had to talk to Nina about it first. Who could know what she would say to it? So they went the rest of the way to his house without speaking much more to each other.

August's doubt, however, was chased away at once when he saw how kindly his wife took to the little beggar boy.

"Nina, this little fellow has nobody in the world to look to for a mother's care," he said, as he brought the boy to her.

The good woman guessed from the sound of his voice and the feeling expressed in his eyes what her husband was expecting of her. She put her arms around the boy, looked up at August, and said: "He is not alone any more, for he has found you, and you will be his father." Then she took Oresto by the hand, looked him in the eyes, and asked him, "Do you want me to take the place of your mother in your heart? We will pray for her, and I would like to have you so much."

The boy put his arms around her neck, although he had never seen her before, and cried with affection and joy.

That night Nina dreamed a fairy came down from Heaven with a little child, placed it in her lap, and gave it into her care. When she woke up she smiled as she looked on the white cot where little Oresto was sleeping.

August and Nina never regretted having adopted the boy, because, as he grew up, he showed so much gratitude and love for his foster father and mother that the pleasure of having him was a rich reward for whatever they did for him. He was never bad, and in school he learned so well that very soon he could read and reckon.

Then August took him into the business, where the boy made himself very useful in delivering goods from house to house.

But this sort of business did not please Oresto very much, because he wanted another which would enable him to increase his parents' wealth, and secure them an old age free from care. August, who trusted the judgment of his young charge, gave him some money when he was eighteen years old, and with this Oresto bought a lot of hay and sold it at a good profit; and this was his first piece of business.

Then Oresto began business with a larger sum, and in a short time he was able to buy a horse and wagon, so that he could sell more easily at wholesale and retail. The business went well, and to his great joy he was able to save something and give it to Nina to keep for him.

Good fortune seemed to smile on the little house to all appearances, but tears were often shed at the recollection of the lost daughter, whom her parents had not been able to forget in spite of Oresto's presence. Nina's look became gloomy now and then, and when Oresto would come home he often found his mother (for so he called her) in great distress.

He became more tender to her, and wanted very much to comfort her. The young man would have given half his life if he could have found out what fate the poor little girl had met, and he would have risked his life, too, if it had been possible, to get the daughter back to her father and mother.

Meanwhile, Oresto had built himself a pretty little house on a beautiful hill, with a lovely lawn around it, and asked August and Nina to move over and live in it. So August gave up his wine business entirely, and every day he stayed at home and enjoyed working in the garden, or beside his good wife, and they talked almost all the time about their young son.

One Sunday, as they were all three at dinner, they heard a knock at the door. Oresto went out, and came back to tell August and Nina that a pilgrim was outside and asked their hospitality. Nobody had ever called in vain upon the good nature of the two old people, and this time, too, they opened their door to the poor old man.

So the stranger, made welcome by August, came into the house. He was an old man with gray hair, and wore a brown blouse, and on his head a big straw hat, which hid his whole face.

"I thank you and bless you," he replied to August's welcome. Then he placed his large walking staff in the corner, and looked round him. "I've been on the road since yesterday," he continued, "without food or rest, and I will be thankful to you if you can give me some of both."

"Sit down," Nina invited, and at the same time Oresto brought a plate and placed it before the guest. "As you see," she went on, "we're alone here, and so we are glad to talk to strangers who travel and can tell us what is going on in the world."

The pilgrim's brow clouded for a moment, but he answered quietly: "I cannot tell you very much, dear lady, for I have been sick more than a year, and it is only a few days since I came out of the cave which is my place of refuge."

"Poor man," said Nina, pityingly, "and who made you well again?"

"As you see," replied the old man, with trembling voice, "I am still very ill and seeking my health. But I shall not find it so easily in this world."

All became silent, for at these words they knew that the pilgrim was suffering in his soul, and August and Nina also had felt this terrible anguish. Therefore they did not talk of this any more during the rest of the meal, and it seemed as if they all intentionally spoke of commonplace things, because they did not wish to pry into each other's feelings.

But later, when they were all sitting around the hearth, Nina looked into the fire, as she was accustomed to do, and cried out suddenly:

"Oh! what has become of my poor little girl?"

The pilgrim then asked with interest if they had had a daughter, and Nina told him of that terrible occurrence, and about adopting Oresto into their child's place, with all details of the boy's life. The pilgrim listened to her with growing attention, now and then wiping the perspiration from his brow, to the great surprise of August and Oresto, to whom it seemed as if the room were rather cool than warm. Frequently the pilgrim interrupted Nina to question her about certain details. He was so pale that everyone pitied him, and he glanced from time to time at Oresto with a look which seemed to show that he was trying to hide some painful feelings.

When Nina had finished her story the old man seemed to be turned to stone and stared steadily at Oresto.

August did not notice it, because he had followed his wife's tale with his whole heart. Nina, too, was entirely taken up with her story. But Oresto, who was watching the pilgrim very attentively, suddenly jumped to him, seized his hands, which were hanging down motionless, and shook him violently. The old man had fainted.

"Poor fellow!" said Nina. "He spoke truly when he said that he was still very sick. I will make up his bed so that he can lie down; sleep will refresh him."

When she had done this, Oresto took the stranger in his arms, carried him to the bed, and laid him carefully upon it. The old man's eyes opened, and he gazed around him as if in surprise. The first word that he spoke was a woman's name. As he came out of his faint he whispered: "Cecilia;" and when he saw the young man bending over his cot he laid his hand on his head and whispered: "God bless you."

Then he went to sleep, and apparently slept well the whole night, for at daybreak he was up and ready to go away.

Oresto had slept in the hay mow, and was spreading the hay which he was going to sell in town. It astonished him to see the old man up so early. Nevertheless, he did not ask any questions, and the pilgrim took leave of his benefactors, thanked them heartily, and went on his way.

Oresto then climbed up on his wagon-load of hay, and drove his horse off in the opposite direction. But great was his surprise, after he had gone quite a distance, to see the pilgrim standing before him in the middle of the road, as if he were waiting for someone. He started to go past him, and shouted out that he hoped he would see him again; but the old man called him by name and asked him to stop. His voice sounded so pleading, and at the same time mysterious, that Oresto drew up the horse and got down from the wagon.

"What do you wish, my good man?" asked Oresto, cautiously, since the old man's behavior began to seem curious to him.

"I have something very important to talk to you about, which I could not say in the presence of your parents."

"Then I don't care to know anything about it," Oresto replied, somewhat out of temper. "I have no secrets from my father and mother, and you could tell anything in their presence that you wish to say to me."

"I ask you," said the pilgrim, "to make an exception with me, an old man, and perhaps very near death. I have a secret which weighs heavily on my soul, and which I want to share with you."

"Has it anything to do with me?"

"Yes; and you must sooner or later hear where you came from."

Oresto was all attention, and answered impatiently: "Tell me quickly, then, and I will listen."

"Not here," refrained the old man. "Hitch your horse to the tree and come into my grotto with me, where nobody else can hear us, and where you can also keep an eye on your wagon."

The grotto was only a few steps away; so Oresto tied the horse and went with the stranger. They sat down in the cave, which was only dimly lighted by the sunshine outside, and looked at each other for awhile in silence, as if trying to find the answer to a puzzle here in this place underground. Finally the stranger broke the silence.

"Do you love August and Nina very much?" he inquired.

"How can you ask? I believe that I am as fond of them as if they were really my parents. Yes, I respect them more, because they have always been good and loving parents, although I am not their son. Just to think, I was alone in the world, my mother was dead, and I would certainly have followed her if they had not taken care of me."

"I know; but you have made their life easy for them, and your gratitude has repaid them; so you are even."

"What? I cannot repay them my whole life long as I would like, and show myself thankful enough for all the kindnesses they have done to me."

"Yes, yes, you can; and I will tell you how."

"Go on! Tell me quickly, for I would give my life for them."

"You shall give them even more, for you will get back their daughter whom they have mourned so long."

"And where is she? Do you know?"

"Where is she?" replied the old man. "Yes, I know, and I will tell you, but only on condition that you pardon her kidnapper and do not try to take revenge on him."

"Who was the miserable wretch that stole the child away from her mother?"

"I was."

Oresto gave a great cry, and, enraged with anger and contempt, lifted his hand to strike the old man, who sat opposite to him, and so frankly admitted that he had done the shameful deed.

The old man did not stir, but Oresto suddenly took pity on his gray hair, and put down the hand with which he was going to strike him.

At the same instant the back wall of the grotto opened, and a beautiful fairy appeared in a blaze of light, who pointed at the old man with her finger, and announced: "Oresto, he is your father." She vanished, the wall closed, and it was dark as before.

Oresto felt as if someone had struck him on the head with a hammer, and didn't know if he was awake or dreaming; and he had to feel himself over several times to make sure that his head was still on his shoulders. Then there suddenly came over him an endless love for the old man, who at this moment looked like a living picture of misery, and he fell down on his knees before him, embraced his feet, and said: "Oh, father, pardon me that I did not hear the call of the blood before."

The pilgrim made him get up, pressed him to his heart, and said: "Not you, my unhappy son. It is I who must ask for forgiveness. I beg you to have compassion on my sins, for which I am doing penance. Your contempt will be my punishment, for have I not suffered enough already?"

"God keep me from ever despising you father. Although I have only dim recollections of you, I know that my mother always taught me to respect you."

"Peace be to your good mother, dear soul."

"Did you love her very much?"

"With my whole heart."

Then why did you desert her?"

"Listen to me carefully. Take in what I say, my son, and you will understand. A man cannot strive successfully against the laws of Nature."

This is the story that he told:

"When I was a child I was terribly afraid of death. The thought that some time everyone must meet the same fate, and go out of this life into the mystery of the grave, terrified me, so that I would have sold my soul to the devil if he had promised me everlasting life on this earth.

"When I met your mother, and fell madly in love with her, this cowardly fear prevented me from asking her to marry me. If I should die before her she could marry again, I thought to myself, and in my poor mind this doubt grew until it caused me fearful anxiety.

"Finally, I learned that at the foot of a neighboring mountain lived a wizard who foretold the future, and I went to him to learn my fate. There I met the crafty wizard, and he promised me when he learned what my trouble was that he would guarantee me a life of two hundred years if I would make an agreement with him. I asked for nothing more, and hastily accepted all his conditions, when he said: 'You shall marry Anita (that was the name of your mother); but the first child which you have shall belong to me. I live in a crystal palace at the bottom of the Adriatic Sea, and you get to it through the Dolphin Gallery. Here is the key and the plan.' With these words the wizard handed me a golden key and a little roll of parchment, on which the way was drawn so clearly that one could not go astray.

"As I didn't know at that time what a father's love is, I thought the agreement of little importance, and cheerfully signed the contract which the wizard had already in his hand. My only thought was to get Anita and have a long life with her. But before the wizard let me go he said: 'Look out for yourself. If you do not fulfil this agreement, you will die at once, and with you your wife and child.'

"Some weeks later I married your mother, and she was the dearest wife in the world. But soon my suffering began. When you were born your mother noticed that I was not overjoyed, as she had hoped. I could not, and would not, tell her about the agreement with the wizard, and it made me miserable to think that the poor little thing, for which I would have gladly given everything, must pay for the long years which I had gained for myself. My love for you was boundless, and, trembling with joy, I used to hold you in my arms; and when you grew bigger I almost forgot the unholy contract, and it seemed as if I were the luckiest and most fortunate man in the world. My trifling earnings were hardly enough to keep us alive; but I did not care. My riches were your eyes, your pretty eyes, with which you used to look at me when you began to call me 'Father.'

"So a few years went by quickly, and one night the terrible wizard appeared and reminded me of the agreement. He threatened me, your mother and you with death if I did not fulfil it. I woke up in the morning, and you were both sick with fever. I understood the warning. Almost crazy, I wrote a few words to my dear Anita, saying that I was going away to look for better luck, and that sooner or later I would come back to her.

"I flew out of the house without knowing what I was doing, or where I was to wander. I ran into the fields, arrived at this neighborhood, and caught sight of a little girl playing in the garden. My plot was made at that instant. I would steal the girl, give her to the wizard instead of you, and then go home again.

"The act followed almost as quickly as the thought, and I soon had taken the little girl to the house of ill fortune, where the wizard was waiting for me. When he saw me coming he said: 'If you had delayed a week more, that would have been the end of you all.'

"The little girl began to cry, and I tried in vain to quiet her. The wizard knocked on the glass wall of his dwelling, and there appeared a beautiful talking doll, which made little Cecilia quiet again. This is what they named her and call her to this day.

" 'What did your wife say?' the wizard asked me, 'when you took away the little girl?' I was afraid of some new treachery, and said quietly: 'She cursed me, and swore that she would never see me again.'

" 'I thought she would, and I am rather pleased, so I can show you a favor.'

"A chill went over me at these words, which were spoken in such a tone that I stammered: 'Thank you, sir; but I do not wish any other reward than two hundred years of life.'

" 'Yes, that is understood; you are to live two hundred years, but only if you do not make an attempt to steal Cecilia from me, which would be breaking our agreement. But I will do more for you. Since your wife has driven you away, you shall stay here with your daughter and bring her up.'

"I wanted to make some reply, but the wizard said: 'That is my wish. and it will be so. But even if you try to escape, it will be impossible, for at this instant my palace has separated itself from the Dolphin Gallery, and is drifting about under the ocean among the seaweed and coral.' I was convinced that it was true, because I felt the house rocking, just as if I were on shipboard.

"I won't attempt to describe to you the anxiety, remorse and the sting of conscience which tortured me the whole time I was imprisoned there. I had only one comfort, and that was Cecilia, who grew to love me as much as if I were really her father, and she was as pretty as a flower. Nothing was lacking to make life comfortable there, and I was given all the books I wanted with which to teach her.

"After a voyage of ten years under the sea my obedience won the confidence of the wizard, and then he attached the crystal palace again with the Dolphin Gallery, and so with the mainland, and permitted me to go out three days once a year, so that I could visit my friends. He intended to please me with this, and he was right. I then put on these pilgrim's clothes, so that I would not be known, and, as my hair had already become gray before its time, no one recognized me. For six years now I have been coming once a year out of the crystal palace, and the first time I learned of Anita's death; but no one had heard of you since that time.

"I looked for you on each of my expeditions on the mainland, and finally decided to try and find Cecilia's parents. I was in despair of ever finding you, was conscience-stricken and bowed with grief, and I wanted to give them back their daughter. Fate was kind to me at last, as you know.

"Now, my son, I have no other desire except to help you to show yourself grateful to these unhappy people who took care of you, and have suffered so much through my guilt. I want you to give them back their daughter."

Oresto listened to his father with the greatest attention, and often wiped a tear from his eye as he saw how his father loved him and what he had suffered. He embraced the old man, and received from him these hints for rescuing Cecilia:

"Come just at noon," said his father as they were going to separate. "At that time the wizard will be asleep and I can help you. Now, I shall have to hurry away, so as to get back to the crystal palace at the right time, for if my absence extends over the time allowed me Cecilia and I will be severely punished."

"Good-bye, father. To-morrow, at noon, I will be at the Dolphin Gallery. Leave the door open."

The old man went away, and Oresto, instead of going to town, turned around, and in a short time was at the house again.

"What has happened?" asked August when he caught sight of him.

"I met the king's messenger on the way," exclaimed Oresto, joyously, "and he told me that His Majesty wished to speak to me."

"You are in fun, my boy," cried Nina, who had heard his words on appearing at the door.

"No, I am not joking. You shall convince yourself. Think of it, His Majesty the King has sent word to me that when they chose by lot among the young men from our neighborhood who shall receive a special royal favor my name was chosen, and the King offers to let me ask a favor of him."

"Aren't you fooling us?" asked Nina, clasping her hands together in astonishment.

Oresto smiled and looked around, now at the doubting August, now at the excited Nina.

"And do you know," he continued, "what favor I shall ask for myself?"

The two old people looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"So you can't guess? I'll tell you, then. I am going to ask His Majesty the King to have your daughter searched for throughout his whole country."

Both shook their heads and said sadly: "We shall never find her."

"But we will find her," answered Oresto, with conviction in his voice. "We'll find her, and I will give her back to you. But, now, don't ask me anything more, because I can't tell you; but to-morrow you shall have your Cecilia."

"Cecilia?" cried both his parents, doubting Oresto's sanity for a moment. "She was called Teresa."

Oresto repented the slip of his tongue. "But she has been called Cecilia up to this time. Like I, she found another father, who loved her and took care of her, and he gave her this name."

"God bless her savior!" said Nina, crying with joy. "We shall call her Cecilia, just like he, and she shall keep on loving him, too."

But August did not believe in any such good fortune. He shook his head doubtfully, and the next day as Oresto, all dressed up in his best clothes, rode up the street on a beautifully saddled horse, he called after him, "May God's protection be with you. I will hope that I won't lose you, too."

The entrance to the Dolphin Gallery was hidden from the eyes of all people, but Oresto found it easily enough with the directions given him by his father. He tied his horse to a column of coral, which concealed the tunnel-shaped opening, and walked confidently inside.

After a while he came into an immensely long crystal room, which extended into the sea, and through its transparent walls, which were supported by stout silver hoops, looked out upon the whole moving animal life under the surface of the sea. In the green water Oresto saw silvery and golden fishes with glittering scales scurrying about. He gazed with astonishment at this enchanted and mysterious place. He walked through the Dolphin Gallery for perhaps an hour, and finally arrived in front of a golden grated gate, which he easily opened.

A crystal door led him into a vestibule, around which he could see the doors of numerous richly furnished rooms. The smell of the sea was very strong here, and almost disagreeable. But Oresto had no time to look about him, for through one of the doors appeared the gray head of his father, who smiled and beckoned to him to come nearer. The old man took the boy by the hand and led him out on a balcony with a balustrade of clear glass. The view from here was not different. There was just the same clear, green water to see, in which fishes were darting about like arrows.

Oresto sat down at his father's word, and the old man left him. But he soon came back with a young girl, at the sight of whom Oresto was lost in amazement. It was a girl of heavenly beauty. Her oval face and sky-blue eyes had an expression of unspeakable sorrow. Her thick hair fell down over a dark gray cloak in two golden braids. She held out her hand to Oresto in a friendly way, and said with an adorable voice, "We're going to love each other like brother and sister, since we exchanged our parents with each other. Take me back to my father and mother, and we will all live together in happiness and content."

All three of them set out, but Oresto kept looking at the girl constantly—she had bewitched him so—and the old man smiled, so that the last trace of sadness disappeared from his face, and he seemed almost young again.

"Listen, my children," he said when they reached the end of the gallery. "I will say good-bye to you, perhaps forever."

"How?" cried both the young people, astonished. "Are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, I want to spare you the mournful sight of my death."

"What is that you say, father?" cried Cecilia. "I will not go away from here then if you do not come with us, and I will not leave this house, even if it should cost my life."

The old man regretted that he had said so much, and answered, "Well, if you wish, I will go with you."

They walked on and came out on dry land, but they had hardly left the Dolphin Gallery when a terrible explosion deafened them, and the gallery collapsed in ruins.

Oresto's father turned pale and clung to Cecilia so that he should not fall down. She asked with anxiety, "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no," replied the old man in a weak voice.

Oresto lifted him and Cecilia into the saddle, and himself led the horse by the bridle upon the road home. They came home in a fearful storm, and the joy over Cecilia's home-coming was somewhat saddened by the evident illness of Oresto's father. They immediately put him to bed, and he died that same night.

Before he died he said to the young people, who were crying at his bedside: "My dears, the wizard's revenge had to reach me as soon as I broke my agreement; but sooner or later we must all die. I prefer death to a life of regret and remorse. My last wish is that August and Nina may pardon me, and that I shall hear from their own mouths that they will bless your marriage, for I know that you love each other."

And so it was that the sister's love which Cecilia had promised to Oresto changed to real love, and Oresto had loved her from the moment he set eyes on her.

August and Nina were called to the dying man, kissed him on the brow, assured him that they forgave him, and that they would very gladly see the two young people married. So Oresto's father died quietly, and his face in death showed the peace which he had not known in life. Perhaps, also, his soul was united with that of his poor Anita.

The grief of Oresto and Cecilia was lessened by the joy of their love, and their wedding took place modestly, as their circumstances demanded, a year after his father's death.

THE GIANT'S NEW YEAR.

ITALIAN.

Many years ago there lived in a certain country of this earth a gentleman who had inherited from his forefathers the title of Count, together with a beautiful castle and a great deal of property. But the Count and the Countess (his wife) gave money to the poor people, and every New Year's Day made so many useful presents to all the children of the neighborhood that little by little they had to sell their land and forests, and their gold and silver table service. They also discharged all of their help except one old servant, and lived like two unfortunate poor people.

One evening at the end of December the Count and Countess were sitting together after their frugal supper in the great dining-hall of the castle, which was lighted only by some dry knots of wood burning in the fireplace.

"This year, dear husband," said the Countess, as she pulled her chair nearer to the hearth, "we cannot invite the poor children."

"Why not?"

"Because we cannot give them anything. We have no presents or clothes for them, and nothing to make them happy."

"But, then," replied the Count, "how disappointed they will be when they come for their usual entertainment. They have no other pleasure the whole year, and have got accustomed to this and really expect it, the poor children. I will sell something to the neighbors, and we can give them some presents and refreshments: not so very much, but so that they will have something."

"I'd like to know what you intend to sell," said the Countess. "I don't think that we have anything left that we can spare."

"We still have the old family bed. It is made of costly wood ornamented with gold and silver. I can get quite a lot of money for that."

"You're going to sell the family bed?" cried out the Countess. "The bed in which so many of your ancestors slept and died! The only bed that we have left!"

"That doesn't matter. You can sleep on the sofa, and I'll sleep on the floor."

"On the floor at your age? Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

"But what if the children don't get their feast and presents?"

The Countess had nothing to say, and so she kept quiet.

On the morning of this same day a young giant came into the forest not very far away from the Count's castle, and espied a little fairy, who jumped on the forefinger of his right hand from the knot of an oak tree.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed. "How is it that I find you two hundred miles away from your home? Tell me why you are taking such a long walk."

"Very important business. I have nothing to eat at home, and so I am wandering around to try to get myself a bite."

"How so?"

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is not dead yet. I am one of the first heirs, and the old man is very rich. When I get my share of the inheritance I'll be free of care for the rest of my life."

"I don't think," said the fairy, "that is a very nice way to live, to be expecting somebody's death."

"That's true," answered the giant; "but I have been waiting since the time when I was very little."

The fairy looked at him in amazement. "It seems impossible to me that you were ever small," she remarked.

"Yes, indeed; when I was a child I was not any bigger than a horse."

"And I was the size of a bean."

The giant laughed; but at the word "bean" he remembered that he was hungry. "I'll have to stop in somewhere to beg something to eat."

"Let's both go, but not to the same place," suggested the fairy. "You certainly are as hungry as a wolf."

"Well, at the end of the forest, about fifty miles from here, there's a big house. I will go there," concluded the giant, "and you can go to the Count's. I'll go with you to the edge of the woods. When you have finished eating come back to this oak tree, and we will go on together again. The Count is very poor, it is true; but he'll have enough for you to eat."

So the giant placed the fairy on the ground, and while she went towards the castle he walked alone to the big house in the valley. In two or three hours they met again at the same place. The giant picked up the fairy and put her on his forefinger, and they walked on.

"You told me the Count was poor," said the fairy; "but you ought to see with your own eyes how poor he is. As I came in they were just at dinner, and sitting by a cold fireplace. They spoke confidentially together, and I didn't want to disturb them, so jumped up on the table to pick up something myself. Their dinner was certainly very meager. For me there was plenty, because I am satisfied with crumbs; but even these were so hard and dried up that I could hardly bite them. When I heard what they were telling each other I understood their poverty."

"Do you think that it's nice to listen when other people are talking to each other?"

"Perhaps not," responded the fairy; "but let me tell you. They were talking about a New Year's feast, and about presents which they used to give the children in former years. Although they are so poor, they are going to do it this year, too."

"Where will they get it?"

"The Count is going to sell the family bed."

The giant cried out in amazement: "What? Is he going to sell the famous family bed of the noble Rugger family, so as to be able to give presents to the children?"

"Yes."

"Really! I have never heard anything like that in my whole life. How sorry I am for him! We shall have to prevent it."

As they were pitying the fate of the noble family they came to a fork in the road where their ways separated.

"God be with you, fairy," said the giant. "I'll leave you with your sisters. We will meet again when I get back."

"If you prefer, I will go with you," answered the fairy. "I would like to know what it looks like in the castle which belongs to your grandfather's uncle. Nobody will notice my presence."

"Come on, then."

So they went on together, and presently reached the castle gate, before which there sat a guard on watch.

"Guard!" cried the giant, "how is my grandfather's uncle, the famous Giant Tamorig?"

"He died a month ago," was the answer, "and his property has been divided among his heirs."

"That is not possible. I am an heir, and I have not had any of it."

"I can't answer for that," said the guard. "I was given orders to give this reply to everybody."

"Who told you to?"

"My lord Somarig, the sole heir."

"Somarig?" cried the giant. "What a piece of shamelessness! He is only a cousin nine degrees removed on the wife's side. Where is he? Take me to him."

"I guess he's not receiving any visitors to-day," replied the guard.

"Open the door, or I'll crush you," roared the giant.

The guard turned pale, and opened the door wide so that the giant and the fairy could go through. There, in a large room, sat an old giant by the fireplace, in which the logs crackled merrily.

"Somarig!" cried the young giant, "how dare you take possession of this castle?"

"I'm a relative of the deceased," answered the frightened giant.

"Say, rather, that you have ousted all the heirs and stolen everything."

"Not, really; everyone got his share."

"I'm one of those who did not get anything, and I will have what belongs to me. Come with me, so that I can take it."

"I cannot; I am sick. I will send the steward with you."

Somarig rang the bell, and there came in a little man with a big head, whose rumpled hair was white as snow on one side, and black as ink on the other.

"Here's another heir," said the old giant in a tired voice. "Give him his share, and let him choose."

The steward led him through a string of rooms filled with weapons.

"If I should choose from among these I would have to have a lot of wagons to get them out with. Isn't there anything else in the castle?" inquired the young giant.

"Everything else belongs to my master."

"Let me choose, or else—"

The steward led him into other rooms in which there was some furniture.

"That's pretty," said the giant. "I'll mark with chalk what I pick out for myself, and you can send it to me."

"Yes," said the steward; "I'll send everything to you when you go away."

Thereupon the giant took a piece of chalk, and marked so much that it would be enough to furnish the whole castle. Then he asked: "Where is the money?"

"Sir," cried the steward in terror, "there isn't any money here."

The giant made no reply, but picked the little man up by the feet and shook him so thoroughly that a huge key fell out of his pocket.

"Ha, ha! The key to the gold! Now be quick, or else I will find it by myself."

As he was stepping down into the cellar of the castle the steward came running after him in desperation. The giant unbolted the door, and walked into a vault, where he saw heaps of gold and silver arranged along the wall. He marked dozens of them with the chalk.

"Very well, sir," said the steward, "I will send it to you when you go away."

"What is in these little rooms?" he asked.

"Those are diamonds, sir. Mark as many as you want."

"I will pick out one," said the giant to the fairy, "and it shall belong to you."

"To me!" cried the steward, who did not see the fairy.

"Oh, thank you," said the fairy, overjoyed. "I am very fond of diamonds. How happy I am that your grandfather's uncle is dead!"

"Don't talk that way," the giant cautioned her. "There are many things that it is not good to talk about." And when he had finished marking things up he turned to the steward and said: "I will not make you any trouble. I will take everything away myself."

So he put a purse full of diamonds in his pocket, swung a bag full of money over his shoulder, and went out without another word. When he came to the room in which the old giant was sitting he stood for a moment, and said to him: "I'm taking my share of money. I have picked out for myself some other things, and you must send those to me. Do you understand?"

The old giant looked sadly at the bag of gold which the giant was carrying on his arm, and sighed, but made no reply.

"What will you do with such an immense fortune?" the fairy asked him when they were outside the castle.

"One part I will take to the Count," replied the giant, "so he can give the children a royal entertainment. The rest I will take care of in my castle."

The morning of New Year's Day was clear and beautiful, and the Count woke up in good humor. He walked to the window, and beheld a long train of children, who were coming to his castle, with a band of music walking in front of them. He called the Countess, and they went out on the terrace.

"There are more of them than usual," cried the Countess. "How can we give them enough? There are certainly more than a hundred of them."

Meanwhile the troop came into the castle. First of all walked the giant with the fairy; then came four or five musicians, and, finally, a big procession of gaily dressed children in pairs.

"Go ahead, dear children," the Count greeted them. "I am glad to be your host. But you, my big friend, how can you get through my door?"

"Count," cried the fairy, who straightened herself up on the giant's finger, "I want to make you a proposition."

The good man stared at her in wonder. "What kind of a pretty little fairy is that?" he asked. "Tell me, what is your plan?"

"Well, let us go into the big hall of the castle. We would like to dance."

"I am afraid that you wouldn't like it in there," he answered. "It is full of dust and spiders' webs. It is many years since anyone has stepped into it."

"But I would so much enjoy dancing around in the hall to the music of the band!"

"Well, then, if you want to," answered the Count, "go ahead."

So the Count and Countess fell in line at the end of the procession, and went through the courtyard up the grand staircase, and walked into the hall. The giant opened the door, and nobody in the world was so surprised as the Count and Countess.

In the middle of the hall stood a great table full of fancy cakes, toys and clothes. Neither the Count or Countess could say a word. The giant took them by the hands and led them around and around. On every present was written the name of the one it was for, and a beautiful brocaded dress was there for the fairy.

It took a long while to give out all the presents, but when it was done the fairy called out in her clear voice:

"Now we're going to dance."

The band began to play at once, and all the children started to dance. The Count, the Countess and the giant were all happy, and the fairy looked on with pleasure as the happy children danced, and was happy, too. When the music stopped the giant opened another door and called out:

"Now walk into the dining-room. The grateful children invite the Count and Countess to a banquet. You have given them pleasure so often that now it is their turn."

Gently and tenderly the children pushed the Count and Countess into the big dining-hall, where there stood a long table covered with the most delicious food and the finest wines. After the meal the children danced again, and they stayed until evening. But before they went home the Count spoke a few words to them, and to the giant he said: "I will never be able to repay you."

The giant wanted to make some answer, but the fairy interrupted him. "You can repay him, my dear Count," she said. "You have no children, and are getting old. He is all alone in the world, and he is rich and can be very useful to you with his big, noble heart. He can move over and live with you, you have such big rooms, and you will all be happy together."

"Would you adopt me as your son?" asked the giant.

"Heartily, gladly," was the answer.

Then the giant kneeled down, the Count stepped up on the table, and laid his hand on the giant's head with his blessing.

"Now adopt the little fairy, too," said the giant, as he embraced the Count and the Countess.

"I cannot be adopted as your child," she answered, "but I will come very often to see how happy you are, and the children shall have a beautiful New Year every year."

"So long as we live?" cried the Count and Countess.

"So long as I live!" added the giant.

Now, when the Count and Countess walked into their bedroom they found the old family bed there again, and it glowed in a mysterious light.

"What a beautiful New Year's Day it was!" cried the good Count.

DANCING WATER, SINGING STONE AND TALKING BIRD.

ITALIAN.

There was once a very wise king who had his son brought up by a learned old man, and he gave the old man orders to instruct the boy in the fear of God and in love of his neighbors.

The scholar took the king's son to his hermitage on the bank of the Yellow River and brought him up there; and he made him used to work, which the Prince enjoyed very much.

The young man soon became noted for his rare politeness, wisdom and bravery, and improved his mind with studies and developed his body with work. Although he was Prince, he made himself accustomed to work with his hands like any day laborer, and his wish was to be pleasing to God and useful to men in any way that he could. When he went out walking he gave alms liberally to the poor, as is seemly with the rich man. But he did not content himself with helping the poor, which of course did his heart good, but he wanted also to show his bravery. He learned to despise cowardice and to hate bad men, and for this reason longed to get into battle with them.

"Father," he said often to the scholar, "tell me where the bad men are, and I will hunt them up and destroy them."

"Son," the learned man would reply, "they are almost everywhere, and you, too, alas! will find plenty of them in your life. Bad men are like weeds, which nobody sows, but which crowd the grain out."

"Tell me, at least, where one of them is—the worst of all. I will destroy him first and the others after him," answered the Prince with great spirit.

"Well," said the old man, seriously, "he lives in the city of Landra, on the island of Ovylon, beyond Hindustan. He is the Giant Magok. He has ten heads, and is the terror of the whole neighborhood. If you wish to lay mankind under great obligation to you, go there and free the island from its terrible yoke. It is a very perilous undertaking, but you are young and strong. The castle in Landra is well guarded, but you are resourceful. The giant is fearful, but you are courageous."

The Prince inquired further, and learned that the castle was not only the giant's dwelling place, but also the prison of the Princess Sita, a beautiful girl who had been dragged away some time before from the arms of her parents, because the horrible giant wanted to marry her. The Prince fell into a great rage. "I will kill the giant and free the Princess," he cried.

"Just be careful," warned the old man. "He who wants to kill the giant must first succeed in getting near to him. But all the giant's heads do not sleep at the same time: one is always awake. And you cannot get near him without his noticing you, and when he sees you, then look out."

"What could he do to me?"

"He will require three things of you, and if you do not give them to him, then you are done for."

"What things?"

"A glass of clear water so that he can drink, a stone to sit down on, and a bird to amuse him."

The Prince laughed out loud. "Nothing but water, a stone, and a bird? It's easy enough to serve this tyrant."

"Not so easy as you think," answered the old man. "In the first place, you do not find the water which he thirsts for in every spring, because it is water which dances."

"I will find it."

"The stone he desires must be musical and be able to sing, and the bird which he longs for is rarer than a Bird of Paradise, for it is a wise bird, which speaks."

"And what if I do get him the water, the stone and the bird?"

"Then he will require of you the last test—the bow. If you can string his bow, then Magok will admit himself conquered, and will throw himself into the sea."

"Farewell!" said the Prince.

"God be with you, my son," said his teacher, taking leave of him.

Before the Prince started on his journey he washed in the Yellow River, and feeling much refreshed, and armed with nothing but a walking-stick, he set out upon the journey to the island of Ovylon. He galloped like a young horse at his first ride.

When he got to the borders of the island kingdom he began to consider deeply, and decided to say a prayer before he went into the fight. So he walked to the sacred mountains which raise their lofty summits near the Himalayas in Hindustan. He had heard of the mountain of Nera, which had its foundations in the middle of the earth, and was flanked on all sides with cliffs, which shone in the clear air like diamonds. He saw from a distance how it gleamed in the sunshine, and its four sides showed white towards the East, yellow towards the South, black towards the West, and red towards the North. He remembered also what his nurse had told him, that the river falls down over the mountain from the sky, and there forms the Lake of Manasa, which is often visited by swans and wild geese.

"If the dancing water is anywhere," said the Prince to himself, "it will be up there."

The road began to rise rapidly as he reached the mountain, and it was fearfully hot. About one-third the way up he was so tired that he could not go any further. Fortunately he found himself in the shade in the midst of a quiet, fresh grove. Looking around, he espied a grotto and walked in. It was vacant, but everything was ready for the reception of a pilgrim. There was fruit on a table, milk in a dish, and a mat on the floor. A mysterious hospitality opened the door of a pretty little dwelling to everybody that came there.

The Prince welcomed this hospitality joyfully, and when he had refreshed himself lay down to take a rest and renew his strength.

Next day he started again on the ascent of the mountain, and got as far as the region of the glacier. Its monstrous masses of everlasting ice and snow flashed like pointed diamonds. As well as he could in such a change of scenery and temperature the Prince climbed higher up the mountain, because he would not let himself be overcome either by fear or by sleepiness.

Finally, on the morning of the third day, he arrived after much weariness and danger at the edge of the Sea of Manasa, into which the River Ganges flowed from Heaven, and divided in four streams. These spouted out through four rocks fashioned like the heads of animals. Towards the South was a cow, from which the Indian Ganges flows; towards the West, a horse, from which flows the River Indus; to the North a tiger, from which the River Oxus streams away; and towards the East an elephant, from which the Yellow River comes. The Prince could not control his feelings at the sight of the golden waves which were hurrying to his own country. He cried, and tear after tear fell into the river, which flowed into the distance. He remembered his father and his excellent teacher, and prayed them for help and strength so that he might succeed in his difficult undertaking.

His thoughts were interrupted by the noise of a flock of wild geese, which beat on the water with their wings. Glancing in another direction, the Prince saw a throne of coral adorned with sea-weed and Egyptian lotus, and a wonderfully beautiful woman dressed in white sitting on the coral throne. She had a crown on her head, and held a lute in her hand, and rested her right foot upon a huge fish. It was the Divine Ganga, the goddess of the River Ganges.

"You are a great prince and a good boy," she said, as he fell down before her, "and I will reward you. You are looking for the dancing water, are you not?"

"Yes, mighty goddess."

"Well, I am this water. I hurl myself like a torrent down from the sky on this mountain, where I divide into four streams. I wind myself like a mist about the hair of God, spring under a thicket, turn into waterfalls, and go up and down many times before I pour myself out over the plains of Hindustan to make them fertile.

"And if you want a proof," she added, "watch me." She stepped down from the throne, and beating the strings of the lute began to dance merrily on the water of the lake, and all the swans and the wild geese and the great fish on which she had rested her foot danced with her. Even the four animal figures which were placed at the four corners of the world were moved by the might of the music during the dance. The cow mooed, the horse neighed, the elephant trumpeted, and the tiger roared. This quartette lasted through the whole dance, and only stopped when the goddess had stopped dancing. The Goddess Ganga approached the bank, handed the Prince a flask of crystal water, and said: "There, Prince, you have the dancing water."

Then she came back, seated herself upon the throne of coral and Egyptian lotus, placed her foot on the great fish, and vanished in thick clouds.

The little bottle once in his hand, the Prince had no more doubt of the success of his undertaking. There still remained, however, much for him to accomplish before he could go fearlessly to the Giant Magok. He decided to lose no time, and after he had heartily thanked the kind goddess he began to run down rapidly from the lofty mountain.

"Now, I will find the talking bird, and perhaps he can tell me where the singing stone is."

So he hunted. He hunted and hunted until he arrived at the shore of the sea in that land where the Ganges in several channels pours into the sea after its course through Hindustan. Not far from the bank there stood, balancing himself on one foot, an Egyptian ibis, a mysterious sacred bird, of which the young Prince had never heard up to this time. From the form of the biped, and his nearness to the water, he thought that it was a fishing duck. The bird, however, was not catching fish in the water, but was looking for a much more precious prey. He was looking down through the depths of the ocean for mother-of-pearl, which grows on the beaches all around the island of Ceylon. Pearl fishing is the principal business of the people who live in those countries, but the Prince could not understand how it was attractive enough to be the occupation of birds. He watched the motions of the bird carefully, and saw him bring up one pearl from the water; then a second, third, fourth, and so on up to twenty, which glistened in the sun in dazzling white and in all the colors of the rainbow and shading of mother-of-pearl.

After he had brought the pearls up the nimble bird laid them carefully on the sand, and so formed a little heap, which was very beautiful to look at, and thought that he could make a handsome chain for one of his grandfather's toes. But, really, the queer fisherman intended to use the glowing pearls for quite another purpose. In a friendly way he beckoned to the Prince as if to come nearer and pick up the treasure. The noble young man did not try, however, to understand, but walked closer. When he was not three steps away from the bird the latter opened his bill and clearly pronounced these two syllables: "Si-ta." The Prince remembered that this was the name of the Princess imprisoned in the Giant Magok's castle, to free whom was one of his tasks.

"Yes," he cried, laying his hand on his heart, "the unfortunate Sita. I'll give her these pearls for a bracelet, and it will not only be an ornament but help her to get free. But, Mr. Bird," he continued, looking at the ibis, "if you speak so well, can you tell me where I shall find the singing stone?"

Instead of answering, the ibis clattered with his bill, spread out his wings, and croaked out several times: "Roc! roc! roc!" Was it a cry of joy or of fear? While the Prince was wondering there appeared a little speck in the dim distance of the sky, and it grew rapidly larger until there appeared that monstrous black bird which is known as the "Roc," and which lives in the most remote mountains. The Prince drew his sword at once, placed himself on guard, and watched to see what would happen. But his determination did not stop the great bird, which, without even touching the earth, seized both him and the ibis in its mighty claws, and carried them up in the air. The Prince dropped all thought of resistance, because they were going through the clouds like an arrow. So he held on as tight as he could to the bird's strong feathers, satisfied himself that the little bottle of water had not fallen out of his pocket, and looked around on the earth to see if he could recognize the empires and kingdoms.

Roc flew in a westerly direction, hovered a little while over the peninsula of Hindustan, where the ruins of the sacred city of Benares could just be seen, and then flew on in a straight line to the Persian Gulf, and approached the sandy plains of Arabia. Over Arabia they flew, and this country appeared to the Prince like a great white sheet dotted with mountains and only inhabited at its edges. Far, far to the right on the horizon appeared Syria and a group of its neighboring cities, like Damascus and Palmyra. Over the Suez Canal and Cairo they went at this fearful pace, and then the huge bird swooped around several times, and with a great cry alighted upon the top of the tallest pyramid. The Prince recognized Egypt, and climbed up upon the nose of the great granite sphinx, which looked out from the desert. The ibis seemed to be busy reading an old inscription on the mighty cheek of the sphinx, but now looked up and apparently pronounced the syllables, "Ta-can." Immediately, as if the stone came to life, the mouth of the sphinx opened, and there sounded from it beautiful harmonies like the music of the heavenly choirs.

"God be praised!" said the Prince, joyfully. "Thanks to the talking bird I have finally found the singing stone."

He jumped down, took a pointed iron rod, hammered into the block of granite, until with great difficulty he broke off a piece of the stone. It was the sphinx's nose.

"The Giant Magok cannot help being satisfied," thought the Prince to himself, "with this morsel. It's big enough. But how shall I get it away from here?"

At that the ibis cried out again, "Roc! roc!" and the black stone jumped up like a feather on the terrible bird's back. The prince climbed up, too, on their feathered carriage, and took the ibis with him. "Ceylon," uttered the talking bird, when they were comfortably settled. That was the sign for starting. A few strokes of his wings were enough for the monstrous bird to carry him with the Prince and the ibis out of Egypt. When the great sphinx saw that they had taken away her nose, she cried with anger, and ever since that time she has not had any nose.

The ten heads of the Giant Magok were sleeping and watching by turns, keeping their eyes upon every movement about them. They grew very fierce to look at whenever the guards gave the signal that a stranger was approaching. The Princess Sita was hiding for fear in her dark prison, barred in with a heavy grating, and prayed that her rescuer would come; but he had not up to this time.

Then the guards noticed high over the castle an immense bird, which approached rapidly, alighted upon the wall, and let the Prince and the ibis get off with the rest of his cargo. These two pilgrims arrived so unexpectedly that the watchmen forgot to give the signal, and the Prince had to announce himself. The enraged giant asked who had left the gate open.

"Don't blame anybody," answered the Prince, calmly. "Your watchmen did their duty. But I had very important business with you, and so came in a different way from what they expected."

"Ha, my fine guest!" cried Magok. "Have you got a little water for me to drink?"

"Yes," replied the Prince, and handed him the flask.

Magok turned pale. He well knew the water in the little bottle.

"You know, of course," he said to the Prince, "that no one can come in here without bringing me three things. This is one. Where are the other two?"

"Don't be in a hurry, my dear sir," answered the Prince.

Then he showed the giant the sphinx's nose, which was snoring disagreeably in the corner.

"What kind of music is that?" asked the giant, as his face grew still paler.

"It is the music of death, which will accompany you to the grave, wretch!" replied the Prince with such a mighty voice that the windows rattled. "Now, Magok, repent; you have only a few more moments to live."

"I repent? Never!!"

"Well, then, die!"

"Who says so?"

"I! I!" shrieked the ibis.

"Alas! I am lost," the giant roared, and waved his arms like a crazy man. Then he looked towards the great steel bow hanging on the wall, which he used to use in battle, and said,

"String the bow which ten men cannot bend, and I will admit that I am conquered."

"Then you shall die!" said the Prince.

He took the bow from the wall, bent and strung it without the least effort, and with ten arrows, one after another, pierced the giant's ten heads. Magok yelled ten times, and his cry could be heard from the beach to Malabar. After the tenth arrow his strength was gone. He dragged himself with difficulty to the window and plunged into the sea.

The doors of the Princess's prison opened, and Sita took the string of pearls from the hand of her noble rescuer. To reward him she gave the Prince her hand, and both started out to delight the heart of the king, who had been worrying greatly over his son. The Prince finally arrived at his father's house and saw his old teacher again. The latter said to him:

"I knew you would come back. You had the irresistible charms with you."

The Prince replied laughing, "Dancing Water, Singing Stone and Talking Bird."

"No," said the learned man, "you had much more—Active Youth. Conquering Courage and Counseling Wisdom."

THE MAGIC HORSE.

ARABIC.

On the Nevrouz, that is to say, the new day, which is the first of the year, and the beginning of the spring, there is an ancient and solemn feast observed through all Persia, which has continued from the time of idolatry; nor could the pure religion of our holy prophet prevail over that heathenish custom. Superstitious ceremonies, mixed with public rejoicings, mark the Nevrouz, which is celebrated in every town and village in that extensive kingdom.

At the court, this feast is always attended with the greatest splendor; and it was some years ago a custom that all artists, natives or strangers, were allowed at that time to produce their several inventions before the king; who never failed to confer liberal rewards on those whose abilities deserved them.

Near the close of one of these feasts, an Indian presented himself before the king with an artificial horse of the most perfect workmanship, richly accoutred. "I flatter myself, sir," said the Indian, addressing himself to the king, "that your majesty hath never seen anything so wonderful as this horse, either now, or at any former Nevrouz." The king surveyed the horse with attention. "I see nothing," said he, "but a fine piece of sculpture, which any able artist may equal."

"Sir," replied the Indian, "it is not his form, but his use that I commend so highly. On his back I can convey myself through the air to the most distant part of the earth, in a very short time. I can even instruct any other person to ride in the same manner. Such is the curiosity I have the honor to present to your majesty's notice."

The king was highly pleased with this account of the Indian's horse, and desired to see a proof of his abilities. "There is," said the king, pointing to a mountain about three leagues off, "on the summit of that mountain, a palm-tree of a particular quality, which I should know from all others; go, fetch me a branch of it."

The Indian mounted his horse, and turning a peg which was in the neck, away he flew with him, and they were presently out of sight. Within a quarter of an hour he was seen returning with a palm branch in his hand, which, as soon as he had descended and alighted, he laid at the king's feet.

The king was greatly pleased with this extraordinary performance, and resolved to purchase the horse if he could prevail with the owner to part with him. Accordingly, he asked the Indian if he was to be sold. "Sir," replied the Indian, "I should not have produced my horse to your majesty if it had been absolutely impossible for me to sell him. Yet the artist from whom I received him, laid me under the most solemn injunction that I should never part with him for money; nor, indeed, on any terms but such as I might request your pardon before I presume to name them."

The king impatiently answered that he forgave his demand, even if it was to reach his crown; but he reserved to himself the power of refusal, if he thought that demand too exorbitant. The Indian then replied that he was ready to resign his horse if his majesty would condescend to bestow on him the princess, his daughter, in marriage.

When the courtiers heard this extravagant request, they all burst into loud laughter; but the prince Firouz Shah, the only son of the king, was enraged, and the more so when he saw the king pensive, debating with himself what answer to return. Going up to his father, he said, "I entreat your majesty will pardon the liberty I am about to take, but is it possible you can hesitate a moment what answer to make to this insolent fellow? Can you bear to think of degrading our house by an alliance with a scandalous juggler?"

The king approved of his son's spirit, but argued that if he refused to comply with the Indian's proposal, perhaps some other sovereign might be less nice, and by that means become possessed of the greatest curiosity in the world. He ended his reply by desiring his son to examine the horse attentively, and give his opinion of him.

Respect for his father made him receive these orders in silence. He approached the horse, and the Indian drew near to instruct the prince in the method of managing him; but the haughty young man was in too great a fury to listen to him. He spurned the kneeling Indian contemptuously, and leaping into the saddle, he turned the peg, and the horse flew away with him.

The Indian was exceedingly alarmed when he saw the prince depart before he had learned how to manage the horse. He threw himself once more at the king's feet, and besought his majesty not to blame him for any accident which might befall the prince, since his own impetuosity had exposed him to danger. The king had no apprehension for his son, till he saw the Indian so terrified. He then felt all the horrors of the prince's situation. He cursed the Indian and his fatal horse, and ordered his officers to seize and conduct him to prison. "If my son does not return safe," said he, "in a short time, thy paltry life, at least, shall be sacrificed to my vengeance."

In the meantime, Firouz Shah was carried through the air with inconceivable swiftness, till at length he could scarcely discern the earth at all. He then wished to return, which he expected to do by turning the peg the contrary way; but when he found the horse continued to rise from the earth, and proceed forward at the same time with greater swiftness, he was alarmed and began to regret his pride and anger. He turned the peg about every way to no purpose; in this situation he retained, notwithstanding a perfect presence of mind, and, on examining the horse closely, he at last perceived another peg behind the ear. On turning that peg he presently found that he descended in the same oblique manner that he had mounted, but not so swiftly.

As he drew near the earth, he lost the light by degrees, till he came into total darkness. He did not attempt, therefore, to guide the horse, but waited patiently, though not without apprehension, till he should alight.

It was midnight when the horse stopped, and Firouz dismounted, faint with hunger and fatigue. He groped about and found he was on the roof of some large building. At length he came to some steps, which he descended, and rambled about in the dark for some time; at last, on opening a door, he found a light, and saw a number of black eunuchs asleep on pallets, with their sabres lying by them. This convinced him that he was in a palace, and that this chamber was the guard room of some princess. As he knew if any of the eunuchs should awake he would be in great danger, he resolved to enter the next apartment, and throw himself on the mercy of the lady who inhabited it.

He found there asleep on a sofa a young lady, whose exquisite beauty captivated his heart the moment he beheld her. Her women were sleeping in little beds around her. The prince gazed on her for a long time, forgetful of his situation; and, at length, by an involuntary impulse, he knelt down, and gently pulling her hand toward him, he kissed it.

The motion awakened the princess, who was surprised to find a stranger at her bedside. She would have cried out, but Firouz besought her patience. He told her that he was the son of a king, and that a very extraordinary accident, which he would relate, had brought him to the necessity of claiming her protection.

The lady was the daughter of the king of Bengal. Many of her attendants were by this time awakened. She told Firouz, therefore, that she should be glad to hear the particulars of his adventure in the morning, but for the present besought him to withdraw. At the same time she ordered her attendants to conduct him to a chamber, and supply him with such refreshments as he wanted.

The prince attended her the next day and related to her all the particulars of the arrival of the Indian with his horse, of his insolent demand, and its consequences. He concluded his account of his journey by observing that however much he had been enraged at the Indian, he now began to consider him his benefactor; "since," added he, "he has been the cause of my being known to a lady whose chains I shall be proud to wear as long as I live."

The princess received this compliment in such a manner as showed it was very acceptable to her. She invited the prince to repose a few days in her palace to recover himself from the fatigue and alarm he had undergone. He accepted this invitation; and being much together, they fell more and more in love with each other. And, at last, when filial duty obliged Firouz to think of returning to Persia, the fond princess, fearing she should see him no more, dropped a hint that she should not be afraid to trust herself with him on the enchanted horse; and the prince, equally enamored, failed not to confirm her in this rash adventure.

Everything being agreed on between the lovers, they repaired, one morning at daybreak, to the roof where the horse still remained; and, having turned his head toward Persia, Firouz assisted the princess to mount him. He then placed himself before her, and turning the peg, they were out of sight before any of the attendants in the palace were stirring; and in two hours the prince discovered the capital of Persia.

He would not alight at the king's palace, but directed his course to a small cottage in a wood, a little distance from town, that he might inform his father who the lady was, and secure her a reception suitable to her dignity. When they alighted, he led her into a handsome apartment, and ordered the keeper of the house to show her all imaginable respect. He then hastened to the palace, where the king received him with unspeakable joy. Firouz related to his father all that had befallen him, and the king was so delighted with his son's safe arrival, that he readily complied with his desire that the wedding ceremonies between him and the princess should be immediately celebrated.

While the necessary preparations were being made, the king ordered the Indian, who was to have been executed the next day, to be released from prison, and brought before him. "My son's safe arrival," said the king to him, "hath preserved thy life. Take thy horse, and begone from my dominions; where, if thou art ever seen again, I will not fail to put thee to death." The Indian being then freed from his chains, and set at liberty, withdrew in silence.

But he meditated a severe revenge. He had learned from those who fetched him out of prison, that Firouz had brought home with him a beautiful princess, to whom he was about to be married. He was told also that she was at the house in the wood, where he was directed to go and take away his horse. While **Firouz** was preparing a great retinue to conduct the princess in state to the palace, the Indian hastened to the house in the wood, and told the keeper he was sent by the prince to conduct her, on the horse, to the capital; and that the whole court and people were waiting with impatience for the wonderful sight.

The keeper knew that the Indian had been imprisoned on account of the prince's absence; and, seeing him now at liberty, he believed all he said. He presented the traitor to the princess, who, not doubting but he came from Firouz, readily agreed to go with him. The Indian, overjoyed at his success, mounted his horse, took the princess behind him, and turning the peg, the horse immediately ascended into the air. The king and his whole court were on the road to the house in the wood, to conduct the princess of Bengal from thence to the palace; when the Indian, to brave them, and revenge the severe treatment he had received, passed several times over their heads with his prize. The rage and grief of the king were extreme. He loaded the villain with a thousand execrations, in which he was joined by the courtiers and people. The Indian, having expressed his contempt for them, and his triumph over the king and his son, his horse set forward, and was presently out of sight.

But who can describe the horror and despair of Firouz, when he saw his beloved princess torn from him by a vile Indian, whom he before detested; and found himself unable to afford her the least assistance. At first he abandoned himself to despair; but, recollecting that such a conduct would neither recover the princess nor punish the captor, he restrained his affliction, and began to consider how he could best effect these desirable purposes. He put on the habit of a dervish, and left the palace the same evening, uncertain which way to go, but determined not to return till he had found his princess again, and could bring her with him.

In the meantime, the Indian having pursued his journey for several hours, alighted in a wood, near the capital of Cashmere. As he was hungry himself, and doubted not but the princess was so too, he left her by the side of a brook and flew away on the horse to the city to procure provisions. The princess made the best use in her power of his absence; and though faint for want of food, she traveled on, and had got a considerable distance from the place where he left her, when she had the mortification to see him return and alight close by her; for the Indian had wished to be set down wherever the princess was, and the horse always obeyed the desire of the rider.

The Indian produced some wine and provisions, and ate heartily, urging her to follow his example, which she thought it best to do. When they had done, he drew near and began to take certain liberties with the princess, which she repulsed with indignation. The slave, irritated at this opposition, determined to use violence, and had begun to do so, when her outcries drew a company of horsemen to her assistance.

They proved to be the sultan of Cashmere and his attendants, returning from a day's hunting. When the sultan demanded of the Indian why he used the lady so roughly, he boldly answered that she was his wife; but the princess, though she knew not the quality of the sultan, besought his protection, and declared that by the basest deceit only she had been thrown into the power of such a reptile.

The sultan of Cashmere was very amorous. The disorder and distress of the princess added to her beauty and interested the monarch. Judging that, whether the Indian was the husband of the lady or not, he would be best out of the way, he pretended to be much enraged against him, and ordered his head to be struck off immediately. He then conducted the princess to his palace, and directed his attendants to bring the horse after them, though he knew nothing of the use of it.

The princess of Bengal rejoiced at her deliverance. She entertained hopes that the sultan of Cashmere would generously restore her to the prince of Persia; but she was much deceived; for as soon as the sultan learned that she was daughter to the king of Bengal, he determined to marry her, and that no untoward circumstances might happen to prevent it, he gave orders for the necessary preparations to be completed by the next day.

In the morning the princess was awakened early by the sounding of trumpets, the beating of drums, and other noisy tokens of public joy, which echoed through the palace and city. On her asking the cause of this rejoicing, she was told it was to celebrate her marriage with their sultan, which was to take place presently.

The princess' attachment to Firouz would have made any other man disagreeable to her. But this conduct of the sultan of Cashmere in proclaiming their nuptials, without even having asked her consent, at once enraged and terrified her. She was entirely in his power; and the disrespect he had paid her convinced her that she had everything to fear from his violence, if she refused to comply with his wishes.

Thus critically situated, she had recourse to art. She arose and dressed herself fancifully, and in her whole behavior appeared to her women to be unsettled in her intellect. The sultan was soon told of his misfortune, and on his approach she put on the appearance of frenzy, and endeavored to fly at him; and this fury she ever after affected whenever he came in her sight. The sultan was much disturbed at this unfortunate event, as he thought it, and offered large rewards to any physician who could cure her, but the princess would not suffer any one to come near her, so that all hope of her recovery began to be despaired of.

During this interval, Firouz, disguised as a dervish, had travelled through many provinces, full of grief, and uncertain which way to direct his course in search of his beloved princess. At last, passing through a town in India, he heard an account that a princess of Bengal had run mad on the day of the celebration of her nuptials with the sultan of Cashmere. Slender as was the hope that such a report gave him, he resolved to travel to the capital of that kingdom; where, when he arrived, he had the happiness to find he had not journeyed in vain. He learned all the particulars of her having been delivered from the Indian by their sultan, and that the very next day she was seized with madness.

Firouz saw at once the reason of the princess' conduct, and was delighted with this tender proof of her love and constancy to him. All the difficulty which remained was to obtain an opportunity of speaking to her. To gain this, he put on the clothes of a physician, and, presenting himself to the sultan, undertook to cure the princess.

His services being accepted, he desired first to see her, without being seen by her. For this purpose he was conveyed into a closet, whence he saw her unobserved. She was carelessly singing a song, in which she deplored the unhappy fate which had forever deprived her of the object she loved so tenderly. When he quitted the closet, he told the sultan she was not incurable, but that it was necessary for him to speak with her alone; and that notwithstanding her violent fits at the sight of physicians, he knew how to make her attend to him.

As the princess had been long thought incurable, the sultan made no difficulty of complying with the supposed physician's request. As soon as he entered her apartment, she began to rave at him in her usual furious manner, on which he went up close to her, and said, in a low voice, "I am the prince of Persia."

The princess ceased to rave, and the attendants withdrew, rejoiced at this proof of the physician's abilities. After mutual congratulations, Firouz acquainted her with the plan he had formed for her deliverance. He then returned to the sultan, who demanded eagerly what hopes he now entertained. The pretended physician shook his head, and said, "All depends upon a mere chance; the princess, a few hours before she was taken ill, had touched something that was enchanted. Unless I can obtain that something, whatever it may be, I cannot cure her."

The sultan of Cashmere presently recollected the horse, which was still preserved in his treasury. He showed it to the imaginary physician, who, on seeing it, very gravely said, "I congratulate your majesty on the certainty of my success. Let this horse be brought out into the great square before the palace, and let the princess attend; I will promise that in a few minutes she shall be perfectly cured."

Accordingly, the following morning the horse was placed in the middle of the square, and the supposed physician drew a large circle, and placed around it chafing dishes, with a little fire in each. The sultan, full of expectation, with all his nobles and ministers of state, attended. The princess was brought out veiled, conducted within the circle, and the physician placed her on the enchanted horse. He then went round to each chafing dish, and threw in a certain drug, which presently raised such a cloud of smoke that neither the physician, the princess, nor the horse could be seen through it. At that instant the prince of Persia mounted the horse; and, turning the peg, while the horse ascended into the air, he distinctly pronounced these words: "Sultan of Cashmere, when thou wouldst marry princesses who implore thy protection, learn first to obtain their consent."

The same day the prince of Persia and his beloved princess arrived safely at his father's court, when their nuptials were immediately celebrated with the greatest splendor.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

ARABIC.

In a town in Persia there lived two brothers, called Cassim and Ali Baba. Their father had left the little substance he had between them; but they were not equally fortunate. Cassim married a wife who had a large fortune, and became a wealthy and considerable merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself. His whole substance consisted of three asses, which he used to drive to a neighboring forest and load with wood, which he sold in the town, earning thereby a bare living for his family.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and had just cut wood enough to load his asses, he saw at a distance a cloud of dust which seemed to approach toward him. He observed it attentively, and distinguished a large body of horsemen. As they drew near, he began to fear they might be thieves; he therefore climbed a tree, from whence he could see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop came directly to the spot where Ali Baba had taken shelter. He counted forty of them. They dismounted and fed their horses; then taking off their portmanteaus, they arranged themselves under the conduct of one who seemed to be their commander. They were in fact a gang of robbers who made that place their headquarters. The captain, going through the shrubs, said, "Sesame" (which is a kind of corn), "open!" Immediately a door opened in an adjoining rock—when the captain and his troop went in, and the door shut again.

The thieves stayed some time within the rock; and Ali Baba, who feared he should be surprised if he attempted to escape, sat very patiently in the tree till they came out again. The captain came out first, and stood at the door till they had all passed him, when he said, "Shut, Sesame!" The door closed immediately. Every man then mounted his horse; and the captain, putting himself at their head, they rode off together.

Ali Baba stayed in the tree as long as he could see the least trace of the dust they raised. He then descended, and presently found out the door, and, remembering the words the captain had used, he said, "Open, Sesame!" when the door flew wide open. He entered the cavern, which he found spacious, and well lighted from the top of the rock. The door shut after him; but as he knew how to open it, he was noways alarmed. He found in the cavern a great store of rich merchandise, and such an immense quantity of gold and silver, as convinced him that the cavern must have been the repository of robbers for several generations.

He removed as many bags of gold close to the door as he thought his three asses could carry; then pronouncing the spell, the door opened, and he loaded them, covering his treasure with a few green boughs. When he got home, he drove his asses into a little yard, and, removing the boughs, he carried the bags into his house.

When Ali Baba's wife found the bags were full of money, she was alarmed, fearing lest their poverty should have betrayed him to rob somebody. He pacified her by relating the story of his good fortune. He then emptied the bags on the floor, which raised such a heap of gold as delighted her. Ali Baba charged her to be prudent and secret. He resolved to bury most of his treasure, and to emerge from his apparent poverty by degrees; but his wife disappointed his prudent purpose. In the playfulness of her fancy, she would count the gold; but finding that business likely to be very tedious, resolved to measure it. She went therefore to Cassim's house, who lived just by, to borrow a small measure.

Cassim's wife was curious to know what sort of corn Ali Baba had got. She went to another room to fetch the measure, and before she brought it to her she rubbed the bottom all over with suet. Ali Baba's wife went home, and filled the measure so often with gold that she was very much pleased with the amount. When she had done, she carried back the measure, and delivered it to the wife of Cassim, without observing a piece of gold which stuck to the bottom of it.

When Cassim's wife saw the piece of gold, her heart sunk within her. "What!" exclaimed she, "has Ali Baba money so plenty as to measure it? he whom we have always despised for his poverty! How has he obtained his wealth? Will he not now return our contempt and outfigure us?" She tormented herself with these reflections till her husband came home, to whom she related the story, and produced the measure with the piece of gold.

Cassim joined his wife in her narrow and envious ideas. Instead of rejoicing at his brother's change of fortune, he now as unjustly hated him, as he had before cruelly neglected and despised him. After passing the night in that uneasiness which base passions always excite, he arose early in the morning and went to Ali Baba. "Brother," said he, "you are very reserved in your affairs. You pretend to be miserably poor, yet have gold in such abundance that you measure it!" He then showed him the piece of gold sticking at the bottom of the measure.

Ali Baba saw it was impossible to keep his secret from his brother; he therefore frankly related his adventure to him, and offered him half the gold to conceal it. "No!" replied Cassim, haughtily, "I will know where this treasure is, and the means of coming at it, that I may go to it when I please; if you do not agree to this, I will inform the magistrate of the affair; when you will be well off if you escape with the loss of your newly-gotten wealth." Ali Baba knew this would be the case if Cassim informed against him; he therefore complied without murmuring; described the spot to his brother very exactly. and told him the words he must use to gain admission.

Cassim having obtained this information, prepared to avail himself of it with great diligence. He purchased ten mules, and had large baskets made to fit them exactly; and the next morning he set off before daybreak, resolving to be beforehand with his brother, and to secure all the treasure to himself. He readily found the rock and the door; and when he had pronounced the words, "Open, Sesame!" the door flew open, and he entered the cavern. He was agreeably surprised to find the riches in it exceed his most sanguine expectation. He spent some time in feasting his eyes with the treasure; after which he removed as many bags of gold to the door as he thought his mules could carry, and regretted that he had not brought a larger number; but when he wished to open the cavern, his thoughts were so full of the great riches he should possess, that he could not recollect the necessary word. Instead of Sesame, he said, "Open, Barley," and was much alarmed to find the door continue shut. He named several other sorts of grain to as little purpose. He walked about the cave several hours with all the horrors of approaching death, which he knew must befall him if the thieves found him there. Regard-less of the treasure that surrounded him, he passed his time in lamenting his unjust treatment of his brother, and in fruitless attempts to call to mind the fatal word, which the more he tried to remember was the more absent from his recollection.

At length the thieves arrived, and seeing Cassim's mules straggling about, they were alarmed. While some of them searched the rock, others drew their sabres, and the captain of the forty thieves caused the door in the rock to open. Cassim, who heard the trampling of the horses, never doubted of the coming of the thieves, or of his own certain destruction. He resolved to make one effort to escape. He stood ready at the door, and no sooner heard the word "Sesame" than he sprang out briskly, and threw the captain down; but the other thieves with their sabres quickly killed him.

When they entered the cave they found all the bags which Cassim had brought to the door to load his mules with. They easily judged that when he was in he could not get out again; but they could not conceive how it was possible for him to get there at all. They agreed to cut the body into quarters and hang them up within the door of the cave, to terrify any other person from a like attempt. Having settled this and their other affairs, they again took horse, and rode in pursuit of booty as usual.

In the meantime, Cassim's wife became very uneasy at his absence. She passed the night in the utmost distress, condemning her own impertinent curiosity, and dreading the evils which her heart foreboded had befallen her husband.

As soon as it was light, she went to Ali Baba. Her haughty spirit was now subdued by grief and fear. She told him in tears that Cassim had set out for the cavern early the preceding morning, and was not yet returned; she, therefore, besought his advice and assistance. Ali Baba readily gave her both. He requested her to compose herself, and to keep the whole affair a profound secret; and he set off immediately for the cavern to seek for his brother.

As he drew near the rock, he was much shocked to see blood spilled at the door. When he had pronounced the words, and the cavern became open, he was still more affected at seeing the quarters of Cassim hung up on each side. Ali Baba determined to pay him the last duties, notwithstanding his unbrotherly behavior. He wrapped up the quarters in some fine stuffs which he found in the cave, and loaded one of his asses with them; but put upon the other two as many bags of gold as they could carry; and having covered the whole with wood, he entered the town in the evening, drove the two asses laden with gold into his own little yard, and led the other to the house of his late brother.

Cassim had a young slave, named Morgiana, who was remarkable for her abilities. Quick, artful, and much attached to her master and mistress, she had on many occasions shown great talents and fidelity. To this slave Ali Baba first related the catastrophe which had befallen her master, and, leaving the body to her disposal, he went into the house to condole with his sister-in-law.

Cassim's wife saw by his countenance that he brought fatal tidings. Having first begged her to hear him in silence, he then told her everything that had happened. When she had indulged her grief for some time, he proposed to her that she should become his wife. "I have now," said he, "sufficient wealth for us all; my wife has a regard for you, and I am sure will not be jealous; and you can noways dispose of yourself more to your comfort."

The widow let him see that she was not averse to this proposal. He then took his leave and returned home.

Morgiana, meanwhile, went to a dealer in medicines, and bought an essence usually given in cases of great extremity; and being asked who it was for, replied, weeping, "It was for her dear master, who had been suddenly taken ill, and they had scarce any hopes of his recovery." Having thus sent abroad the news of Cassim's being dangerously ill, she prepared the next morning to bury him.

There was an old cobbler in another part of the town, who was remarkable for opening his stall every morning before daybreak. To him Morgiana went at that time, and putting a piece of gold in his hand, bade him take his sewing-tackle and follow her. Mustapha (which was his name) was a merry old fellow; and finding he was so well paid beforehand, he jumped up to go with her, saying very pleasant things on the occasion.

When they had proceeded a little way, Morgiana told him it was necessary to blindfold him. The cobbler objected to this. "I was afraid," said he, "your pay was too good to be earned easily. You want me to do something against my conscience and honor." "God forbid!" replied Morgiana, putting another piece of gold into his hand; "come along with me, and fear nothing."

The other piece of gold set everything to rights with the cobbler's honor. He submitted to be blindfolded; in which situation he was led to the room where Cassim's body lay. "Sew me these quarters together quickly," said Morgiana, "and I have another piece of gold in store for you." Mustapha obeyed, and having done the business, was conducted back by Morgiana in the same manner he came, before any of the inhabitants of the town were stirring.

The body was then put into a coffin, and when the people of the mosque, whose business it was to wash the dead, offered to perform their duty, they were told it was already done. Everything passed without the least suspicion. In a few days, Ali Baba removed his goods to the house of his brother's widow, taking care to convey the gold thither by night; and his marriage with his sister-in-law (which is common in their religion) was made public.

While this was passing in the town, the thieves had returned to their cavern, and found that Cassim's body and some of their gold had been taken away. "It is plain," said the captain to his companions, "that we are discovered, and that our secret is known to another besides him we put to death. We must lay aside every enterprise to detect this intruder; we must risk every danger to effect it, or our riches, the reward of so many gallant excursions, will be gradually stolen from us."

The thieves agreed to this proposal. "I expected no less," said the captain, "from your courage and bravery; nor do I fear but by judicious management we shall cut off our enemy before he has revealed our secret to any other person, which he will scarcely do soon. Let one of us disguise himself as a traveler, and go into the town. He must try if he can hear of any one having been cruelly murdered. If he succeeds, let him find out the house where it happened, and then return to us. But more to insure wariness than to guard against treachery, let us agree that, whoever goes, if he brings us a false or imperfect report, he shall pay for his inattention with his head."

Without waiting for the votes of his companions, one of the party started up and said, "I submit myself to this law, and think it an honor to expose my life by taking such a commission upon me. Only remember, that if I do not succeed, that I neither wanted courage nor goodwill to serve my troop."

The brave fellow received the thanks and applause of the captain and his comrades. Next morning he entered the town by break of day, and, coming to Mustapha's stall, who was at work, the robber entered into conversation with him, and observed that he must have good eyes to see to work so early. "Good eyes," replied Mustapha, testily; "yes, yes; my eyes are good enough, I assure you. It was but very lately I sewed a dead body together, which had been cut in quarters, in a place where I had less light than I have here."

The robber was overjoyed to find he was so soon likely to succeed in his inquiry. He asked Mustapha many questions, and at last, putting a piece of gold into the old man's hand, he requested he would earn that by showing him the house where he performed the task he had mentioned.

The cobbler accepted the gold, but said, "I cannot show you the house, as I was conducted to it blindfolded."—"Well," replied the robber, "let me blind your eyes, and do you proceed as nearly as you can in the same direction; and as every one ought to be paid, if you will gratify me, I will give you another piece of gold."

Mustapha wanted no further entreaty. He let the robber blind him at the end of the street, and went on till he came to the door of Cassim's house, where Ali Baba now lived. When stopping, he said, "I think I went no further than here." The robber, before he pulled off the bandage, marked the door with a piece of chalk; after which he dismissed Mustapha, and prepared to make a private inquiry after the owner of the habitation.

He learned that the late possessor died suddenly, and that Ali Baba, who a very little before was miserably poor, had married the widow, and was become wealthy; but not by this marriage, as he had given Cassim's son all his father's property. From these circumstances the robber was at no loss to conclude that Cassim was the person who was slain, and that Ali Baba was the other possessor of their secret. He returned to his companions with exultation; he related to them his good fortune; and they, with many praises, congratulated him and each other.

In the evening, the captain and the spy set forward for the town. The whole troop followed in separate parties well armed, and met in the great square, to act as their leader should direct; but when the two former came to the street where Ali Baba lived, the robber could not distinguish the house; for Morgiana, having taken notice of the mark on her master's door, thought it had a particular appearance; she therefore took a piece of chalk, and marked the doors of all their neighbors so exactly like it, that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. The design being thus rendered abortive, the thieves returned to the cavern, where their unfortunate comrade, being condemned by their unanimous votes, was put to death.

But as so much light had been obtained by the first adventure, and as the cutting off of their enemy was of so much concern to them all, another of the troop, flattering himself that he should succeed better, undertook the dangerous business. By renewing the inquiry, he easily found out the house, which he marked with red chalk in a part remote from sight, and returned with confidence to his companions. Nothing escaped the watchfulness of Morgiana. The former affair had alarmed her; and when she saw the red mark, she repeated the former caution, and marked every house in the street in the same manner.

The second spy, therefore, was as unsuccessful as the first. The troop, once more disappointed, returned to their cavern, and put their other comrade to death, according to the law they had all consented to.

The captain, grieved for the loss of his two gallant companions, resolved to undertake the affair himself.

Having found out Ali Baba's house, he did not fix any mark upon it, but took so much notice of it, that it was impossible he could mistake it. He then returned to his companions, and laid before them a scheme to cut off their adversary without noise or danger.

The troop approved their captain's proposal. They provided many large jars, some of which they filled with oil; and having bought stout mules in the adjoining villages, the captain put his troop into the other jars, and placing them on panniers on the backs of mules, drove them, toward evening, into the town.

Going immediately to Ali Baba's house, he found him sitting at the door, enjoying the cool of the evening. The pretended oil-merchant requested Ali Baba that he would receive him for that night, as he was a stranger and knew not where to go. His request was readily granted. The servants unloaded the mules, and took care of them; and Ali Baba received his treacherous guest with the hospitality becoming a good Mussulman.

Before they retired to rest Ali Baba told Morgiana that he would bathe early in the morning, and directed her to have his bathing-clothes and some broth ready. This obliged her to sit up after her master and his guest had retired; and the latter hearing it, resolved to lie down in his clothes, and not give the signal while Morgiana was stirring, for fear of a disappointment.

It happened, while she was busy, that her lamp grew dull, and having no oil in the house, she recollected the jars in the yard, from whence she resolved to supply herself. Upon opening the first she came to, the thief within said, softy, "Is it time?" to which Morgiana, with admirable presence of mind, replied, "Not yet; but presently!" She then examined all the jars, and found there were in them seven-and-thirty armed men, a few jars only being filled with oil.

Morgiana soon concluded who these men were. She hastily called up another slave, named Abdallah, and bringing several jars of oil into the kitchen, they heated a part of it boiling-hot. This she poured into one of the jars, by that means killing the thief that was concealed in it. She did so till she had destroyed all the seven-and-thirty thieves, when she put out her fire and went to bed.

The captain had waited with great impatience for her doing so. As soon as all was quiet, he went to his window and threw stones at the jars, which was the signal agreed on for his companions to release themselves. Finding none of them stir, he began to be uneasy, and repeated the signal two or three times. He then became impatient and alarmed; and, hastening down to the jars, he opened one of them. The steam of the boiling oil soon informed him of the fate of his friends. He had the courage to open every jar, in hopes that some of them might have escaped, but in vain: they were all dead. The captain was so enraged at the failure of his design, and at the loss of so many brave fellows, that he would certainly have sacrificed his own life in a public attack on Ali Baba, had not hopes of more complete vengeance darted into his mind, and encouraged him to make his escape.

In the morning, Morgiana acquainted her master with what had happened. Ali Baba, grateful for such important services, gave her her freedom and a large sum of money; but she was so much attached to the family, that she continued to live with them, and superintend the other slaves in their business.

The captain of the thieves returned to the forest in rage and despair. When he arrived at the cavern, the loneliness of the place seemed frightful to him. "Where are you, my brave lads!" cried he, "my old companions? how unhappy to lose you by a fate so base! Had you died with your sabres in your hands, I should not have been inconsolable. Where shall I get so gallant a troop again? But first let me sacrifice the wretch to whom I owe this fatal misfortune." He then endeavored to compose his mind, that he might the more safely and effectually execute his revenge on Ali Baba.

The captain let several weeks pass by before he set about the scheme he had planned for the destruction of his enemy. By this means he hoped Ali Baba's vigilance would relax, and he himself should be more cool in his measures. He passed much of his time in the town, where he learned that Cassim's son, now adopted by Ali Baba, had a very considerable shop.

He also took a shop, which he plentifully supplied from the cavern with all sorts of rich stuffs. He appeared as a merchant, and having a large assortment of valuable goods, was treated by everybody with respect. Young Cassim was among those who sought the regard of the new merchant, and soon became his declared favorite. He loaded the young man with civilities, often made him small presents, and invited him continually to dine and sup with him.

As young Cassim did not keep house, he had no opportunity to return these obligations. He therefore introduced the stranger to Ali Baba, who received him very cordially. When evening drew on, the captain appeared desirous to take his leave; but his host, who was much taken with his pleasant manner, pressed him to stay to supper. After some excuses, the pretended merchant said, "I would accept your friendly invitation, but I eat no salt in any of my food."

"Well," replied Ali Baba, "we will have the supper dressed without any."

When Morgiana received this direction, she was much dissatisfied. "Who is this difficult man," said she, "that eats no salt, and thus doesn't wish to respect your hospitality?"

"Be not displeased with him for that," replied Ali Baba; "he is my son's friend, and an honest man."

Though Morgiana obeyed her master, and sent up supper as he desired, she was still uneasy at the request his new guest had made; she therefore carried in one of the dishes herself on purpose to look at him. The moment she entered the room she knew him, notwithstanding his disguise, and, examining him pretty closely, she saw a dagger under his garment. "I am not surprised," thought she, "that this wretch, who is my master's greatest enemy, will eat no salt with him, since he intends to assassinate him; but I will prevent him."

Accordingly, as soon as supper was removed, she entered the room dressed like a dancer, with a silver girdle, to which hung a poniard of the same metal. She played on a tabor, and danced several dances with great spirit. At length, drawing the poniard, she pointed with it to a little chink in the side of the tabor, where spectators generally give their gratuity to those who dance for a livelihood; and going to Ali Baba, he put in a piece of gold, as did his son. She then drew near the visitor, and, while he was putting his hand in his purse, plunged the poniard into his bosom.

Ali Baba and his son cried out against her for this violent act; but she soon called to their recollection the pretended oil-merchant, and showed the arms he had concealed. The unfortunate robber confirmed her testimony by lamenting, before he expired, amidst his groans, that he was the last of the forty thieves to whom the cavern had belonged.

Ali Baba received with due gratitude this further instance of Morgiana's attachment; and Cassim was so much pleased with her spirit and good sense, that he made her his wife. The whole treasure in the cavern became now safely the property of Ali Baba. He taught his son the secret, which he handed down to posterity; and using this good fortune with moderation, they lived in great honor, serving the chief offices of the city.

CALIPH FOR ONE DAY.

ARABIC.

The sun was just setting, and its last rays gilded the roofs and towers of the City of Bagdad, on the river Tigris; and far away, also, on the ripples of the river fell the evening light, and the numerous boats and ships which moved about on the surface of the water seemed to plough through melted gold. On the railing of a high bridge which led over the Tigris leaned a young man, who now turned his face towards the sparkling water, now towards the people passing over the bridge. His attention, however, appeared to be given less to the inhabitants of the city than to those who might be taken for strangers through their appearance and behavior. The eyes of many a passer-by were turned also upon him, and it seemed many times as if one or another of them wished to approach him. But a stern, repelling glance from the young man had the effect each time of making them go on their way after a slight hesitation, shaking the head.

Suddenly two men drew near. The first of them seemed, judging from his clothing, to be a rich business man from the city of Mussal; the second, who followed him at some distance, was apparently his servant. When the man waiting upon the bridge saw them come up to him, he straightened up and went to meet them. Greeting respectfully the man who was apparently a merchant, he said: "Sir, if, as I assume, you are a stranger in this city, I beg you to come home with me and sleep in my house."

As the stranger seemed rather taken by surprise, he continued: "I am called 'Queer Abu Hassan,' and live in my own house. I have made it my duty for some time to take a stranger home with me every evening as my guest, and entertain him there as well as I can until the following morning. You would do me a great honor if you would accept my invitation."

The stranger was no one else than the Caliph Harun Alrashid, who was thus caught on one of his favorite wanderings through the city accompanied by one of his slaves.

After a few kindly words he agreed, called his servant to him, and both joined Abu Hassan, who soon brought them to his house not far away. Here he bade them lie down and make themselves at home. Soon a servant appeared and brought their supper. It consisted of several well prepared dishes, and seemed to please both strangers very well. All kinds of fruit were placed upon the table for dessert, and after the meal was finished they had a lively conversation, in which Abu Hassan's mother took part when she came in to greet the guests. Although neither she nor her son had any idea of the lofty position of their guest, they bustled around him so pleasantly and kindly that Harun stretched himself out comfortably on a divan and took his share in the talk with real enjoyment. At last the Caliph requested Abu Hassan to tell him his history. And so the host of the evening began as follows:

"I am the son of a very rich merchant, who died only too young, and I had a good education as a boy. But if my father made any mistake at that time, it was that he gave me very little money, and so prevented my learning how to spend more wisely, which must really be learned in order to be done properly. So, after his death, I devoted myself to this occupation with a number of other young fellows, and enjoyed myself at such a rate that I soon had got rid of a great part of my property. Fortunately I saw soon enough the abyss into which my way of living must lead me. For this reason I drew back, but first decided to test my friends and see if they were true or not. I told them that I had gone through all my money, and asked them to help me. Not one of them gave me a reassuring answer. Furthermore, they avoided me, and acted on the street as if they had never known me. This contemptible behavior hurt me so deeply, that I came near to hating the whole human race. But after I had lived a long time in melancholy loneliness, I pulled myself together again, and decided to go out among people once more. I promised myself, however, never again to invite a friend, but only strangers, and never to keep one longer than one night in my house, and if I ever saw them again to act as if I had never seen them. So this evening, just before I saw you, I turned away from several persons who had been my guests before, and who were about to speak to me."

The Caliph laughed, and said: "No one can blame you under such circumstances, and because of your extraordinary experience."

After Abu Hassan's mother had retired the young man brought out a bottle of his best wine, and presented a glass of it to the Caliph, after first politely tasting it. The Caliph drank to him, and asked Abu if he could not do him a favor in return for his kind hospitality. But Abu answered with a smile: "You understand, sir, that I do not count upon recognition, and to-morrow morning will not know you any more."

"That's so," laughed Harun; "but I had forgotten it. You can, however, pay no further attention to me if you wish, and yet if it is distasteful to you to ask a favor for yourself, request a helping hand to be given to somebody else."

"Sir," cried Abu Hassan, "my friends were not of the quality that I would want to do anything for them, nor will I harm them, either. So I would not know what wish I could make. But wait!" he broke out suddenly. "There is one wish which I have often thought of and will tell you of, although you cannot fulfil it, and perhaps will find it extremely ridiculous. But you will at least understand why people call me 'Queer Abu Hassan.' "

"Let's hear it," said the Caliph.

Abu Hassan sighed, and announced: "Just for one day I would like to be Caliph."

"And what influences you to this wish?" asked Harun. "Would you carry out some important law in the State? Or look out for yourself immediately?"

"Neither one nor the other," answered Queer Abu Hassan. "I would just like to have some scamps among my neighbors thoroughly beaten."

"And you would like to be caliph merely for this purpose?" laughed Harun Alrashid.

"Certainly, sir," replied Abu Hassan, "because I cannot get a suitable punishment measured out to them in any other way. Since they are complete rascals, they would easily get away from the judge to whom I might denounce them."

"Do you think so?" asked the Caliph.

"They would the more surely avoid punishment," said Abu Hassan, "because their ringleader is a holy Imam of respected appearance, whom the judge would never believe capable of any wrong action, and yet they slander all the respectable people in this quarter of the city, and try by using every means to gain an influence over the consciences of the Faithful, while they themselves pay but scant attention to the laws of the Koran."

"Well," said the Caliph, as he tried to calm Abu Hassan, who had worked himself up to a rage, "perhaps your wish to see these scoundrels properly punished will come true in some way, even if you are not the Commander of the Faithful. Let us drink to the realization of your wish."

The Caliph seized the bottle and filled the glasses full, at the same time dropping a pinch of white powder into Abu Hassan's glass without his noticing it.

Hardly had they drank it off before Abu Hassan nodded his head and fell into a deep sleep. The Caliph immediately called his slave, and ordered him to take the sleeping man on his shoulders and bear him to the palace. Then he left Abu Hassan's house, pulling the door to, but not shutting it.

Once arrived at his palace, Harun Alrashid ordered Abu Hassan to be clothed in a splendid night robe and laid in the Caliph's own costly bed. Then the officers, servants, slaves and slave women received the strictest orders to carry out Abu Hassan's commissions faithfully next morning, and, above all, to treat him as if he were the Commander of the Faithful.

You can imagine Abu Hassan's astonishment when he woke up next morning in the splendid bed and looked around at the room so beautifully decorated with gold and expensive wall hangings. At first he thought he was dreaming. He kept opening and closing his eyes, trying to find out for sure if he were asleep or awake. Still greater was his amazement when he caught sight of a garment of woven gold near his bed, and a caliph's cap on a silken cushion. But yet he could not believe that these were all real things, and he had to convince himself by feeling them that he was not in a world of dreams.

"Where am I, then?" he cried. "What has happened to me? Everything looks as if I were in the Caliph's palace. Or have I become Caliph myself over night?"

While scolding himself for his foolish thoughts, he was trying all the time to go to sleep again. But suddenly the lofty double doors of his chamber opened, and a troop of wonderfully beautiful women and black slaves stepped in. One band of women began to sing and play charming music on different instruments. The others threw themselves down before him, and one of the black slaves stepped to the bedside and said: "Commander of the Faithful, it is time for early prayers. May it please you to get up?"

"Whether I'm Caliph or not, I will get up at least just to see how this adventure turns out!"

Hardly did he show his intention of raising himself when the slaves jumped in a hurry to help him, and to dress him in the golden morning gown. At the same time all those present shouted: "Commander of the Faithful, God give you a blessed day!"

Now, this was too much for poor Abu Hassan. He called one of the women to him, and said: "Please bite my finger, so I can see if I am dreaming or not."

The slave that he called knew that Harun Alrashid was watching everything from the next room, and wished to amuse the real Commander of the Faithful. So she bit Abu Hassan's finger sharply. The quickness with which Abu Hassan pulled back his finger made the hidden Caliph almost split his sides with laughing, and he congratulated himself that he had found such an enjoyable diversion by carrying this plan through. He said to himself: "Abu Hassan could hardly be more curious than I am to know how the story will end."

But Abu Hassan was thinking: "I cannot understand this surprising change, but it seems to me that the queer Hassan of yesterday has become the real Caliph of today." So he let them put his clothes on him without resistance, and with a certain dignified manner which the Caliph noticed with great pleasure. Then they washed his head, face and hands with deliciously scented water. Finally the Grand Vizier announced, with many a bow of respect, that the great people of the court and of the realm were assembled and expecting the appearance of the Commander of the Faithful. So Abu Hassan drew himself up to his full height, and, preceded by armed soldiers and a number of chamberlains resplendent in gold, walked to the great throne room, where he was led to the throne by the chamberlains.

The doors of the hall opened, and the Commanders-in-Chief of the Army, the Governors of the Provinces and the nobles of the country marched in in a wonderful parade and greeted Abu Hassan as Caliph. They stepped forward to the throne, dropped on their knees, and touched the carpet before him with their foreheads. Abu Hassan took all of this as quietly as if he had been Caliph since youth. He listened to the Grand Vizier's address, took part in the consultations over matters of state, and decided difficult points with such a sound understanding of human nature that the real Caliph, who stood disguised among the officers, was greatly pleased. Suddenly Abu Hassan made a sign to the Grand Vizier to interrupt his address.

"Where is the Chief of Police of our capital city?" he cried. "Let him be brought here immediately."

When the man called for had appeared and announced himself, "at the command of his mighty master," Abu said: "In the mosque of the new quarter you will find an Imam and four other old men. I wish you to arrest them and give each one hundred stripes with the bastinado. Then let them be mounted backwards on camels and led through the city accompanied by a herald, who shall call out these words: 'In this way the Commander of the Faithful punishes those who meddle in matters that do not concern them, and who know nothing better to do than bring trouble and pain to their neighbors.' After this sentence is completed, however, you are then to tell them that they must leave that quarter of the city, and not set foot in it again under penalty of death."

While the magistrate hurried away to carry out Abu Hassan's command, the Grand Vizier went on with his address. An hour later the Chief of Police came back with the news that the Caliph's orders had been conscientiously fulfilled, at which Abu Hassan felt the greatest satisfaction, while Harun Alrashid thoroughly enjoyed seeing his substitute arrive so quickly at the realization of his long cherished wish.

After the business matters were finished, there took place another stately reception of numerous foreign ambassadors, and finally the new Caliph betook himself with his whole court to dinner. It consisted of a selection of the most delicate food and wine, and lasted late into the evening, with music and all kinds of dancing.

Abu Hassan had behaved in such a dignified manner for all this time that now he showed every favor to the people in his neighborhood, and even condescended to talk with the slaves. It was fairly late when one of the most beautiful of the slave girls came up to Abu Hassan and offered him a glass of the sweetest wine prepared especially for the Caliph. Abu Hassan was charmed, and had not any suspicion that the delicious mixture contained a potent sleeping powder. He drank it off, and in a few minutes fell into a sound sleep.

As quickly as he was brought away the day before, just so speedily now was he transported into his own dwelling. Next morning the Caliph for One Day woke up again as Abu Hassan, and found himself in his old circumstances. In spite of all his calls and shouts, neither the slaves nor the court officers of yesterday hurried to him to ask his wishes. He was sadly perplexed at first at this new change, but he soon got over it, and consoled himself with thinking that at least he had had a beautiful dream. When his mother told him that he had in fact disappeared for a whole day, and when he also learned that the Imam and his fellows had been punished exactly as he had ordered when Caliph, he did not know what to think of the whole adventure at all.

Finally, he leaned to his mother's view, who explained it by saying that some spirit had taken him away and had executed the Imam's punishment. But he could never give himself an explanation of what had moved the spirit to do this. In the end, however, he put the whole story out of his mind, and became again what he had been before—Queer Abu Hassan, or the Caliph for One Day.

THE WERWOLF.

SWEDISH.

There was once a king who ruled over a great kingdom. His queen was a beautiful woman, and they had one child, a daughter. For this reason the little girl was the light of her parents' eyes, so that they loved her more than anything else, and thought of nothing so much as the pleasure that they would have with her when she grew up. But many things turn out differently from what one expects, and so it happened with them, for the princess' mother grew sick and died before the little girl grew up. Now, you can imagine what a sorrow this was, not only in the court, but throughout the whole kingdom, because the queen was beloved by everybody, and the king's heart was so nearly broken that he wished never to marry again, but to center all his joy and comfort in the little princess.

And quite a time thus went by. The king's daughter grew taller and prettier every day, and her father gave her immediately everything that she merely wished for. So she had many young women about her to wait on her and do her bidding. Now, among these there was also a woman who had been married and had two daughters. She had a pleasing appearance and a ready tongue, so that she was very smooth in talking; besides that she was soft and clinging like silk, but her heart was full of malice and all kinds of falsehood.

Now, when the queen was dead, this woman began at once to lay her plans so that she should become the king's wife, in order that her daughters might have attention just like real princesses. For this purpose she began to flatter the young princess, praised extravagantly whatever she said or did, and through all her talking dropped hints of how happy the princess might be if the king would only choose a new wife. Early and late she talked about this, and because she kept it up so long the princess finally could not help thinking that everything the woman said was true. She asked, therefore, who would make the best wife for the king, and her attendant answered with many honeyed words:

"It is not suitable for me to give advice in such matters, if only he choose a queen who will be good to the little princess. But I know that if I were so fortunate as to be the one I would think of nothing else but what would please the princess. I would wash her hands, and one of my daughters would hold the pitcher; the other would hand her the towel." She said this and a great deal more like it to the princess, and finally the princess believed, as children easily do, that everything was true that she said to her.

From that time on his young daughter gave the king no rest, but constantly begged him to marry the handsome court lady. But the king did not wish to. In spite of this, his daughter did not give up her desire, but talked continually about it, just as the crafty woman had taught her.

One day, when she was going over it again, the king said: "I see that what you have got in your head will finally take place, although it is very much against my wishes; but it shall take place only on one condition."

"What condition is that?" asked the princess, overjoyed.

"If I marry again," said the king, "it will be only on account of your continual pleas, and so you must promise me that if later you are dissatisfied with your step-mother or step-sisters you will spare me any complaint or annoyance."

The princess promised this, and so it fell out that the king married the court lady, and made her queen over his whole country and realm.

Time went by, and the king's daughter grew up to be the most beautiful young lady to be found far and near. On the other hand, the queen's daughters were as ugly to look at as they were hateful in disposition, so that no one said a good word of them. So it could not fail to happen that young men came from East and West to court the princess, and not one took the trouble to pay any attention to the queen's daughters. This was a great worriment to the stepmother, although she let no one notice it, but was just as smooth and modest as ever. Among the suitors, however, was the son of a king from another kingdom. He was young and handsome, and as he loved the princess from the bottom of his heart, the young girl favored his suit, fell in love with him, and promised to marry him. The queen observed this with an evil eye, for she wished the prince to be engaged to one of her daughters. So she plotted to prevent the two young people from getting married, and tried to find a chance of breaking up their love affair.

Soon her opportunity came, for news was presently received that an enemy had invaded the country, so that the king had to go out to war. Then the princess found out what kind of a step-mother she had got, for scarcely was the king gone before the queen showed her true character. She became just as hard and evil as she had before been kindly and accommodating in everything. No day went by that the princess did not have a quarrel and angry words, and the queen's daughters were not very far behind their mother in hostility. But it went far worse with the princess' lover, the young prince. He went out to hunt one day and lost his way, so that he was separated from the rest of the people. Then the queen practiced her black art and enchanted him into a werwolf, with the intention that he would spend the rest of his life in prowling through the forest. (A werwolf is a person who has been turned into a big, savage wolf by magic.) When evening came, and the prince could not be found, his followers came back to the palace again; and you can easily imagine what anxiety there was when the princess learned how the hunt had turned out. From this time on she did nothing but cry and lament day and night, and would not let herself be comforted. But the queen laughed at her trouble, and in her false heart rejoiced that everything had gone so much to her liking.

One day, when the lonely princess was sitting in her room, she got the idea of going into the forest herself to the place where the prince had disappeared. So she went to her step-mother and asked for permission to go into the woods, that she might forget her great sorrow. The queen did not want to permit her, because she always said "No" whenever she could; but the princess pleaded so wonderfully that her step-mother finally could not resist her. Nevertheless, she ordered one of her daughters to go with the princess and spy upon her. This again caused a big quarrel, because neither one of the step-sisters wanted to go along. Both thought that it would be no pleasure to go with a girl who did nothing but cry. Finally, however, the queen had her way, and one of the daughters was forced to go with the princess, although it was much against her will.

So the two young girls strolled out of the palace and came into the forest. There the princess walked back and forth among the trees, listened to the little birds singing, and thought of her friend whom she had loved so much and lost. All the while the queen's daughter was pacing to and fro, getting more and more vexed with the princess and her trouble.

After they had wandered about for quite a while, they came finally to a little hut which lay deep in the dark forest. Here the princess was very thirsty, and asked her sister to go into the hut with her to get a drink of water. But the queen's daughter was still more provoked at this, and said: "Isn't it enough for me to follow you this far into the wilderness; and now do you want me, who am a princess, to go into such a hovel? No; I will not put my foot inside. If you want to go you can go alone."

The princess did not think twice about it, but took her step-sister at her word and went alone into the little cabin. As she came in she saw sitting on a bench an old woman, so old that her head nodded. The princess spoke to her kindly, as she always did.

"Good-evening, mother! Can I ask for a little drink of water?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the old woman. "Who are you who comes under my humble roof and greets me so kindly?"

The princess told her, as was the truth, that she was the king's daughter, and had gone out to divert herself so that she could forget some of her great sorrow.

"What sorrow have you got?" asked the old woman.

"I have good reason," replied the princess. "I have lost my only friend, and who knows if I shall ever see him again?" Then she told everything that had happened, and her tears ran down all the while, so that anybody must take pity on her.

When she had finished the old woman said: "It's a good thing that you let me know of your necessity. I have had a great deal of experience, and perhaps can give you advice. When you leave me you will see a lily growing on the ground. This lily is not like other lilies, but has many wonderful qualities; so you must hurry and pluck it. If you can do this I don't need to tell you any more, for then a person will appear to tell you what to do."

With this they parted. The princess thanked her and went on her way, and the old woman sat on the bench and nodded her head.

All the while the queen's daughter was standing outside, muttering and getting out of temper with the princess because she had taken such a long time. When the princess did come out her sister heaped abuse upon her, as was only to be expected; but she paid no attention to her, and her only thought was where she could find the flower of which the old woman had spoken. So she went on farther into the forest, and there, before her, caught sight of a beautiful white lily. She was overjoyed, and ran to it at once to pull it up. But in that instant it vanished and reappeared a little distance farther on. The princess became extraordinarily eager, listened no longer to the calls of her stepsister, but ran on. Every time, however, that she tried to seize the lily it was gone and appeared a little farther ahead. So it went on for a long while, the princess getting farther and farther into the depths of the woods, the lily vanishing and appearing farther on, and each time seeming taller and more beautiful than before. So the princess finally came to a lofty mountain, and when she looked up to the top there was the flower clear up on the peak, shining as white and glorious as the clear sky. The princess now began to climb up the mountain, and she was so eager that she paid no attention to the sticks and stones that lay in the way. When she finally got to the top of the mountain, behold! the lily did not move away, but stayed right where it was. So the princess picked the lily and placed it on her breast, and she was so happy that she forgot her step-sister and everything else in the world.

A long time went by, and the princess never got tired of looking at the pretty flower. But suddenly she thought what her step-mother would say when she came home after having been away so long. She glanced around to find her way back to the palace, and as she looked back the sun had gone down, and only a few rays of daylight rested on the mountain peak. All below her the forest lay dark in the twilight, so that she did not dare to try to find her way through it. Then the princess became very sad, for she saw nothing else to do than to spend the night where she was. She sat down on the edge of the cliff, dropped her head in her hand and cried, and thought about her wicked step-mother, step-sister, and all the angry words that she would get when she came home; and she thought of her father, the king, who was away, and of her lover, whom she would never meet again, and she was so sad that she did not notice her tears were flowing. So night came on, the darkness fell upon her, and the stars rose and set; but still the princess sat on the selfsame spot and wept.

Then she heard a voice speaking to her: "Good-evening, young lady! Why do you sit here so lonely and anxious?"

She jumped up quickly, and was very much frightened, which was not to be wondered at; but when she looked around there stood only a very little old man, who beckoned to her and looked so uncommonly good-natured that she replied: "I cannot help being sad, and I will never be merry again. I have lost my beloved, and I went astray in the forest, so that I was afraid of being eaten up by wild animals."

"Don't worry about that," answered the old man. "If you do everything that I tell you, I will help you." The princess agreed gladly to this, for she knew that she had nobody else to help her. The old man then pulled out a box of matches and said: "First, then, my pretty maid, you must make a fire."

The princess did as he bade her. She collected moss and twigs and dry wood and built up a fire, and she kindled such a blaze on the mountain top that the flames leaped up high into the sky. When this was done the old man said: "Now go over to the other side, and you will find a kettle full of tar, and bring it here."

The princess did so, and the old man continued: "Now put the kettle on the fire."

This the princess did; and when the tar began to boil he commanded: "Throw your white lily into the kettle."

That seemed to the princess a hard order, and she begged piteously that she might keep her lily. But the old man said: "Have you not promised to do everything I tell you? Do what I say, and you will never regret it."

So the princess looked away and threw the lily into the kettle, although it was very hard to do, because she loved the pretty flower so much.

At this instant there came out of the forest a muffled roar like the cry of a wild animal. It grew nearer and nearer, and turned into a piteous howl, so that the mountain echoed with it. Then they heard the crackling and breaking of twigs among the trees, the bushes bent, and the princess saw a great gray wolf lope out of the forest and straight up to the mountain where they were sitting.

She was terribly frightened, and would have run away if she could. But the old man said: "Quick, jump up on the edge of the cliff and empty the kettle on the wolf just as he gets here." Although the princess was so frightened that she hardly knew what she was doing, yet she did as the old man said. She seized the kettle, ran to the edge, and poured the tar over the wolf just as he came running up there. And then a remarkable thing happened, for she had hardly done so before the wolf changed his form. His great gray hide flew from him, and instead of a raging wild animal there stood a handsome young man looking up to the top of the mountain. But when the princess looked at him closer she saw that it was her lover, who had been enchanted into a werwolf.

Now, you can imagine how the princess felt. She stretched her arms out, and could neither ask nor answer questions, she was so surprised and overjoyed. But the prince ran up the mountain quickly and came to her, took her lovingly in his arms, and thanked her for freeing him. Nor did he forget the little old man, but thanked him, too, with many a kind word for his great help. Then the two sat down together on the top of the mountain and talked tenderly with each other. The prince related how he had been changed into a werwolf, and how he had suffered while he was ranging the forest. The princess for her part told him of her sorrow, and of all the tears that she had shed while he was away. So they sat the whole night through, and did not know it until day began to put out the stars, so that they could see around.

Now, when the sun rose they noticed that from the foot of the mountain a great road stretched away to the palace, and that from the summit they could look around over the country in all directions. The little old man, who was still with them, said: "Fair lady, turn around. Do you notice anything over there?"

"Yes," replied the princess, "I see a horseman on a foaming horse. He is riding along the road as fast as he can."

The old man said: "That is a messenger from your father, the king. He is coming back soon with his whole army."

At this the princess was exceedingly glad, and wanted to go down at once to meet her father. But the old man held her back and said: "It is too early yet. We must first see how everything turns out."

After awhile the bright sunshine fell on the palace, and the old man said: "Fair lady, turn around. Do you see anything?"

"Yes," answered the princess, "I see a lot of people coming out of my father's palace; some of them are coming along the road, while others are going to the forest."

"They are your step-mother's servants," he answered. "She has sent a lot of them to meet your father and bid him welcome, while others have gone into the woods to look for you."

At these words the princess grew restless, and did not want to stay there any more, but wished to go to the queen's folk. But the old man held her back, and said: "Wait a while; we want to see now how everything turns out."

So another space of time went by, while the princess gazed constantly along the road on which the king was to come. Then the old man said: "Fair lady, do you notice anything yonder?"

"Yes," she answered. "I see a great stir at the palace, and see people draping it all in black."

"That is your step-mother and her servants," he answered; "they mean to announce to your father that you are dead."

The princess saddened, and begged, persuasively: "Let me go, so that I can spare my father such grief."

But the old man stopped her, and said: "No, wait; it is too early. We want to see first how everything turns out."

Time went by again. The sun rose higher and the breeze blew warmly on the fields and woods, but the royal young people and the little old man still stood on the mountain where we left them. They noticed a little cloud rise in the dim distance of the horizon, grow bigger and bigger and come along the road, and when it drew nearer they saw that it was made of glittering weapons. They saw helmets nodding and flags waving. They heard the clink of swords and the whinny of horses, and finally they recognized the king's own banner.

You can imagine how joyful the princess grew, and how now she wanted all the more to go down and greet her father. But the old man restrained her, and said: "Turn around, fair lady. Do you see anything at the palace?"

"Yes," she replied. "I see my step-mother and step-sisters coming out in deep mourning and crying bitterly, with white handkerchiefs over their faces."

The old man said: "It seems to me that they are now crying over your death. Wait a while; we have not yet seen how everything will turn out."

A little later he asked again: "Fair lady, look around, and see if you notice anything yonder."

"Yes," replied the princess. "I see them coming and bringing a black coffin. Now my father has had it opened.

Look! the queen and her daughters have fallen on their knees, and my father is threatening them with his sword!'

The old man said: "The king wanted to see your body, and so your wicked step-mother was forced to tell him the truth."

When the princess understood she begged insistently: "Let me go! Let me go, so that I can comfort my father in his distress."

The old man held her back, and said: "Follow my advice, and wait here. We have not yet seen how everything will end."

Still more time went by, and still the king's daughter, the prince and the little old man sat on the mountain. The latter then said: "Turn around, fair lady, Do you notice anything yonder?"

"Yes, I see my father, my step-mother and step-sisters coming here with all their attendants."

The old man made answer: "Now they have determined to look for you. Get up and take the wolf's hide which lies in the cleft of the rock."

The princess did as he told her, and the old man continued: "Now, place yourself on the edge of the cliff." She did so, and at that moment she saw that the queen and her daughters were coming along the road just below where they stood.

"Throw the wolf's hide straight down," commanded the old man.

The princess immediately obeyed. She threw the wolf's hide just as the old man said. It fell straight on the wicked queen and her two daughters, and a marvelous thing took place; for scarcely had the hide touched the three bad women before they changed their forms in a twinkling, gave voice to a ghastly howl, and became three savage werwolfs, which scurried away at full speed into the desolate forest.

Just as this happened the king himself came with all his people to the foot of the mountain. But he now looked up and saw the princess. At first he could not believe his eyes, stood motionless, and thought he was possessed. Then the old man cried out:

"Fair lady, hurry. Run down and cheer your father."

The princess did not wait for it to be said twice, but took her lover by the hand and ran straight down the mountain. When they came to the foot the princess fell on her father's breast and cried, and the king cried, and the prince cried, and everybody cried, it was such a touching sight to see their meeting. Great was the joy, and many were the embraces. The princess told all about her wicked stepmother and step-sisters, told about her lover and about all her troubles, and about the little man, too, who had helped her so much.

The king and his whole retinue now marched back to the palace, and on the way they talked a great deal about the little man and about everything else that had been done to the princess. When they came home the king had a magnificent banquet prepared, and invited all the nobles and the leading people in his whole realm. He betrothed his daughter to the young prince, and their wedding was celebrated with games and happiness and all kinds of merriment for many days.

I was there, too, and when I rode through the forest a she-wolf met me there with her two young wolves, and they looked evilly around them, and seemed ready to eat me. Later I learned that they were no less than the stepmother and her two wicked daughters.

THE THREE SWORDS.

SWEDISH.

There was once a smith who had a son, and this boy was good-natured and willing, and besides was extraordinarily strong; but he had such a big appetite that his father finally saw that he could not feed him any longer. So one day the smith went to the king's palace and asked the chief cook if he did not want a young fellow to help him in the kitchen. "Yes," answered the cook, "I need him badly right now. Send him here; the sooner the better." This made the smith glad, and he thought to himself that when his son was once at the king's palace he could eat as much as he wanted to. When he got home he told the boy how his errand had turned out.

When the young man heard this news he said: "Father, I want you to forge me three swords: one which weighs three stone, one which weighs six stone, and one which weighs twelve stone. Besides that you are to get me three linen cloaks, one for each sword. Do just as I ask you, and I will win such means that you will never again have to forge for a living."

The poor smith had a great deal of anxiety as to whether he could get together so much iron and steel as the three swords would take, but did not dare to set himself against his son. So everything was made ready according to the boy's wishes, but the third sword weighed no more than eleven stone, because one stone was melted away in the furnace. At this the young man was angry, and said: "If you were not my father, which you are, I would make you try your own handiwork yourself, because now it is not sure if I can do anything with it." When the smith saw how angry his son was he was afraid and kept quiet. Nevertheless, he thought to himself that the sword would be heavy enough for the boy to handle, even if he was very strong, because he knew how much trouble he had in handling it on the anvil. So the boy took the three swords and the three linen cloaks and hid them under a gravestone. Then he went to the palace with his father, and served under the cook, as had been arranged.

It happened that the king who ruled over the country was away at war, and while he was at sea a great storm arose, so that all thought the ship would sink with every soul on board. But the bad weather was in the control of three sea goblins, and they would not let the king land until he had promised to give them his three beautiful daughters.

Now, when the king got home he sent a herald around to announce that if there was a man who would risk his life as a champion against the goblins and rescue the three princesses, he would receive one of them as his wife and become king over half the realm. But no champion was brave enough to dare to fight with the terrible sea goblins except one single tailor, who claimed that he was very brave, and promised to do whatever he could.

And now, when the time drew near for the king's daughters to be delivered to the sea goblins, general anxiety and lamentations grew up throughout the whole kingdom; but most anxious of all were the king and his wife, the queen. The eldest princess was accordingly led out in state to the sea, and all the people followed her at some distance, and when she came to the beach she sat down on the white sand, dropped her head in her hands, and shed many tears. But the manly tailor forgot his big words, and climbed up a pine tree which was growing at that place, and all the people drew back out of sight of the princess.

Meantime the boy went to his master, the cook, and asked permission to go into the city and have a good time. The cook granted his request, but asked him not to be away very long. Straight home went the boy, took the sword which weighed three stone, put on the linen cloak over his clothes, called his dog, and went down the road to the beach. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting he went up to her, addressed her politely, and asked: "Why are you sitting here, fair lady, so lonely and sad?"

The princess answered: "I have good reason to be sad. My father was in trouble at sea, and promised me to a fierce sea goblin. I am afraid that he is coming soon to take poor me away."

"Isn't there any champion in your father's kingdom to save your life?" asked the boy.

"Yes," replied the princess. "Up there in that tree sits a tailor. He promised to do what he could."

When the boy looked around and saw the tailor sitting up high on the top of the tree, he laughed and said: "Young lady, do not put your trust in such a champion. If you are willing to stroke my head for a while, I will save your life." This seemed to the king's daughter to be a bold wish; but in her great anxiety she did not dare to refuse it. So the boy said to his dog: "Good Fido, sit faithfully on watch!" Then he laid his head in the girl's lap, and she stroked it, while the tailor sat up in the tree and looked on. But the king's daughter pulled a red silk thread out of her dress and wove it into the boy's long hair without his noticing it.

At this moment there came a mighty noise and turmoil out of the sea, the waves leaped up high, and from the depths came a terrible sea goblin with three heads. The goblin had a dog with him, and it was as big as a yearling calf. In a terrible voice the goblin cried: "Where is the king's daughter who was promised to me?"

"Here she is," answered the boy; "but kindly come closer, so that we can talk to each other."

The goblin said: "Do you want to jest with me, little man?"

"No," answered the boy. "I have come here to fight with you for the princess."

"All right," replied the goblin; "but first let us make our dogs fight together."

"I'm agreed to that," said the young fellow.

So the boy and the sea goblin urged their dogs into a fight, and a great biting match took place between them. But the game ended by the little Fido, the boy's dog, biting the goblin's dog in the neck, so that its blood flowed and the sea dog fell dead on the sand.

Then said the boy: "You see how your dog was finished up, and the same thing will happen to you." With that he went at the goblin, drew his sword that weighed three stone, swung it, and all three of the goblin's heads fell into the sea. That was the sea goblin's death stroke.

When the young lady saw this she cried out in great joy: "Now I am freed!" She begged the strange champion to follow her home to the palace and receive the just honor and reward for his great service. But the boy declined this, and said that his assistance was a little thing and not worth talking about. He took several pearls and pieces of jewelry which the sea goblin had brought, said "good-bye" politely to the king's daughter, and went quickly on his way.

While all this was going on the brave tailor sat in the tree, and awaited the result of the battle in great fear. But now, when the danger was over, he climbed down quickly, drew his sword, and forced the king's daughter to swear that she would say that he and no other had freed her. Then they went back to the palace together, and you can well imagine what rejoicing there was when the princess came back unharmed. The king had a great banquet prepared, and he placed the tailor on his right-hand side, so that the tailor was taken for the greatest champion in the whole country.

Next day the second princess was to be conducted to the sea goblin, and thereupon arose the same grief as before. But since the tailor had freed the eldest daughter, many a person thought that he would also rescue her sister. For this reason all placed great faith in the tailor, and he was not backward with big, proud words. The young princess was led out to the sea, and the people followed her at a distance, and when they got there she sat down on the beach and cried bitterly. But the tailor did not think it wise to stay where he was, so he climbed up the tree and hid between the branches, as he did the first time.

While this was going on the boy went to his chief and said: "Master, give me permission to go into the city and have a good time. Yesterday I could not look around very much.'"

The cook replied: "If the tailor wins a victory over the goblin, we will have a bigger banquet here than yesterday, and I'll have to get the meal ready alone. There, however, is a tank which holds eighteen tubs of water, and I have nobody to help me pour a single bucketful into it." The boy then inquired if he could go out when he had filled up the water tank. The cook agreed to this, because he thought that it would be evening before the tank was filled.

But the boy seized the great tank in his hands, ran to the spring, and filled it so full that the water ran over. When the cook saw this, and had also received a few pearls from the boy, he did not feel like objecting any longer, so he said: "Go on, but do not stay away too long."

Then the boy ran home for the sword which weighed six stone, put the linen cloak on over his clothes, called his dog, and strolled down to the beach. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting and crying, the tailor up in the tree was more than pleased. The boy, however, paid him no attention, but went to the princess, spoke to her politely, and asked: "Fair lady, why are you sitting here so sad and lonely?"

"I have good reason," answered the king's daughter. "My father was in trouble at sea, and promised me to a hideous sea goblin. I'm afraid he is coming soon to take poor me away."

"Is there no champion in your father's whole kingdom to save your life?"

"Yes," replied the princess. "There's a courageous tailor sitting up here in this pine tree. He promised to rescue me as he did my sister."

At these words the boy turned around and saw the tailor sitting away up in the tree. Then he laughed and said: "Young lady, do not put your trust in such a champion. If you are willing to stroke my head a while, I will save your life." This seemed to the king's daughter to be a bold request, but in her great necessity she agreed to do as he wished. Then the boy said to his dog: "Good Fido, stand watch!" Then he laid his head in the young girl's lap, and she stroked it, while the tailor kept quiet in the tree and looked on. But the princess pulled a black silk thread out of her dress and wove it into the boy's long hair without his noticing it.

At this instant Fido began to bark. A great din and rumbling arose in the sea, so that the waves danced high up on the sand, and out of the depths came a monstrous sea goblin, with six heads of hideous appearance and a dog with him as big as a two-year-old ox. The goblin cried out: "Where is the princess who was promised to me?"

The boy replied: "She is here, but please come closer, so that we can talk together."

"Do you want to fight with me, little man?" asked the goblin.

"It's for that purpose," said the boy, "that I have come."

"Yesterday," began the goblin, "you slew my brother. To-day I will conquer you. But first let our dogs fight."

"I'm satisfied with that," said the young fellow.

They set their dogs together, and there was a terrible biting match between them. But the fight ended by little Fido, the boy's dog, biting the goblin's dog in the neck, so that its blood ran and it fell dead by the sea.

Then said the boy: "You see how your dog was finished up, and that's what will happen to you." With that he walked up to the goblin, swung his sword that weighed six stone, and gave the goblin his death stroke, so that all his six heads tumbled down into the sea.

When the king's daughter saw this she was extraordinarily happy, and cried out: "Now I am free!" Then she asked her strange champion to follow her to her father's court, and receive the just honor and reward for his great service. But the boy declined this, and told her that his help was such a little thing that it was not worth talking about. He took several pearls and pieces of jewelry which the sea goblin had brought, said "good-bye" to the princess politely, and went away quickly.

While the battle was going on the tailor up in the tree was half dead with worry and fear; but now that the danger was over, he climbed down quickly, drew his sword, and forced the king's daughter to swear that he and no other had freed her. The princess was not very willing to do this, but she was afraid of her life, and did not dare to resist. So the tailor led her to the palace, and they were received with great joy and signs of respect, and a more splendid banquet was prepared than the day before. The tailor sat next to the king, and was held in honor by everybody; and he even spoke a great many arrogant words and boasted over his manly deeds.

On the third day the youngest daughter of the king was to be given to the sea goblin. Greater than ever was the distress, not only in the king's court, but throughout the whole kingdom, because everybody loved the princess on account of her beauty and her gentleness. Many placed their confidence in the brave tailor, and thought he would save the king's daughter as he had done her sisters. The princess, however, would not let herself be comforted, but cried bitterly. They took her to the sea, and she sat down on the beach. But the tailor forgot all his big words, and clambered up the pine tree as he was accustomed to do.

While all this was going on the young kitchen boy went to his chief, and said: "Master, give me permission to go once more into the city and have a good time. I will not ask again soon for permission to go out."

The cook knew the boy's tremendous strength, and also had tokens of his generosity, so he would not refuse such a small request, and said: "Go ahead; but do not stay very long, because if the tailor wins the victory we will have a bigger banquet to-day than ever before."

At this the boy pulled out several pieces of golden jewelry, put them in his master's hand, which pleased him greatly, and went out. He ran to his father and brought the third sword, that should have weighed twelve stone, but only weighed eleven. As he swung it in his hand and noticed how light it was he got angry, and said: "If you were not my father, as you are, you would have to pay for this. Now it will be lucky if I come back, and not get my death stroke." So he bound the sword to his side, pulled the linen cloak over his clothes, called his dog, and went down to the sea. When he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting and crying on the beach, the tailor up in the pine tree was pleased. The boy, however, paid no attention to him, went to the princess, spoke to her kindly, and asked: "Fair lady, why are you sitting here so sad, with tears running down your cheeks?"

The king's daughter answered: "I have good reason to cry. My father was in trouble at sea, and promised me to a sea goblin. I am afraid he is coming soon to take poor me away."

When the young fellow saw her grief his heart was moved in his breast, for he had never before seen such a lovely woman. "Is there no champion," he asked, "in your father's whole realm to save your life?"

"Yes," said the princess. "There sits up there in this pine tree a brave tailor who promised to free me as he freed both my sisters."

At these words the boy turned around, and saw the tailor sitting up in the tree. Then he said: "Noble lady, do not put your trust in such champions; but if you will stroke my head for a while I will risk my life for you."

"That I will do gladly," answered the king's daughter, for she liked the young man for his courage.

Then said the boy to his dog: "Fido, stand watch!" And laying his head in the girl's lap he slept while she played with his hair. But when the king's daughter noticed the threads which her sisters had woven in the boy's hair, she too pulled a silken thread out of her scarlet cloak, and tied it to the boy's locks without his noticing it.

Fido began to bark at once, and they heard a mighty uproar in the sea. Then said the youth: "It is time to get up. Give me your apron, fair lady; perhaps it will be of assistance to us." The king's daughter did as he asked, and the boy ripped the apron into twelve pieces with his sword. Now arose a deafening din in the water, so that the waves were driven high up on the land, and a horrible sea goblin came out with twelve heads, each more hideous to look upon than the other. He had a dog with him as big as the biggest steer, and cried out: "Where is the princess who was promised to me?"

The boy replied: "Here she is; but come nearer, so that we can talk together."

But the goblin said: "Perhaps you want to kill me today, little man, as you did my brothers before!"

The youth gave this answer: "It is for this purpose that I have come."

"Wait," said the goblin, "here's where you find your match. But first let our dogs fight."

"I am agreed," said the boy.

They set their dogs to fighting, and a terrible biting match took place. But it ended quickly, for the sea hound seized the boy's dog and swallowed him with one bite.

This was the death of poor Fido. Still the young fellow was not afraid, but heaved and smote with his sword, so that all the goblin's twelve heads fell into the sea.

This goblin had a wonderful power, however, for if one head was cut off and got into the water it became alive again, jumped up and placed itself where it had been before. When the boy saw that he cried out to the king's daughter: "Noble lady, now is the time to help. As quickly as I chop off one head put a piece of your apron on the end of the neck, or else it will come to life again." With that he made a second stroke, so that one head fell down on the ground, and the king's daughter was ready to do as he told her. Then the third stroke, and another head fell off. The princess was ready again, and put a piece of her apron on the wound. So with the fourth blow.

When the boy had thus done away with seven heads, the goblin began to plead. "Stop your sword play, for I will let the young girl alone if I can only get away from here." But the boy was wrathful, and said: "You shall not think of getting away from here alive after I have once conquered you," and with that he swung his sword and smote mightily, so that one head after another dropped, and the king's daughter was ready each time, and put a piece of her apron on the wound. They did not stop until the youth had cut off all the goblin's twelve heads, and that was the death of him. But all this while the tailor sat up in the tree, and did not dare to stir with fear.

Now, when the fight was over the king's daughter cried out, in the joy of her heart: "I am free," and she thanked the champion with many friendly words, and asked him to follow her to her father's court to receive his just reward of honor. But the young man declined her request, and said that the service he had been able to give her was too little to speak about. He took the goblin's pearls, bade the beautiful princess a tender farewell, and went his way. Then the tailor climbed quickly down from his tree, drew his sword, and threatened the princess with death if she would not swear that he and no other had freed her from the sea goblin. That seemed to the king's daughter to be a wicked demand, for she was on the side of the young champion who had risked his life so manfully for her; but in her necessity she did not dare to resist, and she promised to do the tailor's will. They came back to the palace together, the princess discouraged and saddened, while the tailor walked at her side with haughty steps and great gestures, as if he were the bravest champion. When the king observed their arrival he was very glad, for he had never thought to see his daughter alive again. He marched out to meet them with his whole court with great tokens of honor, and there was joy in the king's palace because the three princesses were rescued, and the whole kingdom was filled with the great fame of the brave tailor.

When the hour came at which the banquet should begin, there was not a bit of food on the table. The king was vexed, and sent his youngest daughter to ask why the meal was not ready. The cook excused himself by saying that his servants were away, so that he had to get the dishes ready himself, and the princess was obliged to go back with this information. But as she passed the kitchen boy it puzzled her to see that he turned away, and when she looked at him more closely, behold, she recognized her brave champion, who had risked his life for her. Then she ran quickly to her sisters and told them what she had seen, and while the princesses were still talking about it the king, their father, came and heard what they were saying. He was amazed, and ordered his daughters point-blank to tell him the truth. So the youngest princess told everything from beginning to end just as it was, and the older princesses confirmed her words. The king was very angry at the tailor's deceitfulness, and sent a messenger at once into the kitchen.

Great was the astonishment of all the cooks and servants. The young man did not wish to go, but said: "How can I appear before the king, when I am only an humble man clad in humble clothes?" But the messenger answered that it would be best to heed the king's will. So the boy went modestly into the hall where the king was sitting at table with all his guests, and the tailor had his place at the king's side. When the tailor saw the champion who had freed the princesses he blanched. And the king turned to the kitchen boy and asked with a loud voice: "Are you he who rescued my three daughters?"

The young man answered clearly, "Everyone says that it is not I who did, but the tailor."

"No," cried the king's daughters, with one voice, "it was you who saved us, and here are the three silken threads that we wove into your locks on the days when you lay on our knees." Then the princesses jumped up, put their arms around the young man, found their silken threads in his long locks, and everyone understood that what the king's daughters had told was true. But the king said: "If it was you who freed the princesses, you shall receive your reward for it. I give you my youngest daughter, and with her half my land and kingdom."

There was great rejoicing in the whole court. The marriage was celebrated with happiness and merriment, but the manly tailor slunk away from the banquet in shame, and history says nothing about any more of his exploits.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

DANO-NORWEGIAN.

Poor John was in great tribulation, for his father was very ill, and could not get well again. Except these two, there was no one at all in the little room. The lamp on the table was nearly extinguished, and it was quite late in the evening.

"You have been a good son, John," said the sick father. "Providence will help you through the world." And he looked at him with mild, earnest eyes, drew a deep breath, and died. It was just as if he slept. But John wept; for now he had no one in the world—neither father nor mother, neither sister nor brother. Poor John! He lay on his knees before the bed, kissed his dead father's hand, and shed very many bitter tears. But at last his eyes closed, and he went to sleep, lying with his head against the hard bedpost.

Then he dreamed a strange dream: he saw the sun and moon shine upon him, and he beheld his father again, fresh and well, and he heard his father laugh as he had always laughed when he was very glad. A beautiful girl, with a golden crown upon her long, shining hair, gave him her hand; and his father said: "Do you see what a bride you have gained? She is the most beautiful in the whole world!" Then he awoke, and all the splendor was gone. His father was lying dead and cold in the bed, and there was no one at all with them. Poor John!

In the next week the dead man was buried. The son walked close behind the coffin, and could now no longer see the good father who had loved him so much. He heard them throw the earth down upon the coffin, and stopped to see the last corner of it. But the next shovelful of earth hid even that; then he felt just as if his heart would burst into pieces, so sorrowful was he. Around him they were singing a psalm. Those were sweet, holy tones that arose, and the tears came into John's eyes; he wept, and that did him good in his sorrow. The sun shone magnificently on the green trees, just as if it would have said: "You may no longer be sorrowful, John! Do you see how beautiful the sky is? Your father is up there, and prays to the Father of all that it may be always well with you."

"I will always do right, too," said John, "and then I shall go to heaven to my father; and what joy that will be when we see each other again! How much I shall then have to tell him! and he will show me so many things, and explain to me the glories of heaven, just as he taught me here on earth. Oh, how joyful that will be!"

He pictured that to himself so plainly, that he smiled, while the tears were still rolling down his cheeks. The little birds sat up in the chestnut trees, and twittered "Tweet-weet! tweet-weet!" They were joyful and merry, though they had been at the burying; but they seemed to know that the dead man was now in heaven; that he had wings, far larger and more beautiful than theirs; that he was now happy, because he had been a good man upon earth, and they were glad of it. John saw how they flew from the green tree out into the world, and he felt inclined to fly, too. But first he cut out a great cross of wood to put on his father's grave; and when he brought it there in the evening the grave was decked with sand and flowers; strangers had done this, for they were all very fond of the good father who was now dead.

Early next morning, John packed his little bundle, and put in his belt his whole inheritance, which consisted of fifty dollars and a few silver coins. With this he intended to wander out into the world. But first he went to the churchyard, to his father's grave, to say a prayer and to bid him farewell.

Out in the field where he was walking all the flowers stood fresh and beautiful in the warm sunshine; and they nodded in the wind, just as if they would have said, "Welcome to the green wood! Is it not fine here?" But John turned back once more to look at the old church, in which he had been christened when he was a little child, and where he had been every Sunday with his father at the service, and had sung his psalm. Then, high up in one of the openings of the tower, he saw the ringer standing in his little pointed red cap, shading his face with his bent arm, to keep the sun from shining in his eyes. John nodded a farewell to him, and the little ringer waved his red cap, laid his hand on his heart, and kissed his hand to John a great many times, to show that he wished the traveller well, and hoped he would have a prosperous journey.

John thought what a number of fine things he would get to see in the great, splendid world; and he went on farther—farther than he had ever been before. He did not know the places at all through which he came, nor the people whom he met. Now he was far away in a strange region.

The first night he was obliged to lay down on a haystack in the field to sleep, for he had no other bed. But that was very nice, he thought; the king could not be better off. There was the whole field, with the brook, the haystack and the blue sky above it; that was certainly a beautiful sleeping-room. The green grass, with the little red and white flowers, was the carpet; the elder bushes and the wild rose hedges were garlands of flowers; and for a wash-basin he had the whole brook, with the clear, fresh water; and the rushes bowed before him, and wished him "good evening" and "good morning." The moon was certainly a great night-lamp, high up under the blue ceiling, and that lamp would never set fire to the curtains with its light. John could sleep quite safely, and he did so, and never woke until the sun rose, and all the little birds were singing around, "Good morning! good morning! Are you not up yet?"

The bells were ringing for church; it was Sunday. The people went to hear the preacher, and John followed them, and sang a psalm, and heard God's word. It seemed to him just as if he were in his own church, where he had been christened, and had sung psalms with his father.

Out in the churchyard were many graves, and on some of them the grass grew high. Then he thought of his father's grave, which would at last look like these, as he could not weed it and adorn it. So he sat down, and plucked up the long grass, set up the wooden crosses which had fallen down, and put back in their places the wreaths which the wind had blown away from the graves; for he thought, "Perhaps someone will do the same to my father's grave, as I cannot do it."

Outside the churchyard gate stood an old beggar, leaning upon his crutch. John gave him the silver coins which he had, and then went away, happy and cheerful, into the wide world. Towards evening the weather became terribly bad. He made haste to get under shelter, but dark night soon came on. Then at last he came to a little church, which lay quite solitary on a small hill.

"Here I will sit down in a corner," said he, and went in. "I am quite tired, and require a little rest." Then he sat down, folded his hands, and said his evening prayer;

and, before he was aware of it, he was asleep and dreaming, while it thundered and lightened without.

When he woke it was midnight; but the bad weather had passed by, and the moon shone in upon him through the windows. In the midst of the church stood an open coffin, with a dead man in it who had not yet been buried. John was not at all timid, for he had a good conscience; and he knew very well that the dead do not harm any one. The living who do evil are bad men. Two such living bad men stood close by the dead man, who had been placed here in the church till he should be buried. They had an evil design against him, and would not let him rest quietly in his coffin, but were going to throw him out before the church door—the poor dead man!

"Why will you do that?" asked John; "that is bad and wicked. Let him rest, for mercy's sake."

"Nonsense!" replied the bad men; "he has cheated us. He owed us money and could not pay it, and now he's dead into the bargain, and we shall not get a penny. So we mean to revenge ourselves famously; he shall lie like a dog outside the church door!"

"I have not more than fifty dollars," cried John; "that is my whole inheritance; but I will gladly give it to you if you will honestly promise me to leave the poor dead man in peace. I shall manage to get on without the money; I have hearty, strong limbs, and Heaven will always help me."

"Yes," said these ugly, bad men; "if you will pay his debt, we will do nothing to him: you may depend upon that!" And then they took the money he gave them, laughed aloud at his good nature, and went their way. But he laid the corpse out again in the coffin, and folded its hands, took leave of it, and went away contentedly through the great forest.

All around, wherever the moon could shine through between the trees, he saw the graceful little elves playing merrily. They did not let him disturb them; they knew that he was a good, innocent man; and it is only the bad people who never get to see the elves. Some of them were not larger than a finger's breadth, and had fastened up their long, yellow hair with golden combs. They were rocking themselves, two and two, on the great dewdrops that lay on the leaves and on the high grass; sometimes the drop rolled away, and then they fell down between the long grass-stalks, and that occasioned much laughter and noise among the other little creatures. It was charming. They sang, and John recognized quite plainly the pretty songs which he had learned as a little boy. Great colored spiders, with silver crowns on their heads, had to spin long hanging bridges and palaces from hedge to hedge; and as the tiny dewdrops fell on these they looked like gleaming glass in the moonlight. This continued until the sun rose. Then the little elves crept into the flower-buds, and the wind caught their bridges and palaces, which flew through the air in the shape of spiders' webs.

John had just come out of the wood, when a strong man's voice called out behind him, "Halloo, comrade; whither are you journeying?"

"Into the wide world!" he replied. "I have neither father nor mother, and am but a poor lad; but Providence will help me."

"I am going out into the wide world, too," said the strange man: "shall we two keep one another company?"

"Yes, certainly," said John; and so they went on together. Soon they became very fond of each other, for they were both good men. But John saw that the stranger was much more clever than himself. He had travelled through almost the whole world, and knew how to tell of almost everything that existed.

The sun already stood high when they seated themselves under a great tree to eat their breakfast; and just then an old woman came up. Oh, she was very old, and walked quite bent, leaning upon a crutch-stick; upon her back she carried a bundle of firewood which she had collected in the forest. Her apron was untied, and John saw that three great stalks of fern and some willow twigs looked out from within it. When she was close to them, her foot slipped; she fell and gave a loud scream, for she had broken her leg, the poor old woman!

John directly proposed that they should carry the old woman home to her dwelling; but the stranger opened his knapsack, took out a little box, and said that he had a salve there which would immediately make her leg whole and strong, so that she could walk home herself, as if she had never broken her leg at all. But for that he required that she should give him the three rods which she carried in her apron.

"That would be paying well!" said the old woman, and she nodded her head in a strange way. She did not like to give away the rods; but then it was not agreeable to lie there with a broken leg. So she gave him the wands; and as soon as he had only rubbed the ointment on her leg the old mother arose, and walked much better than before—such was the power of this ointment. But then it was not to be bought at the druggist's.

"What do you want with the rods?" John asked his travelling companion.

"They are three capital fern brooms," replied he. "I like those very much, for I am a whimsical fellow.'

And they went on a good way.

"See how the sky is becoming overcast," said John, pointing straight before them. "Those are terribly thick clouds."

"No," replied the travelling companion, "those are not clouds, they are mountains—the great, glorious mountains, on which one gets quite up over the clouds and into the free air. Believe me, it is delicious! To-morrow we shall certainly be far out into the world."

But that was not so near as it looked; they had to walk for a whole day before they came to the mountains, where the black woods grew straight up towards heaven, and there were stones almost as big as a whole town. It might certainly be hard work to get quite across them, and for that reason John and his comrade went into the inn to rest themselves well, and gather strength for the morrow's journey.

Down in the great common room in the inn many guests were assembled, for a man was there exhibiting a puppet-show. He had just put up his little theatre, and the people were sitting round to see the play. Quite in front a fat butcher had taken his seat in the very best place; his great bulldog, who looked very much inclined to bite, sat at his side, and made big eyes, as all the rest were doing, too.

Now the play began; and it was a very nice play, with a king and a queen in it; they sat upon a beautiful throne, and had golden crowns on their heads and long trains to their clothes, for their means admitted of that. The prettiest of wooden dolls with glass eyes and great moustaches stood at all the doors, and opened and shut them, so that fresh air might come into the room. It was a very pleasant play, and not at all mournful. But—goodness knows what the big bulldog can have been thinking of!—just as the queen stood up and was walking across the boards, as the fat butcher did not hold him, he made a spring upon the stage, seized the queen round her slender waist and bit off her head. It was quite terrible!

The poor man who managed the play was very much frightened and quite sorrowful about his queen, for she was the daintiest little doll he possessed, and now the ugly bulldog had bitten off her head. But afterwards, when the people went away, the stranger said that he would put her to rights again; and then he brought out his little box, and rubbed the doll with the ointment with which he had cured the old woman when she broke her leg. As soon as the doll had been rubbed she was whole again; yes, she could even move all her limbs by herself; it was no longer necessary to pull her by her string. The doll was like a living person, only that she could not speak. The man who had the little puppet-show was very glad, now that he had not to hold this doll any more. She could dance by herself, and none of the others could do that.

When night came on, and all the people in the inn had gone to bed, there was someone who sighed so fearfully, and went on doing it so long, that they all got up to see who this could be. The man who had shown the play went to his little theatre, for it was there that somebody was sighing. All the wooden dolls lay mixed together, the king and all his followers; and it was they who sighed so pitiably, and stared with their glass eyes; for they wished to be rubbed a little as the queen had been, so that they might be able to move by themselves. The queen at once sank on her knees, and stretched forth her beautiful crown, as if she begged, "Take this from me, but rub my husband and my courtiers!" Then the poor man, the proprietor of the little theatre and the dolls, could not refrain from weeping, for he was really sorry for them. He immediately promised the travelling companion that he would give him all the money he should receive the next evening for the representation if the latter would only anoint four or five of his dolls. But the comrade said he did not require anything at all but the sword the man wore by his side; and, on receiving this, he anointed six of the dolls, who immediately began to dance so gracefully that all the girls, the living human girls, fell a dancing, too. The coachman and the cook danced, the waiter and the chambermaid, and all the strangers, and the fire-shovel and tongs; but these latter fell down just as they made their first leaps. Yes, it was a merry night!

Next morning John went away from them all with his travelling companion up on to the high mountains, and through the great pine woods. They came so high up that the church steeples under them looked at last like little blueberries among all the green; and they could see very far, many, many miles away, where they had never been. So much splendor in the lovely world John had never seen at one time before. And the sun shone warm in the fresh blue air, and among the mountains he could hear the huntsmen blowing their horns so gayly and sweetly that tears came into his eyes, and he could not help calling out, "How kind has Heaven been to us all, to give us all the splendor that is in this world!"

The travelling companion also stood there with folded hands, and looked over the forest and the towns into the warm sunshine. At the same time there arose lovely sounds over their heads. They looked up, and a great white swan was soaring in the air, and singing as they had never heard a bird sing till then. But the song became weaker and weaker; he bowed his head and sank quite slowly down at their feet, where he lay dead, the beautiful bird!

"Two such splendid wings," said the travelling companion, "so white and large, as those which this bird has are worth money; I will take them with me. Do you see that it was good I got a sabre?"

And so, with one blow, he cut off both the wings of the dead swan, for he wanted to keep them.

They now travelled for many, many miles over the mountains, till at last they saw a great town before them with hundreds of towers, which glittered like silver in the sun. In the midst of the town was a splendid marble palace, roofed with pure red gold. And there the king lived.

John and the travelling companion would not go into the town at once, but remained in the inn outside the town, that they might dress themselves; for they wished to look nice when they came out into the streets. The host told them that the king was a very good man, who never did harm to anyone; but his daughter, yes, goodness preserve us! she was a bad princess. She possessed beauty enough—no one could be so pretty and so charming as she was—but of what use was that? She was a wicked witch, through whose fault many gallant princes had lost their lives. She had given permission to all men to seek her hand. Any one might come, be he prince or beggar: it was all the same to her. He had only to guess three things she had just thought of, and about which she questioned him. If he could do that she would marry him, and he was to be king over the whole country when her father should die; but if he could not guess the three things, she caused him to be hanged or to have his head cut off. Her father, the old king, was very sorry about it; but he could not forbid her to be so wicked, because he had once said that he would have nothing to do with her lovers; she might do as she liked. Every time a prince came, and was to guess to gain the princess, he was unable to do it, and was hanged or lost his head. He had been warned in time, you see, and might have given up his wooing. The old king was so sorry for all this misery and woe, that he used to kneel with all his soldiers for a whole day in every year, praying that the princess might become good; but she would not, by any means. The old women who drank brandy used to color it quite black before they drank it, they were in such deep mourning—and they certainly could not do more.

"The ugly princess!" said John; "she ought really to be whipped; that would do her good. If I were only the old king, she should be punished!"

Then they heard the people outside shouting "Hurrah!" The princess came by; and she was really so beautiful that all the people forgot how wicked she was, and that is why they cried "Hurrah!" Twelve beautiful virgins, all in white silk gowns, and each with a golden tulip in her hand, rode on coal-black steeds at her side. The princess herself had a snow-white horse, decked with diamonds and rubies. Her riding habit was all of cloth of gold, and the whip she held in her hand looked like a sunbeam; the golden crown on her head was just like little stars out of the sky, and her mantle was sewn together out of more than a thousand beautiful butterflies' wings. In spite of this, she herself was much more lovely than all her clothes.

When John saw her, his face became as red as a drop of blood, and he could hardly utter a word. The princess looked just like the beautiful lady with the golden crown of whom he had dreamt on the night when his father died. He found her so enchanting that he could not help loving her greatly. It could not be true that she was a wicked witch, who caused people to be hanged or beheaded if they could not guess the riddles she put to them.

"Every one has permission to aspire to her hand, even the poorest beggar. I will really go to the castle, for I cannot help doing it!"

They all told him not to attempt it, for certainly he would fare as all the rest had done. His travelling companion, too, tried to dissuade him; but John thought it would end well. He brushed his shoes and his coat, washed his face and his hands, combed his nice fair hair, and then went quite alone into the town and to the palace.

"Come in!" said the old king, when John knocked at the door.

John opened it, and the old king came towards him in a dressing-gown and embroidered slippers; he had the crown on his head, and the sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other. "Wait a little!" said he, and put the orb under his arm, so that he could reach out his hand to John. But as soon as he learned that his visitor was a suitor, he began to weep so violently that both the sceptre and the orb fell to the ground, and he was obliged to wipe his eyes with his dressing-gown. Poor old king!

"Give it up!" said he. "You will fare badly, as all the others have done. Well, you shall see!"

Then he led him out into the princess' pleasure garden. There was a terrible sight! In every tree there hung three or four kings' sons who had wooed the princess, but had not been able to guess the riddles she proposed to them. Each time that the breeze blew all the skeletons rattled, so that the little birds were frightened, and never dared to come into the garden. All the flowers were tied up to human bones, and in the flower-pots skulls stood and grinned. That was certainly a strange garden for a princess.

"Here you see it," said the old king. "It will chance to you as it has chanced to all these whom you see here; therefore you had better give it up. You will really make me unhappy, for I take these things very much to heart."

John kissed the good old king's hand, and said it would go well, for he was quite enchanted with the beautiful princess.

Then the princess herself came riding into the court-yard, with all her ladies; and they went out to her and wished her good-morning. She was beautiful to look at, and she gave John her hand. And he cared much more for her then than before—she could certainly not be a wicked witch, as the people asserted. Then they betook themselves to the hall, and the little pages waited upon them with preserves and gingerbread nuts. But the old king was quite sorrowful; he could not eat anything at all. Besides, gingerbread nuts were too hard for him.

It was settled that John should come to the palace again the next morning; then the judges and the whole council would be assembled, and would hear how he succeeded with his answers. If it went well, he should come twice more; but no one had yet come who had succeeded in guessing right the first time; and if he did not manage better than they he must die.

John was not at all anxious as to how he should fare. On the contrary, he was merry, thought only of the beautiful princess, and felt quite certain that he should be helped; but *how* he did not know, and preferred not to think of it. He danced along on the road returning to the inn, where his travelling companion was waiting for him.

John could not leave off telling how polite the princess had been to him, and how beautiful she was. He declared he already longed for the next day, when he was to go into the palace and try his luck in guessing.

But the travelling companion shook his head and was quite downcast. "I am so fond of you!" said he. "We might have been together a long time yet, and now I am to lose you already! You poor, dear John! I should like to cry, but I will not disturb your merriment on the last evening, perhaps, we shall ever spend together. We will be merry, very merry! To-morrow, when you are gone, I can weep undisturbed."

All the people in the town had heard directly that a new suitor for the princess had arrived, and there was great sorrow on that account. The theatre remained closed; the women who sold cakes tied bits of crape round their sugar men, and the king and the priests were on their knees in the churches. There was great lamentation, for John would not, they all thought, fare better than the other suitors had fared.

Towards evening the travelling companion mixed a great bowl of punch, and said to John: "Now we will be very merry, and drink to the health of the princess." But when John had drank two glasses, he became so sleepy that he found it impossible to keep his eyes open, and he sank into a deep sleep. The travelling companion lifted him very gently from his chair, and laid him in the bed; and when it grew to be dark night, he took the two great wings which he had cut off the swan, and bound them to his own shoulders. Then he put into his pocket the longest of the rods he had received from the old woman who had fallen and broken her leg; and he opened the window and flew away over the town, straight towards the palace, where he seated himself in a corner under the window which looked into the bedroom of the princess.

All was quiet in the whole town. Now the clock struck a quarter to twelve; the window was opened, and the princess came out in a long white cloak, and with black wings, and flew away across the town to a great mountain. But the travelling companion made himself invisible, so that she could not see him at all, and flew behind her, and whipped the princess with his rod, so that the blood almost came wherever he struck. Oh! that was a voyage through the air! The wind caught her cloak, so that it spread out on all sides like a great sail; and the moon shone through it.

"How it hails! how it hails!" said the princess at every blow she got from the rod; and it served her right. At last she arrived at the mountain, and knocked there. There was a rolling like thunder, and the mountain opened, and the princess went in. The travelling companion followed her, for no one could see him—he was invisible. They went through a great long passage, where the walls shone in quite a peculiar way; there were more than a thousand glowing spiders running up and down the walls and gleaming like fire. Then they came into a great hall built of silver and gold; flowers as big as sunflowers, red and blue, shone on the walls; but no one could pluck these flowers, for the stems were ugly, poisonous snakes, and the flowers were streams of fire pouring out of their mouths. The whole ceiling was covered with shining glowworms and sky-blue bats, flapping their thin wings. It looked terrific! In the middle of the floor was a throne, carried by four skeleton horses, with harness of fiery red spiders; the throne itself was of milk-white glass, and the cushions were little black mice, biting each other's tails. Above it was a canopy of pink spider's web, trimmed with the prettiest little green flies, which gleamed like jewels. On the throne sat an old magician, with a crown on his ugly head and a sceptre in his hand. He kissed the princess on the forehead, made her sit down beside him on the costly throne, and then the music began. Great black grasshoppers played on jews'-harps, and the owl beat her wings upon her body, because she hadn't a drum. That was a strange concert! Little black goblins, with Jack-o'-lantern lights on their caps, danced about in the hall. But no one could see the travelling companion: he had placed himself just behind the throne, and heard and saw everything. The courtiers, who now came in, were very grand and noble; but he who could see it all knew very well what it all meant. They were nothing more than broomsticks, with heads of cabbages on them, which the magician had animated by his power, and to whom he had given embroidered clothes. But that did not matter, for, you see, they were only wanted for show.

After there had been a little dancing, the princess told the magician that she had a new suitor, and therefore she inquired of him what she should think of to ask the suitor when he should come to-morrow to the palace.

"Listen!" said the magician: "I will tell you that. You must choose something very easy, for then he won't think of it. Think of one of your shoes. That he will not guess. Let him have his head cut off, but don't forget, when you come to me to-morrow night, to bring me his eyes, for I'll eat them."

The princess courtesied very low, and said she would not forget the eyes. The magician opened the mountain, and she flew home again; but the travelling companion followed her, and beat her again so hard with the rod, that sh sighed quite deeply about the heavy hail-storm, and hur ried as much as she could to get back into the bedroor through the open window. The travelling companion, fo his part, flew back to the inn, where John was still asleep took off his wings, and then lay down upon the bed, for h might well be tired.

It was quite early in the morning when John awoke The travelling companion also got up, and said he ha had a wonderful dream in the night about the princess an her shoe; and he therefore begged John to ask if th princess had not thought about her shoe. For it was thi he had heard from the magician in the mountain.

"I may just as well ask about that as about anythin else," said John. "Perhaps it is quite right what yo have dreamed. But I will bid you farewell; for if I gues wrong, I shall never see you more."

Then they embraced each other, and John went into th town and to the palace. The entire hall was filled wit people. The judges sat in their arm-chairs, and had eider down pillows behind their heads, for they had a great dea to think about. The old king stood up, and wiped hi eyes with a white pocket-handkerchief. Now the princes came in. She was much more beautiful than yesterday and bowed to all in a very affable manner; but to Joh she gave her hand, and said: "Good morning to you!"

Now John was to guess what she had thought of. Oh how lovingly she looked at him! But as soon as she hear the single word "shoe" pronounced, she became as white a chalk in the face, and trembled all over. But that availe her nothing, for John had guessed right!

Wonderful! How glad the old king was! He threw a somersault beautiful to behold. And all the peopl clapped their hands in honor of him and of John, who had guessed right the first time!

The travelling companion was very glad, too, when he heard how well matters had gone. But John felt very grateful; and he was sure he should receive help the second and third time, as he had been helped the first. The next day he was to guess again.

The evening passed just like that of yesterday. While John slept, the travelling companion flew behind the princess out to the mountain, and beat her even harder than the time before, for now he had taken two rods. No one saw him, and he heard everything. The princess was to think of her glove; and this again he told to John as if it had been a dream. Thus John could guess well, which caused great rejoicing in the palace. The whole court threw somersaults, just as they had seen the king do the first time; but the princess lay on the sofa, and would not say a single word. Now, the question was if John could guess properly the third time. If he succeeded, he was to have the beautiful princess, and inherit the whole kingdom after the old king's death. If he failed, he was to lose his life, and the magician would eat his beautiful blue eyes.

That evening John went early to bed, said his prayers, and went to sleep quite quietly. But the travelling companion bound his wings to his back and his sword by his side, and took all the three rods with him, and so flew away to the palace.

It was a very dark night. The wind blew so hard that the tiles flew from the roofs, and the trees in the garden where the skeletons hung bent like reeds before the storm. The lightning flashed out every minute, and the thunder rolled just as if it were one peal lasting the whole night.

Now the window opened, and the princess flew out. She was as pale as death; but she laughed at the bad weather, and declared it was not bad enough yet. And her white cloak fluttered in the wind like a great sail; but the travelling companion beat her with the three rods, so that the blood dripped upon the ground, and at last she could scarcely fly any farther. At length, however, she arrived at the mountain.

"It hails and blows dreadfully," she said. "I have never been out in such weather."

"One may have too much of a good thing," said the magician. "I shall think of something of which he has never thought, or he must be a greater conjurer than I. But now we will be merry." And he took the princess by the hands, and they danced about with all the little goblins and Jack-o'-lanterns that were in the room. The red spiders jumped just as merrily up and down the walls; it looked as if fiery flowers were spurting out. The owl played the drum, the crickets piped, and the black grasshoppers played on the jews'-harp. It was a merry ball.

When they had danced long enough, the princess was obliged to go home, for she might be missed in the palace. The magician said he would accompany her, then they would have each other's company on the way.

Then they flew away into the bad weather, and the travelling companion broke his three rods across their backs. Never had the magician been out in such a hail-storm. In front of the palace he said good-bye to the princess, and whispered to her at the same time, "Think of my head." But the travelling companion heard it; and just at the moment when the princess slipped through the window into her bedroom, and the magician was about to turn back, he seized him by his long beard, and with his sabre cut off the ugly conjurer's head just by the shoulders, so that the magician did not even see him. The body he threw out into the sea to the fishes; but the head he only dipped into the water, and then tied it in his silk handkerchief, took it with him into the inn, and then lay down to sleep.

Next morning he gave John the handkerchief, and told him not to untie it until the princess asked him to tell her thoughts.

There were so many people in the great hall of the palace, that they stood as close together as radishes bound together in a bundle. The council sat in the chairs with the soft pillows, and the old king had new clothes on. The golden crown and sceptre had been polished, and everything looked quite stately. But the princess was very pale, and had a coal-black dress on, as if she were going to be buried.

"Of what have I thought?" she asked John. And he immediately untied the handkerchief, and was himself quite frightened when he saw the ugly magician's head. All present shuddered, for it was terrible to look upon; but the princess sat just like a statue, and would not utter a single word. At length she stood up, and gave John her hand, for he had guessed well. She did not look at any one, only sighed aloud, and said, "Now you are my lord—this evening we will hold our wedding."

"I like that!" cried the old king. "Thus I will have it."

All present cried, "Hurrah!" The soldiers' band played music in the streets, the bells rang, and the cake-women took off the black crape from their sugar dolls, for joy now reigned around. Three oxen roasted whole, and stuffed with ducks and fowls, were placed in the middle of the market, that every one might cut himself a slice;

the fountains ran with the best wine; and whoever bought a penny cake at the baker's got six biscuits into the bargain, and the biscuits had raisins in them.

In the evening the whole town was illuminated; the soldiers fired off the cannon, and the boys set off crackers; and there was eating and drinking, clinking of glasses and dancing in the palace. All the noble gentlemen and pretty ladies danced with each other, and one could hear a long distance off, how they sang—

"Here are many pretty girls, who all love to dance;
See, they whirl like spinning-wheels, retire and advance.
Turn, my pretty maiden, do, till the sole falls from your shoe."

But still the princess was a witch, and did not like John. That occurred to the travelling companion; and so he gave John three feathers out of the swan's wings, and a little bottle with a few drops in it, and told John that he must put a large tub of water before the princess' bed, and when the princess was about to get into bed he should give her a little push, so that she should fall into the tub; and then he must dip her three times after he had put in the feathers and poured in the drops; she would then lose her magic qualities, and love him very much.

John did all that the travelling companion had advised him to do. The princess screamed out loudly while he dipped her in the tub, and struggled under his hands in the form of a great coal-black swan with fiery eyes. When she came up the second time above the water, the swan was white, with the exception of a black ring round her neck.

But after he had dipped the swan for the third time it was changed again to the beautiful princess. She was more beautiful even than before, and thanked him, with tears in her lovely eyes, that he had freed her from the magic spell.

The next morning the old king came with his whole court, and then there was great congratulation till late into the day. Last of all came the travelling companion; he had his staff in his hand and his knapsack on his back. John kissed him many times, and said he must not depart; he must remain with the friend of whose happiness he was the cause. But the travelling companion shook his head, and said, mildly and kindly:

"No; now my time is up. I have only paid my debt. Do you remember the dead man whom the bad people wished to injure? You gave all that you possessed in order that he might have rest in his grave. I am that man."

And in the same moment he vanished.

The wedding festivities lasted a whole month. John and the princess loved each other truly, and the old king passed many pleasant days, and let their little children ride on his knees and play with his sceptre. And John afterwards became king over the whole country.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

DANO-NORWEGIAN.

Far out in the sea the water is as blue as the petals of the most beautiful corn-flower, and as clear as the purest glass. But it is very deep, deeper than any cable will sound; many steeples must be placed one above the other to reach from the ground to the surface of the water. And down there live the sea people.

Now, you must not believe there is nothing down there but the naked sand; no, the strangest plants and flowers grow there, so pliable in their stalks and leaves that at the least motion of the water they move just as if they had life. All, fishes, great and small, glide among the twigs, just as here the birds do in the trees. In the deepest spot of all lies the Sea King's castle. The walls are of coral and the tall gothic windows of the clearest amber; shells form the roof, and they open and shut according as the water flows. It looks lovely, for in each shell lie gleaming pearls, a single one of which would have great value in a queen's diadem.

The Sea King below there had been a widower for many years, while his old mother kept house for him. She was a clever woman, but proud of her rank, so she wore twelve oysters on her tail, while the other great people were only allowed to wear six. Beyond this she was deserving of great praise, especially because she was very fond of her granddaughters, the little Sea Princesses. These were six pretty children; but the youngest was the most beautiful

She swam with the handsome prince and laid him upon the sand

of all. Her skin was as clear and as fine as a rose leaf, her eyes were as blue as the deepest sea, but, like all the rest, she had no feet, for her body ended in a fish-tail.

All day long they could play in the castle, down in the halls, where living flowers grew out of the walls. The great amber windows were opened, and then the fishes swam in to them, just as the swallows fly in to us when we open our windows; but the fishes swam straight up to the Princesses, ate out of their hands, and let themselves be stroked.

Outside the castle was a great garden with bright red and dark blue flowers; the fruit glowed like gold, and the flowers like flames of fire; and they continually kept moving their stalks and leaves. The earth itself was the finest sand, but blue as the flame of brimstone. A peculiar, blue radiance lay upon everything down there. One would have thought one's self high in the air, with the canopy of heaven above and around, rather than at the bottom of the deep sea. During a calm the sun could be seen; it appeared like a purple flower, from which all light streamed out.

Each of the little Princesses had her own little place in the garden, where she might dig and plant at her good pleasure. One gave her flower-bed the form of a whale; another thought it better to make hers like a little sea woman; but the youngest made hers quite round, like the sun, and had flowers which gleamed red as the sun itself. She was a strange child, quiet and thoughtful; and when the other sisters made a display of the beautiful things they had received out of wrecked ships, she would have nothing beyond the red flowers which resembled the sun, except a pretty marble statue. This was the figure of a charming boy, hewn out of white, clear stone, which had sunk down to the bottom of the sea from a wreck. She planted a pink weeping willow beside this statue; the tree grew famously, and hung its fresh branches over the statue towards the blue sandy ground, where the shadow showed violet, and moved like the branches themselves; it seemed as if the ends of the branches and the roots were playing together and wished to kiss each other.

There was no greater pleasure for her than to hear of the world of men above them. The old grandmother had to tell all she knew of ships and towns, of men and animals. It seemed particularly beautiful to her that up on the earth the flowers shed fragrance, for they had none down at the bottom of the sea, and that the trees were green, and that the fishes which one saw there among the trees could sing so loud and clear that it was a pleasure to hear them. What the grandmother called fishes were the little birds; the Princess could not understand them in any other way, for she had never seen a bird.

"When you have reached your fifteenth year," said the grandmother, "you shall have leave to rise up out of the sea, to sit on the rocks in the moonlight, and to see the great ships sailing by. Then you will see forests and towns!"

In the next year one of the sisters was fifteen years of age, but each of the others was one year younger than the next; so that the youngest had full five years to wait before she could come up from the bottom of the sea, and find how our world looked. But one promised to tell the others what she had seen and what she had thought the most beautiful on the first day of her visit; for their grandmother could not tell them enough—there was so much about which they wanted information.

No one was more anxious about these things than the youngest—just that one who had the longest time to wait, and who was always quiet and thoughtful. Many a night she stood by the open window, and looked up through the dark blue water at the fishes splashing with their fins and tails. Moon and stars she could see; they certainly shone quite faintly, but through the water they looked much larger than they appear in our eyes. When something like a black cloud passed among them, she knew that it was either a whale swimming over her head, or a ship with many people. They certainly did not think that a pretty little sea maid was standing down below stretching up her white hands towards the keel of their ship.

Now the eldest Princess was fifteen years old, and might mount up to the surface of the sea.

When she came back, she had a hundred things to tell—but the finest thing, she said, was to lie in the moonshine on a sand-bank in the quiet sea, and to look at the neighboring coast, with the large town, where the lights twinkled like a hundred stars, and to hear the music and the noise and clamor of carriages and men, to see the many church steeples, and to hear the sound of the bells. Just because she could not get up to these, she longed for them more than for anything.

Oh, how the youngest sister listened! and afterwards when she stood at the open window and looked up through the dark blue water, she thought of the great city with all its bustle and noise; and then she thought she could hear the church bells ringing, even down to the depth where she was.

In the following year, the second sister received permission to mount upward through the water and to swim whither she pleased. She rose up just as the sun was setting; and this spectacle, she said, was the most beautiful. The whole sky looked like gold, she said, and as to the clouds, she could not properly describe their beauty. They sailed away over her head, purple and violet-colored, but far quicker than the clouds there flew a flight of wild swans, like a long white veil, over the water towards where the sun stood. She swam towards them; but the sun sank and the roseate hue faded on the sea and in the clouds.

In the following year the next sister went up. She was the boldest of them all, and therefore she swam up a broad stream that poured its waters into the sea. She saw glorious green hills clothed with vines; palaces and castles shone forth from amid splendid woods; she heard how all the birds sang; and the sun shone so warm that she was often obliged to dive under the water to cool her glowing face. In a little bay she found a whole swarm of little mortals. They were quite naked, and splashed about in the water. She wanted to play with them, but they fled in affright, and a little black animal came—it was a dog, but she had never seen a dog—and it barked at her so terribly that she became frightened, and tried to gain the open sea. But she could never forget the glorious woods, the green hills, and the pretty children, who could swim in the water though they had not fish-tails.

The fourth sister was not so bold. She remained out in the midst of the wild sea, and declared that just there it was most beautiful. One could see for many miles around, and the sky above looked like a bell of glass. She had seen ships, but only in the far distance—they looked like sea gulls; and the funny dolphins had thrown somersaults, and the great whales spouted out water from their nostrils, so that it looked like hundreds of fountains all around.

Now came the turn of the fifth sister. Her birthday came in the winter, and so she saw what the others had not seen the first time. The sea looked quite green, and great icebergs were floating about; each one appeared like a pearl, she said, and yet was much taller than the church steeples built by men. They showed themselves in the strangest forms, and shone like diamonds. She had seated herself upon one of the greatest of all, and let the wind play with her long hair; and all the sailing ships tacked about in a very rapid way beyond where she sat; but towards evening the sky became covered with clouds, it thundered and lightened, and the black waves lifted the great ice-blocks high up, and let them glow in the red glare. On all the ships the sails were reefed, and there was fear and anguish. But she sat quietly upon her floating iceberg, and saw the forked blue flashes dart into the sea.

Each of the sisters, as she came up for the first time to the surface of the water, was delighted with the new and beautiful sights she saw; but as they now had permission as grown-up girls to go whenever they liked, it became indifferent to them. They wished themselves back again, and after a month had elapsed they said it was best of all down below, for there one felt so comfortably at home.

Many an evening hour the five sisters took one another by the arm and rose up in a row over the water. They had splendid voices, more charming than any mortal could have; and when a storm was approaching, so that they could apprehend that ships would go down, they swam on before the ships and sang lovely songs, which told how beautiful it was at the bottom of the sea, and exhorted the sailors not to be afraid to come down. But these could not understand the words, and thought it was the storm sighing; and they did not see the splendors below, for if the ships sank they were drowned, and came as corpses to the Sea King's palace.

When the sisters thus rose up, arm in arm, in the evening time, through the water, the little sister stood all alone looking after them; and she felt as if she must weep; but the sea maid has no tears, and for this reason she suffers far more acutely.

"Oh, if I were only fifteen years old!" said she. "I know I shall love the world up there very much, and the people who live and dwell there."

At last she was really fifteen years old.

"Now, you see, you are grown up," said the grandmother, the old dowager. "Come, let me adorn you like your sisters."

And she put a wreath of white lilies in the little maid's hair, but each flower was half a pearl; and the old lady let eight great oysters attach themselves to the Princess' tail, in token of her high rank.

"But that hurts so!" said the little sea maid.

"Yes, pride must suffer pain," replied the old lady.

Oh, how glad she would have been to shake off all tokens of rank and lay aside the heavy wreath! Her red flowers in the garden suited her better; but she could not help it. "Farewell!" she said, and then she rose, light and clear as a water-bubble, up through the sea.

The sun had just set when she lifted her head above the sea, but all the clouds still shone like roses and gold, and in the pale red sky the evening stars gleamed bright and beautiful. The air was mild and fresh and the sea quite calm. There lay a great ship with three masts; one single sail only was set, for not a breeze stirred, and around in the shrouds and on the yards sat the sailors. There was music and singing, and as the evening closed in hundreds of colored lanterns were lighted up, and looked as if the flags of every nation were waving in the air. The little sea maid swam straight to the cabin window, and each time the sea lifted her up she could look through the panes, which were clear as crystal, and see many people standing within dressed in their best. But the handsomest of all was the young Prince with the great black eyes. He was certainly not much more than sixteen years old; it was his birthday and that was the cause of all this feasting. The sailors were dancing upon deck; and when the young Prince came out, more than a hundred rockets rose into the air; they shone like day, so that the little sea maid was quite startled, and dived under the water; but soon she put out her head again, and then it seemed just as if all the stars of heaven were falling down upon her. She had never seen such fireworks. Great suns spurted fire all around, glorious fiery fishes flew up into the blue air, and everything was mirrored in the clear blue sea. The ship itself was so brightly lit up that every separate rope could be seen, and the people therefore appeared the more plainly. Oh, how handsome the young Prince was! And he pressed the people's hands and smiled, while the music rang out in the glorious night.

It became late; but the little sea maid could not turn her eyes from the ship and from the beautiful Prince. The colored lanterns were extinguished, rockets ceased to fly into the air, and no more cannons were fired; but there was a murmuring and a buzzing deep down in the sea; and she sat out of the water, swaying up and down, so that she could look into the cabin. But as the ship got more way one sail after another was spread. And now the waves rose higher, great clouds came up, and in the distance there was lightning. Oh, it was going to be fearful weather, therefore the sailors furled the sails. The great ship flew in swift career over the wild sea. The waters rose up like great black mountains which wanted to roll over the masts; but like a swan the ship dived into the valleys between these high waves, and then let itself be lifted on high again. To the little sea maid this seemed merry sport, but to the sailors it appeared very differently. The ship groaned and creaked; thick planks were bent by the heavy blows; the sea broke into the ship; the mainmast snapped in two like a thin reed; and the ship lay over on her side, while the water rushed into the hold. Now the little sea maid saw that the people were in peril; she herself was obliged to take care to avoid the beams and fragments of the ship which were floating about on the water. One moment it was so pitch dark that not a single object could be descried, but when it lightened it became so bright that she could distinguish every one on board. She looked particularly for the young Prince, and when the ship parted she saw him sink into the sea. Now she was very glad, for now he would come down to her. But then she remembered that people could not live in the water, and that when he got down to her father's palace he would certainly be dead. No, he must not die; so she swam about among the beams and planks that strewed the surface, quite forgetting that one of them might have crushed her. Diving down deep under the water, she again rose high up among the waves, and in this way she at last came to the Prince, who could scarcely swim longer in that stormy sea. His arms and legs began to fail him, his beautiful eyes closed, and he would have died had the little mermaid not come. She held his head up over the water, and then allowed the waves to carry her and him whither they listed.

When the morning came the storm had passed by. Of the ship not a fragment was to be seen. The sun came up red and shining out of the water; it was as if its beams brought back the hue of life to the cheeks of the Prince, but his eyes remained closed. The sea maid kissed his high fair forehead and put back his wet hair, and he seemed to her to be like the marble statue in her little garden. She kissed him again, and hoped that he might live.

Now she saw in front of her the dry land—high blue mountains, on whose summits the white snow gleamed as if swans were lying there. Down on the coast were glorious green forests, and a building—she could not tell whether it was a church or a convent—stood there. In its garden grew orange and citron trees, and high palms waved in front of the gate. The sea formed a little bay there; it was quite calm, but very deep. Straight towards the rock where the fine white sand had been cast up, she swam with the handsome Prince, and laid him upon the sand, taking especial care that his head was raised in the warm sunshine.

Now all the bells rang in the great white building, and many young girls came walking through the garden. Then the little sea maid swam farther out between some high stones that stood up out of the water, laid some sea foam upon her hair and neck, so that no one could see her little countenance, and then she watched to see who would come to the poor Prince.

In a short time a young girl went that way. She seemed to be much startled, but only for a moment; then she brought more people, and the sea maid perceived that the Prince came back to life and that he smiled at all around him. But he did not cast a smile at her; he did not know that she had saved him. And she felt exceedingly sorrowful; and when he was led away into the great building, she dived mournfully under the water and returned to her father's palace.

She had always been gentle and melancholy, but now she became much more so. Her sisters asked her what she had seen the first time she rose up to the surface, but she would tell them nothing.

Many an evening and many a morning she went up to the place where she had left the Prince. She saw how the fruits of the garden grew ripe and were gathered; she saw how the snow melted on the high mountain; but she did not see the Prince, and so she always returned home more sorrowful still. Then her only comfort was to sit in her little garden, and to wind her arm round the beautiful marble statue that resembled the Prince. But she did not tend her flowers; they grew as if in a wilderness over the paths, and trailed their long leaves and stalks up into the branches of trees, so that it became quite dark there.

At last she could endure it no longer, and told all to one of her sisters; and then the others heard of it, too; but nobody knew of it beyond these and a few other sea maids, who told the secret to their intimate friends. One of these knew who the Prince was; she, too, had seen the festival on board the ship, and she announced whence he came and where his kingdom lay.

"Come, little sister," said the other Princesses; and, linking their arms together, they rose up in a long row out of the sea, at the place where they knew the Prince's palace lay.

This palace was built of a kind of bright yellow stone, with great marble staircases, one of which led directly down into the sea. Over the roof rose splendid gilt cupolas, and between the pillars which surrounded the whole dwelling stood marble statues which looked as if they were alive. Through the clear glass in the high windows one looked into the glorious halls, where costly silk hangings and tapestries were hung up, and all the walls were decked with splendid pictures, so that it was a perfect delight to see them. In the midst of the greatest of these halls a great fountain plashed; its jets shot high up towards the glass dome in the ceiling, through which the sun shone down upon the water and upon the lovely plants growing in the great basin.

Now she knew where he lived, and many an evening and many a night she spent there on the water. She swam far closer to the land than any of the others would have dared to venture; indeed, she went quite up the narrow channel under the splendid marble balcony, which threw a broad shadow upon the water. Here she sat and watched the young Prince, who thought himself quite alone in the bright moonlight.

Many an evening she saw him sailing, amid the sounds of music, in his costly boat with the waving flags. She peeped up through the green reeds, and when the wind caught her silver-white veil, and any one saw it, he thought it was a white swan spreading out its wings.

Many a night when the fishermen were on the sea with their torches she heard much good told of the young Prince; and she rejoiced that she had saved his life when he was driven about, half dead, on the wild billows. She thought how quietly his head had reclined on her bosom, and how heartily she had kissed him; but he knew nothing of it, and could not even dream of her.

More and more she began to love mankind, and more and more she wished to be able to wander about among those whose world seemed far larger than her own. For they could fly over the sea in ships, and mount up the high hills far above the clouds, and the lands they possessed stretched out in the woods and fields farther than her eyes could reach. There was much she wished to know, but her sisters could not answer all her questions; she applied to the old grandmother; and the old lady knew the upper world—which she rightly called "the countries above the sea"—very well.

"If people are not drowned," asked the little sea maid, "can they live forever? Do they not die, as we die down here in the sea?"

"Yes," replied the old lady. "They too must die, and their life is even shorter than ours. We can live to be three hundred years old, but when we cease to exist here we are turned into foam on the surface of the water, and have not even a grave down here among those we love. We have not an immortal soul; we never receive another life; we are like the green seaweed, which when once cut through can never bloom again. Men, on the contrary, have a soul which lives forever, which lives on after the body has become dust. It mounts up through the clear air, up to all the shining stars! As we rise up out of the waters, and behold all the lands of the earth, so they rise up to unknown glorious places, which we can never see."

"Why did we not receive an immortal soul?" asked the little sea maid, sorrowfully. "I would gladly give all the hundreds of years I have to live to be a human being only for one day, and to have a hope of partaking the heavenly kingdom."

"You must not think of that," replied the old lady. "We feel ourselves far more happy and far better than mankind yonder."

"Then I am to die and be cast as foam upon the sea, not hearing the music of the waves, nor seeing the pretty flowers and the red sun? Can I not do anything to win an immortal soul?"

"No!" answered the grandmother. "Only if a man were to love you so that you should be more to him than father or mother; if he should cling to you with his every thought and with all his love, and let the priest lay his right hand in yours with a promise of faithfulness here and in all eternity, then his soul would be imparted to your body, and you would receive a share of the happiness of mankind. He would give a soul to you and yet retain his own. But that can never come to pass. What is considered beautiful here in the sea—the fish-tail—they would consider ugly on the earth. They don't understand it; there one must have two clumsy supports, which they call legs, to be called beautiful.

Then the little sea maid sighed, and looked mournfully upon her fish-tail.

"Let us be glad!" said the old lady. "Let us dance and leap in the three hundred years we have to live. That is certainly long enough; after that we can rest ourselves all the better. This evening we shall have a court ball."

It was a splendid sight, such as is never seen on earth. The walls and ceiling of the great dancing-saloon were of thick but transparent glass. Several hundreds of huge shells, pink and grass-green, stood on each side in rows, filled with a blue fibre which lit up the whole hall and shone through the walls, so that the sea without was quite lit up; one could see the innumerable fishes, great and small, swimming towards the glass walls; of some the scales gleamed with purple, while in others they shone like silver and gold. Through the midst of the hall flowed a broad stream, and on this the sea men and sea women danced to their own charming songs. Such beautiful voices the people of the earth have not. The little mermaid sang the most sweetly of all, and the whole court applauded with hands and tails, and for a moment she felt gay in her heart, for she knew she had the loveliest voice of all in the sea or on the earth. But soon she thought again of the world above her; she could not forget the charming Prince, or her sorrow at not having an immortal soul like his. Therefore she crept out of her father's palace, and, while everything within was joy and gladness, she sat melancholy in her little garden. Then she heard the bugle horn sounding through the waters, and thought, "Now he is certainly sailing above, he on whom my wishes hang, and in whose hand I should like to lay my life's happiness. I will dare everything to win him and an immortal soul. While my sisters dance yonder in my father's palace, I will go to the sea witch of whom I have always been so much afraid. Perhaps she can counsel and help me."

Now the little sea maid went out of her garden to the foaming whirlpools behind which the sorceress dwelt. She had never travelled that way before. No flowers grew there, no sea grass; only the naked gray sand stretched out towards the whirlpools, where the water rushed round like roaring mill-wheels and tore down everything it seized into the deep. Through the midst of these rushing whirlpools she was obliged to pass to get into the domain of the witch; and for a long way there was no other road except one which led over warm gushing mud. This the witch called her turf-moor. Behind it lay her house in the midst of a singular forest, in which all the trees and bushes were polypes—half animals, half plants. They looked like hundred-headed snakes growing up out of the earth. All the branches were long slimy arms, with fingers like supple worms, and they moved limb by limb from the root to the farthest point;

all that they could seize on in the water they held fast and did not let it go. The little sea maid stopped in front of them, quite frightened; her heart beat with fear, and she was nearly turning back; but then she thought of the Prince and the human soul, and her courage came back again. She bound her long flying hair closely around her head, so that the polypes might not seize it. She put her hands together on her breast, and then shot forward as a fish shoots through the water, among the ugly polypes, which stretched out their supple arms and fingers after her. She saw that each of them held something it had seized with hundreds of little arms, like strong iron bands. People who had perished at sea and had sunk deep down, looked forth as white skeletons from among the polypes' arms; ships' oars and chests they also held fast, and skeletons of land animals, and a little sea woman whom they had caught and strangled; and this seemed the most terrible of all to our little princess.

Now she came to a great marshy place in the wood, where fat water snakes rolled about, showing their ugly cream-colored bodies. In the midst of this marsh was a house built of white bones of shipwrecked men; there sat the sea witch, feeding a toad out of her mouth, just as a person might feed a little canary-bird with sugar. She called the ugly fat water snakes her little chickens, and allowed them to crawl upwards and all about her.

"I know what you want," said the sea witch. "It is stupid of you, but you shall have your way, for it will bring you to grief, my pretty Princess. You want to get rid of your fish-tail, and to have two supports instead of it, like those the people of the earth walk with, so that the young Prince may fall in love with you, and you may get an immortal soul." And with this the witch laughed loudly and disagreeably, so that the toad and the water snakes tumbled down to the ground, where they crawled about. "You come just in time," said the witch. "After to-morrow at sunrise I could not help you until another year had gone by. I will prepare a draught for you, with which you must swim to land to-morrow before the sun rises, and seat yourself there and drink it; then your tail will shrivel up and become what the people of the earth call legs, but it will hurt you—it will seem as if you were cut with a sharp sword. All who see you will declare you to be the prettiest human being they ever beheld. You will keep your graceful walk; no dancer will be able to move so lightly as you; but every step you take will be as if you trod upon sharp knives, and as if your blood must flow. If you will bear all this I can help you."

"Yes!" said the little sea maid, with trembling voice; and she thought of the Prince and the immortal soul.

"But, remember," said the witch, "when you have once received a human form, you can never be a mermaid again; you can never return through the water to your sisters or to your father's palace; and if you do not win the Prince's love, so that he forgets father and mother for your sake, is attached to you heart and soul, and tells the priest to join your hands, you will not receive an immortal soul. On the first morning after he has married another your heart will break and you will become foam on the water."

"I will do it," said the little sea maid; but she became as pale as death.

"But you must pay me, too," said the witch; "and it is not a trifle that I ask. You have the finest voice of all here at the bottom of the water; with that you think to enchant him; but this voice you must give to me. The best thing you possess I will have for my costly draught! I must give you my own blood in it, so that the draught may be sharp as a two-edged sword."

"But if you take away my voice," said the little sea maid, "what will remain to me?"

"Your beautiful form," replied the witch, "your graceful walk, and your speaking eyes. With those you can take captive a human heart. Well, have you lost your courage? Put out your little tongue, and then I will cut it off for my payment, and then you shall have the strong draught."

"It shall be so," said the little sea maid.

And the witch put on her pot to brew the draught.

"Cleanliness is a good thing," said she; and she cleaned out the pot with the snakes, which she tied up in a big knot; then she scratched herself, and let her black blood drop into it. The stream rose up in the strangest forms, enough to frighten the beholder. Every moment the witch threw something else into the pot; and when it boiled thoroughly, there was a sound like the weeping of a crocodile. At last the draught was ready. It looked like the purest water.

"There you have it," said the witch.

And she cut off the little sea maid's tongue, so that now the Princess was dumb, and could neither sing nor speak.

She could see her father's palace. The torches were extinguished in the great hall, and they were certainly sleeping within, but she did not dare to go to them, now that she was dumb and was about to quit them forever. She felt as if her heart would burst with sorrow. She crept into the garden, took a flower from each bed of her sisters, blew a thousand kisses towards the palace, and rose up through the dark blue sea.

The sun had not yet risen when she beheld the Prince's castle and mounted the splendid marble staircase. The moon shone beautifully clear. The little sea maid drank the burning sharp draught, and it seemed as if a two-edged sword went through her delicate body. She fell down in a swoon, and lay as if she were dead. When the sun shone out over the sea she awoke, and felt a sharp pain; but just before her stood the handsome young Prince. He fixed his coal-black eyes upon her, so that she cast down her own, and then she perceived that her fish-tail was gone, and that she had the prettiest pair of white feet a little girl could have. But she had no clothes, so she shrouded herself in her long hair. The Prince asked how she came there; and she looked at him mildly, but very mournfully, with her dark blue eyes, for she could not speak. Then he took her by the hand, and led her into the castle. Each step she took was, as the witch had told her, as if she had been treading on pointed needles and knives, but she bore it gladly. At the Prince's right hand she moved on, light as a soap-bubble, and he, like all the rest, was astonished at her graceful swaying movements.

She now received splendid clothes of silk and muslin. In the castle she was the most beautiful creature to be seen; but she was dumb, and could neither sing nor speak. Lovely slaves, dressed in silk and gold, stepped forward, and sang before the Prince and his royal parents; one sang more charmingly than all the rest, and the Prince smiled at her and clapped his hands. Then the little sea maid became sad; she knew that she herself had sung far more sweetly, and thought:

"Oh! he should only know that I have given away my voice forever to be with him."

Now the slaves danced pretty waving dances to the loveliest music; then the little mermaid lifted her beautiful white arms, stood on the tips of her toes, and danced as no one had yet danced. At each movement her beauty became more apparent, and her eyes spoke more directly to the heart than the songs of the slaves.

All were delighted, and especially the Prince, who called her his little foundling; and she danced again and again, although every time she touched the earth it seemed as if she were treading upon sharp knives. The Prince said that she should always remain with him, and she received permission to sleep on a velvet cushion before his door.

He had a page's dress made for her, that she might accompany him on horseback. They rode through the blooming woods, where the green boughs swept their shoulders, and the little birds sang in the fresh leaves. She climbed with the Prince up the high mountains, and although her delicate feet bled so that even the others could see it, she laughed at it herself, and followed him until they saw the clouds sailing beneath them like a flock of birds travelling to distant lands.

At home in the Prince's castle, when the others slept at night, she went out on to the broad marble steps. It cooled her burning feet to stand in the cold sea water, and then she thought of the dear ones in the deep.

Once, in the night-time, her sisters came arm in arm. Sadly they sang as they floated above the water; and she beckoned to them, and they recognized her, and told her how she had grieved them all. Then she visited them every night; and once she saw in the distance her old grandmother, who had not been above the surface for many years, and the Sea King, with his crown upon his head. They stretched out their hands towards her, but did not venture so near the land as her sisters.

Day by day the Prince grew more fond of her. He loved her as one loves a dear, good child, but it never came into his head to make her his wife; and yet she must become his wife, or she would not receive an immortal soul, and would have to become foam on the sea on his marriage morning.

"Do you not love me best of them all?" the eyes of the little sea maid seemed to say, when he took her in his arms and kissed her fair forehead.

"Yes, you are the dearest to me!" said the Prince, "for you have the best heart of them all. You are the most devoted to me, and are like a young girl whom I once saw, but whom I certainly shall not find again. I was on board a ship which was wrecked. The waves threw me ashore near a holy temple, where several young girls performed the service. The youngest of them found me by the shore and saved my life. I only saw her twice. She was the only one in the world whom I could love; but you have taken her place in my mind, you are so like her. She belongs to the holy temple, and therefore my good fortune has sent you to me. We will never part."

"Ah! he does not know that I saved his life," thought the little sea maid. "I carried him over the sea to the wood where the temple stands. I sat here under the foam, and looked to see if anyone would come. I saw the beautiful girl whom he loves better than me." And the sea maid sighed deeply—she could not weep. "The maiden belongs to the holy temple," she said, "and will never come out into the world. They will meet no more. I am with him and see him every day. I will cherish him, love him, give up my life for him."

But now they said that the Prince was to marry, and that the beautiful daughter of a neighboring king was to be his wife, and that was why such a beautiful ship was being prepared. The story was, that the Prince travelled to visit the land of the neighboring king, but it was done that he might see the king's daughter. A great company was to go with him. The little sea maid shook her head and smiled; she knew the Prince's thoughts far better than any of the others.

"I must travel," he had said to her; "I must see the beautiful Princess. My parents desire it, but they do not wish to compel me to bring her home as my bride. I cannot love her. She is not like the beautiful maiden in the temple, whom you resemble. If I were to choose a bride, I would rather choose you, my dear dumb foundling with the speaking eyes."

And he kissed her red lips and played with her long hair, so that she dreamed of happiness and of an immortal soul.

"You are not afraid of the sea, my dumb child?" said he, when they stood on the superb ship which was to carry him to the country of the neighboring king; and he told her of storm and calm, of strange fishes in the deep, and of what the divers had seen there. And she smiled at his tales, for she knew better than any one what happened at the bottom of the sea.

In the moonlight night, when all were asleep, except the steersman who stood by the helm, she sat on the side of the ship gazing down through the clear water. She fancied she saw her father's palace. High on the battlements stood her old grandmother, with the silver crown on her head, and looking through the rushing tide up to the vessel's keel. Then her sisters came forth over the water, and looked mournfully at her and wrung their white hands. She beckoned to them, smiled, and wished to tell them that she was well and happy; but the cabin-boy approached her, and her sisters dived down, so that he thought the white objects he had seen were foam on the surface of the water.

The next morning the ship sailed into the harbor of the neighboring king's splendid city. All the church bells sounded, and from the high towers the trumpets were blown, while the soldiers stood there with flying colors and flashing bayonets. Each day brought some festivity with it; balls and entertainments followed one another; but the Princess was not yet there. People said she was being educated in a holy temple far away, where she was learning every royal virtue. At last she arrived.

The little sea maid was anxious to see the beauty of the Princess, and was obliged to acknowledge it. A more lovely apparition she had never beheld. The Princess' skin was pure and clear, and behind the long dark eyelashes there smiled a pair of faithful dark blue eyes.

"You are the lady who saved me when I lay like a corpse upon the shore!" said the Prince; and he folded his blushing bride to his heart. "Oh, I am too, too happy!" he cried to the little sea maid. "The best hope I could have is fulfilled. You will rejoice at my happiness, for you are the most devoted to me of all!"

And the little sea maid kissed his hand; and it seemed already to her as if her heart was broken, for his wedding morning was to bring death to her, and change her to foam on the sea.

All the church bells were ringing, and heralds rode about the streets announcing the betrothal. On every altar fragrant oil was burning in gorgeous lamps of silver. The priests swung their censers, and bride and bridegroom laid hand in hand, and received the bishop's blessing. The little sea maid was dressed in cloth of gold, and held up the bride's train; but her ears heard nothing of the festive music, her eye marked not the holy ceremony; she thought of the night of her death, and of all that she had lost in this world.

On the same evening the bride and bridegroom went on board the ship. The cannon roared, all the flags waved; in the midst of the ship a costly tent of gold and purple, with the most beautiful cushions, had been set up, and there the married pair were to sleep in the cool, still night.

The sails swelled in the wind, and the ship glided smoothly and lightly over the clear sea. When it grew dark, colored lamps were lighted and the sailors danced merry dances on deck. The little sea maid thought of the first time when she had risen up out of the sea, and beheld a similar scene of splendor and joy; and she joined in the whirling dance, and flitted on as the swallow flits away when he is pursued; and all shouted and admired her, for she had danced so prettily. Her delicate feet were cut as if with knives, but she did not feel it, for her heart was wounded far more painfully. She knew that this was the last evening on which she should see him for whom she had left her friends and her home, and had given up her beautiful voice, and had suffered unheard-of pains every day, while he was utterly unconscious of all. It was the last evening she should breathe the same air with him, and behold the starry sky and the deep sea; and everlasting night, without thought or dream, awaited her, for she had no soul, and could win none. And everything was merriment and gladness on the ship till past midnight, and she laughed and danced with thoughts of death in her heart. The Prince kissed his beautiful bride, and she played with his raven hair, and hand in hand they went to rest in the splendid tent.

It became quiet on the ship; only the helmsman stood by the helm, and the little sea maid leaned her white arms upon the bulwark and gazed out towards the east for the morning dawn—the first ray she knew would kill her. Then she saw her sisters rising out of the flood; they were pale, like herself; their long, beautiful hair no longer waved in the wind—it had been cut off.

"We have given it to the witch, that we might bring you help, so that you may not die to-night. She has given us a knife; here it is—look! how sharp! Before the sun rises you must thrust it into the heart of the Prince, and when the warm blood falls upon your feet, they will grow together again into a fish-tail, and you will become a sea maid again, and come back to us, and live your three hundred years before you become dead salt foam. Make haste! He or you must die before the sun rises! Our old grandmother mourns so that her white hair has fallen off, as ours did under the witch's scissors. Kill the Prince and come back! Make haste! Do you see that red streak in the sky? In a few minutes the sun will rise, and you must die!"

And they gave a mournful sigh, and vanished beneath the waves.

The little sea maid drew back the purple curtain from the tent, and saw the beautiful bride lying with her head on the Prince's breast; and she bent down and kissed his brow, and gazed up to the sky where the morning red was gleaming brighter and brighter; then she looked at the sharp knife, and again fixed her eyes upon the Prince, who in his sleep murmured his bride's name. She only was in his thoughts, and the knife trembled in the sea maid's hands. But then she flung it far into the waves—they gleamed red where it fell, and it seemed as if drops of blood spurted up out of the water. Once more she looked with half-extinguished eyes upon the Prince; then threw herself from the ship to the sea, and felt her frame dissolving into foam.

Now the sun rose up out of the sea. The rays fell mild and warm upon the cold sea foam, and the little sea maid felt nothing of death. She saw the bright sun, and over her head sailed hundreds of glorious ethereal beings—she could see them through the white sails of the ship and the red clouds of the sky; their speech was melody, but of such a spiritual kind that no human ear could hear it, just as no human eye could see them; without wings they floated through the air. The little sea maid found that she had a frame like these, and was rising more and more out of the foam.

"Whither am I going?" she asked; and her voice sounded like that of the other beings, so spiritual, that no earthly music could be compared to it.

"To the daughters of the air!" replied the others. "A sea maid has no immortal soul. Her eternal existence depends upon the power of another. The daughters of the air have likewise no immortal soul, but they can make themselves one through good deeds. We fly to the hot countries, where the close, pestilent air kills men, and there we bring coolness. We disperse the fragrance of the flowers through the air, and spread refreshment and health. After we have striven for three hundred years to accomplish all the good we can bring about, we receive an immortal soul and take part in the eternal happiness of men. You, poor little sea maid, have striven with your whole heart after the goal we pursue; you have suffered and endured; you have by good works raised yourself to the world of spirits, and you can gain an immortal soul after three hundred years."

And the little sea maid lifted her glorified eyes towards

God's sun, and for the first time she felt them fill with tears. On the ship there was again life and noise. She saw the Prince and his bride searching for her; then they looked mournfully at the pearly foam, as if they knew that she had thrown herself into the waves. Invisible, she kissed the forehead of the bride, fanned the Prince, and mounted with the other children of the air on the rosy cloud which floated through the ether.

"After three hundred years we shall thus float into Paradise! And we may even get there sooner," whispered a daughter of the air. "Invisibly we float into the houses of men where children are, and for every day on which we find a good child that brings joy to its parents and deserves their love, our time of probation is shortened. The child does not know when we fly through the room; and when we smile with joy at the child's conduct, a year is counted off from the three hundred; but when we see a naughty or a wicked child, we shed tears of grief, and for every tear a day is added to our time of trial."

THE GOAT GIRL.

DANO-NORWEGIAN.

Once there lived a king and queen who had no children, and for this reason the queen was so sad that she scarcely ever had a happy hour; she was always complaining that it was so quiet and deserted in the palace. "If we only had children," she said, "it would be lively then." Where-ever she travelled in her whole kingdom there was God's blessing of children, even in the poorest huts, and wherever she went she heard the mothers scolding their little ones and saying, "Now they've been up to some mischief again." But the queen enjoyed hearing this so much that she wanted to do it herself. Finally the king and queen adopted a little girl and brought her up in the palace just like their own child.

One day the little princess they had adopted was skipping around the courtyard and playing with a golden apple when a poor woman came in and a little girl with her, and it was not long before the little girl and the young princess were good friends and had begun to play and toss the golden ball to each other. When the queen saw it she tapped on the window for her foster child to come upstairs. The little princess did so, but the poor girl went with her, and they came into the room where the queen was, holding each other's hands. For this the queen scolded the little lady. "It isn't proper for you to jump around and play with a dirty little beggar girl," she said, and tried to drive the strange child out.

But the little one answered, "If the queen knew what my mother could do, she certainly would not send me away;" and when the queen asked what it was she told her that her mother could give the queen a child of her own. The queen would not believe this at all, but the little girl stood by her words and said it was true, and that the queen had only to hunt her mother up and bring her in. Then the queen told the girl to call her mother up.

"Do you know what your daughter said?" she asked the woman when she came in the door; and when the woman replied she did not know the queen went on, "She said that you can give me a child if you want to."

"It isn't proper for a queen to listen to what a beggar girl says," said the woman, and hurried out again.

The queen was very angry at this, and wanted to drive the little girl out again, but she repeated that she had not said anything untrue and insisted that the queen try it. So the beggar woman was called up again and given as much wine and honey as she wanted to eat; and while she was eating she chattered like a magpie. Then the queen asked her again what she was able to do.

"I know a way for sure," said the beggar woman. "When the queen goes to bed at night let her have two tubs of water brought up to her room, bathe in it, and pour out the water under the bed. When she gets up in the morning she will see that under the bed two flowers have sprung up, a beautiful one and an ugly one. The beautiful one she must eat, but leave the ugly one. And do not forget this last," said the beggar woman.

The queen did as the beggar woman had advised. She had two tubs of water brought up, washed in them, poured it under the bed; and next morning when she looked there were two flowers, one ugly and hideous with black leaves;

the other, so beautiful and radiant, that she had never seen anything like it, and quickly chewed it up. But the beautiful flower tasted so good that she could not resist eating the other one, too. "It can't hurt anything," she thought. Some time after this the queen had a little girl, who came into the world riding on a goat with a cooking spoon in her hand. She was very ugly and horrid, and when she saw her mother cried out, "Mamma."

"If I'm your mother," said the queen, "then Heaven help me!"

But the queen had another child, too, and she was pretty and lovable, and such a beautiful girl had never before been seen, so the queen was greatly delighted, as you can imagine.

The older one she called the Goat Girl, or Tousle Head, for she was hideous and shaggy, and had a regular wig, so that her hair hung down all around her head like rope ends. The queen could hardly bear to look at her, and the nurses tried to keep her always locked up in another room. But it was useless, because wherever the other child was she wanted to be, too, and they could not keep the two little girls apart.

Some years later, when they were both young girls, one Christmas evening a tremendous din and noise was heard outside. The Goat Girl asked what was making such a disturbance outside on the ground. "It's not worth asking about," said the queen; but the Goat Girl would not give up asking, and had to know what was going on, and so the queen told her that the witches and elves were just about to hold their Christmas sports outside. The Goat Girl said she wanted to go out to scare the witches, and although they begged her to let them alone, it was no use, because she would and must go out to drive away the witches, but asked the queen to have all the doors shut and locked. Then she went out with the cooking spoon and gave the witches such a drubbing and beating that nobody had ever heard such a noise and disturbance on the grounds. There was a cracking and rattling, as if all the balconies in the house would be torn joint from joint. As a natural consequence one door opened a little bit, and as the beautiful sister was trying to look out to see the Goat Girl suddenly there came a witch, broke her head off, and put a calf's head on her instead of it. The princess then started to run around the room and began to bleat.

When the Goat Girl came in again they were angry, and blamed her because she had not paid attention to her sister and kept her from harm. The Goat Girl asked them if they liked her sister better since she was changed into a calf; and when they said "No," she replied, "Well, then, I shall have to try to make her right again." So she persuaded the king to give her a ship completely equipped, but without any pilot or sailors, so that she could sail away alone with her sister; and of course at last she had her own way about it.

Accordingly the Goat Girl and her sister sailed away and steered straight to the country where the witches lived. When they got to the dock she told her sister to stay on the ship and keep quite still. But the Goat Girl rode up to the witches' castle on her goat. When she got there she saw one window of a room open, and inside there was her sister's head. She rode at full speed into the house, seized the head and got out with it as quickly as she could; but the witches were right after her and tried to get the head back. They came so close around her, and in such a crowd, that they were like a lot of ants on their ant heap; but the goat kicked and butted them with his horns, and the girl hit around her so hard with her cooking spoon, that the crowd of witches had to yield and let her go. The Goat Girl came back to the ship, put her sister's own head on her again instead of the calf's head, so that she was human as before, and then they both sailed far away to a foreign kingdom.

The king of this country was a widower, and he had only one son. When he saw the strange ship he sent down to the shore to learn where it came from and who was the master of it. But when the king's people got there they did not see any other living souls on the ship but the Goat Girl, who was riding around the deck on her goat, so that her tousled hair dangled wildly around her head. The people thought this was too wonderful, and they asked if there were any other persons aboard. "Oh, yes; I have a sister with me," said the Goat Girl, and the people wanted to see her; but she replied: "No one can see her but the king himself if he comes," and she galloped around on her goat so that the whole deck thundered.

When the messengers went back to the castle, and had told everything they had seen and heard on the ship, the king immediately wanted to go down and see the Goat Girl. As he was coming the Goat Girl put her sister in front of her, and her sister was so pretty and amiable that the king fell in love with her on the spot. He took them both into his castle, and wanted to make the sister his queen; but the Goat Girl said: "No; that cannot take place unless the king's son wants to marry me." Now, you can imagine that the king's son had no desire to marry such a hideous monster as the Goat Girl; but the king and everybody in the royal palace talked to him so long and persuaded him so hard that he finally agreed, and promised to make her his princess. He took it very hard, however, and did not seem to enjoy it.

Now, great preparations were made for the wedding. There was brewing and baking and all kinds of cooking, and when everything was ready they set out for the church. But the king's son thought that it was the hardest ride to church that he had ever taken in his life. In front went the king with his bride, who was so beautiful and radiant that everybody along the street stood and looked after her as long as they could see her. Then came the prince on horseback, and beside him the Goat Girl with the cooking spoon in her hand.

But the prince looked like anybody else than one who was going to his own wedding. Naturally he did not say a word.

"Why don't you talk?" asked the Goat Girl, when they had ridden a while in silence.

"What have I to say?" replied the prince.

"You can at least ask why I am riding on this ugly goat."

"Why are you riding on that ugly goat?" asked the prince.

"Is it an ugly goat? It is the most beautiful horse that a bride ever rode on," and immediately the goat changed into a horse, and in fact the most beautiful horse that the prince had ever seen in his life.

So they rode on a bit farther, but the king's son was still very sorrowful and hardly spoke a word. Then the Goat Girl asked anew why he didn't say anything, and when the prince answered that he did not know what to talk about she suggested: "You can at least ask why I have this horrid cooking spoon in my hand."

"Why are you carrying that horrid cooking spoon in your hand?" asked the prince.

"Is it a horrid cooking spoon? It's the most beautiful fan that a bride ever carried to a wedding," and instantly the cooking spoon changed to a shining silver fan.

So they rode on some distance farther, but still the prince was troubled and cast down, and said not a word. After awhile the Goat Girl asked him again why he did not speak, and then she begged him to ask her why she wore her ugly gray wig on her head.

"Why have you got that ugly gray wig on your head?" asked the king's son.

"Is it an ugly wig? That is the most beautiful crown of red gold that a bride could wear," answered the Goat Girl, and immediately it became so.

Then they rode some time longer, and the king's son was still so sad that he sat speechless as before. But the bride asked him again why he did not talk, and then begged him to ask her why her face was so gray and ugly.

"Well, why is your face so gray and ugly?" asked the king's son.

"Am I ugly? My sister seems to you to be pretty enough, but I am ten times more beautiful," said the bride; and as the king's son looked at her she became so beautiful that he thought he had never seen such a lovely girl in the whole world. Then it was no wonder that the prince found his tongue and held up his head again.

So their health was drank at their wedding right long and heartily, and after that the king and the prince with their brides travelled to the princesses' home and they had another celebration there, so that there was hardly any end to it.

And I do believe that if you hurry up and go to their castle it is possible that there is still something left over from that wedding that you can get to eat and drink.

A LITTLE GIRL OF SNOW.

RUSSIAN.

There was once a peasant named John, who had a wife called Mary. They were both quite old and had no children, which was a great grief to them. Now, one winter day, when the new fallen snow was about knee-deep, and there were children outside building snow men, John and Mary sat at the window and watched them in silence. After awhile John said: "Come, wife, we will make a snow man for ourselves, too."

"Come on, then," answered the old woman, cheerfully; "we can play, too, in our old age. But why a snow man? Let us rather make a child out of snow, since God has not given us a living one."

"Right you are," said John; and he took his cap and went out with her into the garden. So they began to build a child with the snow, made a little body and hands and feet, and put a ball on top for a head.

"Heaven help you," said somebody as he was going by.

"Thanks," answered John, and his wife added, "we need good help."

"What are you doing?"

"Just what you see," said John; but his wife added with a laugh, "making a little girl of snow."

Then she modeled a nose and a chin and two little lumps for eyes; and then a wonderful thing happened, for just as John had marked its mouth the child began to breathe, opened a pair of beautiful blue eyes, turned its head around as if alive, clapped its hands, and kicked out in the snow with its feet just as if it were a baby in long clothes.

"John! John!" cried his wife in the greatest glee. "God has given us a child," and she put her arms around the snow child. Then the snow fell away from it like scales, or like the shell from an egg, and it really was a living girl.

"Oh my dear little Snowdrop!" cried the old woman, and she ran into the house with it.

Little Snowdrop grew bigger every day, or even every hour. She delighted the hearts of the peasant and his wife. The girls came from the village and dressed her, talked to her, playing all their different games with her, and taught her everything that they could do themselves, and Snowdrop grew in this one winter to be as big as a thirteen-year-old girl. She was merry, and understood everything and talked about everything, but she was just as white as snow. Her eyes were like forget-me-nots and she had light hair down to her waist, but without a bit of color in her cheeks, just as if she had not a drop of blood in her. But she was so pretty, and so lovable and kind to everybody, that it did the heart good.

"See, John," the old woman used to say to her husband. "God has given us joy in our old age and my sorrow is over;" to which John used to reply, "God be praised! Joy does not last forever on earth, and so, too, sorrow has an end."

The winter was over. The sun began to warm the earth once more, the grass turned green on the meadows, and the lark sang in the air. The other girls danced and sang:

Spring, spring, beautiful spring!
Where do you come from, and what do you bring?

But little Snowdrop began to be sorrowful. "What's the matter with you, my child?" asked the old woman in her anxiety. "Are you sick, or has somebody cast the evil eye on you?"

"Nothing at all, little mother," answered Snowdrop, "I am all right."

The last snow had melted, the gardens and fields decked themselves with flowers, the nightingale and other birds began to sing, and everything in God's world was happy. But Snowdrop became sadder still, kept away from her little playmates, and hid herself from the sun in the shade. Only when it rained, and in the twilight, was she more cheerful, and once when it hailed in a storm she was as delighted as if the hailstones were pearls; but when the sun came out again she almost dissolved in tears.

Spring went by, and Midsummer's Day came. All the little girls in the village got ready to go to the woods and wanted to take Snowdrop with them. "Let her come with us," they begged. The old woman did not wish to allow it, and Snowdrop, too, did not want to go much, but they could not very well refuse and she made ready to go.

"Now children," the old woman warned them, "take the best of care of Snowdrop; you know that she is the only little girl I have."

"We'll take care of her, that we will," cried the girls. So they took Snowdrop by the hand and ran into the woods, where they wove wreaths of leaves and flowers and sang their cheery songs. Snowdrop was with them all the time, and when the sun went down the girls heaped up a big pile of grass and dry wood, set fire to it, and danced around it, holding each other's hands. But Snowdrop kept back of them, away from the fire. "See! See! how we are running around, and run along with us. Don't keep back."

Then they began to sing a Midsummer Night song and to jump over the fire.

But behind them they heard something rustle and sigh mournfully. The little girls looked back in fright and saw that Snowdrop was not there. They looked for her the second and third day all through the woods, but there was never a trace of Snowdrop. Where had she gone to? Had she been dragged away by some animal, or by some great bird of prey?

No; nothing of this kind had happened to her. But I will tell you what did. As little Snowdrop ran after her playmates and jumped over the fire she melted, turned suddenly into a light mist, rose up in the form of a little thin cloud, and flew far, far up into the sky.

THE GOLDEN BIRD.

RUSSIAN.

There once was a king of a far country who had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch; and at midnight he, too, fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone.

Then the youngest son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him; however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve there was a rustling noise in the air, and there came flying a bird that was of pure gold. Looking up just at this moment, the youngest son discovered the golden bird pecking at the golden apple; then he jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom; but the king said, "One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird."

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, "Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there, you will see two inns opposite each other, one of which is very pleasant and beautiful to look at: go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean."

But the son thought to himself, "What can such a beast as this know about the matter?" So he shot an arrow at the fox; but he missed it, and it curled up its tail above its back and ran into the wood. Then he went his way, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were; and in one of these were people singing, and dancing, and feasting; but the other looked very dirty and poor. "I should be very silly," said he, "if I went into that shabby house, and left this charming place;" so he went into the smart house, and ate and drank at his ease, and forgot the bird and his country too.

Time passed on; and as the eldest son did not come back, and no tidings were heard of him, the second son set out, and the same thing happened to him. He met the fox, who gave him the same good advice; but when he came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merrymaking was, and called to him to come in; and he could not withstand the temptation, but went in, and forgot the golden bird and his country in the same manner.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son, too, wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not listen to it for a long while, for he was very fond of this son, and was afraid that some ill luck might happen to him also, and prevent his coming back. However, at last it was agreed he should go, for he would not rest at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and heard the same good counsel. But he was thankful to the fox, and did not attempt his life as his brothers had done; so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox began to run, and away they went over stock and stone so quick that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's counsel, and without looking about him went to the shabby inn and rested there all night at his ease. In the morning came the fox again and met him as he was beginning his journey, and said, "Go straight forward, till you come to a castle, before which lie a whole troop of soldiers fast asleep and snoring: take no notice of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage; but do not try to take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it." Then the fox stretched out his tail again, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all was as the fox had said; so the son went in and found the chamber where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood the golden cage, and the three golden apples that had been lost were lying close by it. Then thought he to himself, "It will be a very droll thing to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of it and put it into the golden cage. But the bird set up such a loud screaming that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat to judge him; and when all was heard, it sentenced him to die, unless he should bring the king the golden horse which could run as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, he was to have the golden bird given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great despair, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him, and said, "You see now what has happened on account of your not listening to my counsel. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall; by his side will lie the groom fast asleep and snoring; take away the horse quietly, but be sure to put the old leathern saddle upon him, and not the golden one that is close by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the groom lay snoring with his hand upon the golden saddle. But when the son looked at the horse, he thought it a great pity to put the leathern saddle upon it. "I will give him the good one," said he; "I am sure he deserves it." As he took up the golden saddle the groom awoke and cried out so loud, that all the guards ran in and took him prisoner, and in the morning he was again brought before the court to be judged, and was sentenced to die. But it was agreed, that, if he could bring thither the beautiful princess, he should live, and have the bird and the horse given him for his own.

Then he went his way again very sorrowful; but the old fox came and said, "Why did not you listen to me? If you had, you would have carried away both the bird and the horse; yet will I once more give you counsel. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the princess goes to the bathing-house: go up to her and give her a kiss, and she will let you lead her away; but take care you do not suffer her to go and take leave of her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

As they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said, and at twelve o'clock the young man met the princess going to the bath and gave her a kiss, and she agreed to run away with him, but begged with many tears that he would let her take leave of her father. At first he refused, but she wept still more and more, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father's house, the guards awoke and he was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall never have my daughter unless in eight days you dig away the hill that stops the view from my window." Now this hill was so big that the whole world could not take it away; and when he had worked for seven days, and had done very little, the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you." And in the morning he awoke and the hill was gone; so he went merrily to the king, and told him that now that it was removed he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came and said to him, "We will have all three, the princess, the horse, and the bird." "Ah!" said the young man, "that would be a great thing, but how can you contrive it?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king, and he asks for the beautiful princess, you must say, 'Here she is!' Then he will be very joyful; and you will mount the golden horse that they are to give you, and put out your hand to take leave of them; but shake hands with the princess last. Then lift her quickly on to the horse behind you; clap your spurs to his side, and gallop away as fast as you can."

All went right: then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak to the king; and when he sees that it is the right horse, he will bring out the bird; but you must sit still, and say that you want to look at it, to see whether it is the true golden bird; and when you get it into your hand, ride away."

This, too, happened as the fox said; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted again, and they rode on to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, "Pray kill me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man refused to do it; so the fox said, "I will at any rate give you good counsel: beware of two things; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." Then away he went. "Well," thought the young man, "it is no hard matter to keep that advice."

He rode on with the princess, till at last he came to the village where he had left his two brothers. And there he heard a great noise and uproar; and when he asked what was the matter, the people said, "Two men are going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw that the two men were his brothers, who had turned robbers; so he said, "Cannot they in any way be saved?" But the people said "No," unless he would bestow all his money upon the rascals and buy their liberty. Then he did not stay to think about the matter, but paid what was asked, and his brothers were given up, and went on with him towards their home.

And as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, "Let us sit down by the side of the river, and rest awhile, to eat and drink." So he said, "Yes," and forgot the fox's counsel, and sat down on the side of the river; and while he suspected nothing, they came behind, and threw him down the bank, and took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king their master, and said, "All this have we won by our labor." Then there was great rejoicing made; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river's bed; luckily it was nearly dry, but his bones were almost broken, and the bank was so steep that he could find no way to get out. Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice; otherwise no evil would have befallen him. "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you, if they find you in the kingdom." So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. Then he went to the king, and told him all his brothers' roguery; and they were seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him, and besought him with tears in his eyes to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. And at last he did so, and in a moment the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be a brother of the princess, who had been lost a great many, many years.

THE JAPANESE FISHERMAN.

JAPANESE.

Perhaps you know the story of the beautiful Sea Princess, Otohima. At any rate, whether you do or not, it is told in that story that the Princess' father, who was a mighty ruler of the sea, loved her so much that words could not express it, and kept her locked in so that he should never be separated from her. Otohima made light of this imprisonment and loved her father none the less, so much so in fact that to leave him would have been almost the same as dying; even the thought of it would have taken away all her happiness. For this reason she made it a condition with every prince who asked for her hand in marriage, that he should live at her father's court in the beautiful palace of Riugu. But as suitors never wished to meet this condition they had all been sent away up to this time without having succeeded in winning the lovely princess.

One prince, however, a very noble knight, met the princess and fell very deeply in love with her. He loved her so much that he promised himself he would not be turned away by the agreement to live at her father's court. Now although he was almost bewitched by Otohima's beauty, still duties which he owed to his own kingdom were calling him home.

Otohima looked in his direction with many sighs and said to her best friend, the Tortoise, "It seems most likely that I am to stay unmarried and be an old maid as the reward for the love which I bear to my father." Then she rested her head on her hand and sighed deeply a few times more and remained a long time lost in quiet thought. But the Tortoise had the greatest contempt for all the suitors who did not want to fulfil the princess' easy conditions, according to her notion, and she tried to think of some way of helping the difficulty, for it was not to be thought of that the beautiful princess should really stay unmarried forever.

So the good Tortoise thought and thought, and finally she laughed out loud happily, and wagged her head and also her feet and spoke to the princess as follows: "Gracious lady, beloved princess, listen to me, your most humble and truest servant: let go once for all those slimy sea princes, with their cold fish blood. What is there good about them, when they are always thinking of their own heads, why the whole pack of them are not worth bothering about for a single instant. Cheer up, my dear mistress, do not brood over these mournful things."

Otohima glanced at the small face of her friend with a question on her lips, but the Tortoise kept on: "Take one of the human people. I saw a handsome man from the land who will devote himself to you as none of these princes will do."

"Ah, Ah! dear Tortoise," replied Otohima, "what are you thinking about? Your love for me has bewildered you. How could a human man be found who would come down to me at the bottom of the sea? And even if he could be found, which I doubt very much, he would find nothing in me to please him. Could he get used to living thus and forget the earth? I know men only from a distance and cannot imagine that one of them would come down here to me, when he could find so many beautiful rich women on earth—more beautiful and richer than I am."

"How can you think that?" cried the Tortoise, as if making fun of her. "How can you think that, my mistress? There is not one single girl on the land who is half so beautiful as you are. The little bit of beauty that the land princesses have blows away like the wind, but yours remains forever. No queen on the whole earth can measure her treasures with your wealth. Believe me, if they could hear our talk this minute up on earth, every one of the young men would plunge into the sea, just to be the first to lay down his heart and hand on the steps of your throne. Ah, my dear mistress, the love that beats in one heart that I know of is the kind that would seldom think of itself but only of his beloved wife."

"Well, well," said Otohima, "you make me want to hear more. Keep on, dear Tortoise, and I will be grateful to you if you converse with me longer in this pleasant way. Teach me more in detail the strange habits of men on the earth."

The Tortoise then related so much that was beautiful and good about human beings that the princess had the greatest desire to marry such a man. "But how shall we carry out our purpose; how can we find out the worthiest man in the great crowd?"

"Let me take care of that," answered the Tortoise. "I know how to find the best and the handsomest one; yes, I know him already."

"Impossible," cried Otohima, in a lively tone of voice, clapping her little hands with delight. "Impossible, dear Tortoise, but tell me quickly how you know this. Do not delay, but bring my lover here, if your words really are true."

"Gently, gently, my mistress," replied the Tortoise; "first I must tell you of the circumstances upon which I am building my plan to get you a husband from the earth. When I have done that and you have agreed to it, only then can I start to work; but I presume you feel you are perfectly satisfied with me?"

The princess nodded her head and the Tortoise related to her the following:

"There was, a long time ago, when I was a young creature, that I found myself on the surface of the sea, and began to learn how things went up there. I swam around without fearing any evil, and wondered at the great ships in which men sailed to and fro. I also told the fish about the nets that were thrown in the water without warning, and they laughed long and loudly at me. Just then a big turbot, paying no attention to my words, swam proudly by me straight into the net, and, of course, as he could in no way get his freedom, he was being dragged to his death. But just when I was swimming swiftly after him, as all of his pride would not help him, I got caught in the trap myself and was dragged up into the fisherman's boat with all kinds of fish flapping around me in the meshes of the net. My poor companions behaved terribly. They were in the greatest desperation and struggled until they were weak and finally gave in to their fate. They were all tossed into a big box, full of holes, which trailed behind the ship. I too would have shared the same lot if I had not held tightly to the meshes of the net with all the strength that was in my power. When Urashima, for that was the name of the bold fisherman, saw me, he said, 'Little Tortoise, won't you come out of the net?'

"'Oh, let me live,' I cried, 'I will be grateful to you and do something for you some day when you are in need.'

"'Silly thing,' answered Urashima, 'when could you ever help me? You are as small as a fig leaf.'

"'Yes, but I will be bigger, very much bigger,' was my reply. 'You can catch me again, which will be more profitable than now.'

" 'You are right, little Tortoise,' said Urashima, laughing, and he cut my legs out of the meshes of the net and threw me far away, back into the sea.

"I was so stunned by the fall in the water that it was some time before I came to my senses; then I hurried home to my parents but did not tell anybody what had happened to me, because I was afraid they would make fun of me. However, since that day I have been cautious, and whenever I take a walk up above I am always looking out for the safe places in the corner of the cliff where I can watch everything that happens without putting myself in any danger. Naturally I am constantly on the lookout for Urashima, who is generally at sea in his boat and can always be found where the waves are the highest. Oh, how good looking he has become; what rare virtues he has; how manly and noble he looks standing at the tiller, when the sail is driving his ship over the sea. Oh, my exalted mistress, believe me, Urashima and no other is worthy to be your husband."

So the Tortoise ended her story, and Otohima's eyes beamed wonderfully, she was so pleased at the narrative. "But how can you arrange," she asked, "for me to see Urashima, to say nothing of making him decide to be my husband?"

"As soon as a suitable opportunity offers," answered the Tortoise, "I will bring him down through the water on my back and place him on the steps of your throne. You may count on that."

"Bad adviser," Otohima said impatiently. "How can you dare to arouse my curiosity about Urashima and then satisfy me with empty words about a suitable opportunity?

Go about your business quickly! I must see Urashima at once, and woe to you if you do not carry out my order promptly!"

The Tortoise went away greatly perplexed; indeed she had not thought that one should not make princesses' mouths water without having the delicacy quite ready for them. The Tortoise had probably gone too far and promised too much, and so she swam along the surface of the sea towards the beach in deep melancholy. Yet, what was that? A roar of thunder woke her rudely from her dreams and made her aware that a mighty hurricane had begun to blow. Quickly she sped away to one side so that she would not get caught in the raging waves, and wedged herself into a crevice of the cliff where she could stay hidden until the storm went down. The breakers were so mighty, and whipped the sea so fiercely, that our poor Tortoise could only notice now and then what was going on. More than once she saw a vessel sweep by in the greatest danger, but when a smaller one came into sight it seemed to the Tortoise as if she could recognize Urashima at the helm. And she was right, for when the boat came nearer she saw clearly that it was in fact the bold youth who was battling with the waves. But this time all his courage and strength were unable to brave the storm, and the next moment his boat foundered and broke into a thousand pieces on the same rock that the Tortoise was hiding under.

Urashima caught hold of one plank of his wrecked vessel and floated on the raging waves. The Tortoise kept him in sight, and hardly had the storm abated for an instant when she ventured forth and hurried to Urashima's help. "Get on my back," she said, "and I will take you to a safe place. Don't you know me? I'm the little Tortoise whose life you once spared; now I will return the good deed that you did to me. Just get on my back and you are saved."

Urashima, whose strength was failing fast, had hardly caught the Tortoise's words when he let go the piece of wood that was keeping him above water and exchanged it for the broad back of the Tortoise. He sat astride like a good horseman and held on by the front edge of the Tortoise's shell. My, how they went through the waves; down, down to the bottom of the sea, right to the door of the Sea Prince's glittering, glistening Palace of Riugu!

Urashima did not believe his sight. This was a wonder that he had never thought possible. He rubbed his eyes and asked the Tortoise where he was. "You will find out immediately, my dear Urashima," she answered, and signed to him to follow her. Urashima did so and entering the splendid palace, walked through passageways of gold and gleaming pearls, through gardens where the trees bore only rare colored jewels for fruit, through great rooms with walls and floors of mother-of-pearl and ivory, and arrived finally in the room where the Princess was sitting under a gold embroidered throne canopy, and was herself more beautiful than all of these wonderful things. Urashima was so dazzled that he could think of nothing better to do than to throw himself down and touch the ground with his forehead as a sign of his littleness. The Princess saw at once that the Tortoise had spoken the truth, and that Urashima was surely the handsomest man that she had ever seen. So she asked him to stand up and tell her how he had come down to her palace. The Tortoise, however, undertook this, because Urashima was still so embarrassed that he could not speak to her, and when the Princess learned that Urashima had been in deadly peril she spoke to him kindly and had a magnificent banquet prepared so that he could refresh himself.

When night came the Tortoise led him to his apartment, which was decorated in tapestry of brocaded gold. As Urashima went to bed by the light of a costly lamp, which was made of a single emerald, he felt as happy and fortunate as a prince, slept soundly the whole night through, and did not wake up until the Tortoise came with his morning draught to arouse him. After he had taken a bath he put on the royal robe which lay ready for him, and it all seemed so natural to him already and he knew so well how to behave, that the Tortoise laughed out loud with joy as she again led him to her mistress.

Now Urashima began a life of nothing but revelry. He, the poor fisherman who was used to no luxuries and had worked hard his whole life long, learned now how good it feels to have no cares, and to live a life of pleasure without any work. (And I tell you it is not so bad, and would please a great many people besides Urashima.) But all of this was just the beginning. The principal thing came when the Prince of the Sea granted his daughter's request and gave her Urashima as her husband. That was the height of happiness, and then they celebrated the wedding, which was so glorious that I cannot describe it. The rejoicing lasted a whole month, with dancing and singing and feasting the livelong day, and when evening came the palace was lighted with thousands and thousands of candles, so bright and brilliant that the jelly fish and other little animals which came in schools to the surface of the sea, brought the gleam with them and lighted up everything around just as brightly.

Now there was nothing left to be wished for by this happy couple, Otohima and Urashima, and they lived long in joy and harmony with the king, her father. Still nothing can ever be perfect in this world, and so one day Urashima's heart became heavy. He hung his head and did not say a word. The Princess Otohima was troubled by this very much and urged him to share his worry with her. But he could not decide to do so; he thought it would be ungrateful and small if he should tell the Princess that he felt a great homesickness, and especially an irresistible desire to see his parents. He longed for his good old father and mother, who were living in a miserable hut and often could scarcely get their daily rice, while he himself feasted on delicacies. He put it to himself this way, "Even if poverty is their lot, yet they brought me up lovingly and made me what I am;" and when he thought about it, and his heart sank at the idea that they were probably worrying themselves to death about his disappearance, he could not hold in any longer. He threw himself before the Princess and told her everything that was on his mind.

Without putting in a word she heard him to the end, but then she cried and lamented the whole day long. "Urashima," she said, "stay with me and put the thought of your parents out of your mind, for if you follow your desire to go to them, and if I fulfil your wishes and let you go to your home, it will be a great misfortune for you; and I know it now. Oh, think! We will never see each other again; and think, too, that if you stay here the weakness of old age can never touch you, but together we will keep the form and strength of youth forever. All this you will give up if you go away from here. So do not yield to your desire, but stay here where you are so happy."

Say what she would, however, Urashima's purpose remained unmoved. With all his good fortune he could not forget his duty as a son, and he comforted the Princess as well as he could. It went without saying, he told her, that he would come back to her. No, no, Otohima's sadness was wrong; in three days at the most he would be with her again.

The princess shook her head, and with a heavy heart finally gave her consent to his journey. "My dear Urashima," she said at parting, "one single hope is left that we shall see each other again, but it is only a weak one and I am afraid that you cannot keep the conditions that it depends on."

"I will keep to everything," cried Urashima, in a rapture, "everything that my dear wife asks of me."

The Princess thereupon held up in her hand a little golden box and handed it to him with the words, "Take this little vessel with you and it will protect you if you can master yourself, so that you do not open it under any circumstances, come what will. So when the purpose of your trip is done you need only go to the beach and call the Tortoise. Our true friend who takes you away from here will then immediately appear at your call and bring you to me. But be careful not to open the box, or else everything is lost."

When she had spoken these words she bade her husband "Good-bye" solemnly, put her hand over her eyes, and went back in deep anxiety to her room.

But Urashima took the box cheerfully and hopefully, put it carefully in his pocket, got on the Tortoise's back and arrived safely at the beach near his home before he knew it.

How wonderful it was to feel the air blowing about him, to see again the mountains he used to climb, and to feel again the warmth of the sun's rays beaming down on him from the sky. No more did he think of the splendors under the sea. He hardly said good-bye to the Tortoise. He could scarcely wait, for as soon as he felt the earth under his feet he ran to his own village like a hare. Now he saw thatched roofs, saw the smoke rise from the houses, and felt his heart beat faster with joy. But when finally the peal of the village bell reached his ears his joy was complete. He ran like a whirlwind through the well known streets and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed on to his father's house.

Yet things seemed strange to him. Was this his own town? Were these the people he had lived with there? Yes; the village seemed to be the same, but no familiar faces, not a single one did he meet. All looked at him in wonder, and did not recognize him. Finally he stood at the door of the old house. With beating heart he stepped over the dear old threshold, and when he looked around him and everything was strange, when he saw a strange master and unknown people, a great fear seized him. He asked about his parents, but they shook their heads and said that even their names were entirely unknown, that they had never known his father and mother. In haste and desperation now he hurried to the graveyard. Here he must find an explanation, for this was the only place that he could go to; here all the good blessed spirits were gathered who could release him from this terrible anxiety. He wandered from gravestone to gravestone and read all the inscriptions; and he did not have to hunt very long until he found his parents' graves.

When he examined the later graves and noticed the dates which were to be found on each stone he learned with a shiver that three hundred years had gone by since he left his home. A great pain went through him.

Ill at ease he ran back through the village street and sank down exhausted on the bank of the silvery brook which ran by the town. There in his anguish he thought of Otohima's golden box and drew it out of his pocket. "Perhaps," he considered, "it contains some magic which can save me from this distress;" and while he sat thinking so he opened the cover with his fingers. A fine vapor came up out of it like a cloud; nothing more, not a thing. Disappointed, he tried to close the cover. But what had become of his hand? His hand which had been so young and strong was now wrinkled and it trembled with weakness, and at the same time he felt his whole body shrivel up; and when he leaned over and looked in the brook he was shocked at the face that he saw mirrored in the water. In that instant he had become an old man, a withered mummy that could hardly move.

A man came along the road, and seeing the tottering figure there offered his help and carried Urashima to the beach at his request. Here the poor fellow put all his strength into one call for the Tortoise. It did not come. The Princess Otohima had well known beforehand that he would not be able to keep the box closed, and for this reason she was so sorrowful at their parting. The vapor which had risen out of the box was the living spirit of Urashima's youth, and had he not opened the box he would have been able to come back young and strong to the Princess. So it was all over with him. He just barely had strength to tell his story to the people who collected around him. Then he sank down and died. Good Urashima! No one ever blamed him for opening the Princess' box, for he alone suffered by it. No; no blame was put on him, but on the other hand great praise, for he had been a good grateful son, had not forgotten his father and mother at the height of his good fortune, and could not resist his desire to go back to them. So we, too, should honor his memory.

THE OGRES.

JAPANESE.

The great warrior Raiko received an order from the Mikado of Japan to punish the terrible ogres which lived in Ojeyama, and to free from their clutches the prisoners which they had dragged into their castle. At that time there was in Kioto, the capital city, scarcely a family which had not mourned the loss of one or more of its members, yet no one had dared up to this time to make an attempt upon the stronghold of the ogres. Only the warrior Tsuna, one of Raiko's brave troop, once lay in wait for the chief ogre, Shutendo, at the Basdomon gate of Kioto city. They got into a terrific fight, in which Tsuna wrested the giant ogre's sword from him and carried it away in triumph. But Shutendo got hold of it again by craft, and since this time ravaged the country even more boldly, so that the whole city was filled with fear and discouragement.

Raiko received the Mikado's order eagerly. He had awaited it almost with impatience, for he had promised destruction to the ogres for a long time. So Tsuna and the rest of his followers carefully made ready for their dangerous undertaking. They—there were six of them—prepared themselves thoroughly, girded on their trusty swords and marched to the ogres' mountain, where they expected to find the cave of these monsters.

The way was difficult, if not dangerous, and they often lost it entirely, for thick underbrush shut it out from view. Their hardships were finally so great that Raiko did not know how they could go on. Suddenly an old man with a mild and kindly face appeared before him. A long snow-white beard hung down over his cloak, and the bright gaze of his eyes was like the light of a beautiful spring morning. Raiko bowed deeply, and after he had greeted the worthy old man asked him if they were on the right road to the ogres' mountain.

"What are you going to do there, my son?" asked the old man, instead of answering. Then Raiko pulled out of his pocket a little box of gold brocaded work and took out of it the Mikado's order, which was written clearly in large letters, "I order you, Raiko, to punish the ogres."

When the old man had read the Mikado's order he said to Raiko, "My son, there is only one way in which you can successfully conquer these monsters. Your swords are useless weapons against them, and if you trust only to them you are done for. But their leader, Shutendo, lives only to eat, and more especially to drink. You can use his appetite for wine to get the best of him. Follow me." The old man led the visitors into his dwelling at the foot of the mountain, and when he had given them something to eat, so that they would be able to finish their long journey, he handed Raiko the following gifts: A helmet which would withstand any weapon, a magic sword, and a magic goblet. The goblet had two compartments, yet was so skilfully made that it looked like a single vessel. These two compartments could be filled with different fluids, and there was an arrangement so that by pressing a spring either of the two kinds of liquor could be drank at the will of the person who held the goblet and knew the secret.

Then the old mountain hermit, Yamabashi, gave the warriors broad cloaks which concealed their weapons. Besides this he presented to Raiko a flask of his own excellent wine and a fine white powder, which was a strong sleeping potion. Furthermore, he described their road exactly and showed them how they should go until they were at the ogres' castle gate to ask admittance. "Now go, my sons, and Heaven bless you," said the old man, as they left him with their hearty thanks.

So equipped and filled with new courage they set out on the road, and as they went along they spoke of the old man's kindness and wisdom. As they were so talking, suddenly a light shone out and they cried with one voice, "He was no earthly being; the gods themselves have come to help us!" and they fell down on the ground and prayed.

Over mountains and valleys led their way. They waded through brooks over which there were no bridges and climbed over jagged crags. After a tiresome day's march they arrived in the evening at a thickly wooded mountain. There they fell in with a beautiful girl, who was washing a blood-stained garment in a brook. The warriors asked in surprise what she was doing in such a desert.

"Ah," replied the girl, "I am in captivity and am forced to do the bidding of my masters, the ogres. Fly from this terrible region, I beg you, while there is time."

"Not at all," said Raiko. "We have come for the purpose of finding the ogres' lair. By morning you shall be free."

They left the girl and went on up the mountain, and not much farther on met a young ogre, who was the leader's cook. They were horrified to see that he was carrying home pieces of human flesh to get them ready for the ogres' supper, as they supposed, and indeed all around them lay men's bones bleached by the sunshine.

Overcoming his disgust with difficulty, Raiko said "Good evening" to the ogre and asked him politely if he and his companions could get a night's lodging in his lord's castle. "We are poor monks," said Raiko, "on the road to Tokio, and have lost our way. The sun is going down, and we are very tired and hope that your master will not shut his door upon us."

The young ogre was willing at once to tell Shutendo their wishes, and was already thinking what a delicious meal these plump monks would make. They went on and came in sight of the castle. Gloomy and high above it the peaks of gigantic mountains towered in wild and wonderful forms. The cook asked the monks, as he thought them, to wait at the gate until he learned his master's pleasure, but soon came back and led them to Shutendo.

The monster sat at the upper end of a long hall, with soft cushions round about and a silken curtain hanging behind him. In front of him stood a row of bottles and drinking glasses. But who could describe his hideous face as the monster lifted his head? His horrible form, his copper-red horns and cheeks would have terrified the heart of the greatest adventurer. Nevertheless he received the false monks very kindly, and invited them to supper and to spend the evening with him. The servants soon brought on the food, which was principally animals' heads and human flesh, and there were also one or two plates of wild pig and other game.

Raiko and his companions did not feel very much at home at this prospect, but they did not dare to refuse taking part in the hideous feast. The ogre and his fellows were too busy with their food to notice that their guests pretended to eat but really did not touch the repulsive mouthfuls. The wine flowed in streams; there was a great cask near at hand from which the smaller cups were kept constantly filled. Many of these vessels were, terrible to relate, human skulls, and were handed to the ogres by captive girls who were compelled to serve them. When Raiko saw that Shutendo had already drank enough, and that the talk was getting loose and noisy, he thought it was time to get to work. He got up and offered to show them the Kioto dance, which he danced excellently. He did it so well, and went through the steps so cleverly, that the ogres cheered with pleasure.

Then Raiko pulled out his great goblet and handed it to Shutendo with the assurance that it contained the finest Tokay wine. Raiko had previously seized a favorable moment and filled both halves of the goblet with wine, into one of which he carefully dropped the sleeping powder; and now he took care that Shutendo and his fellows drank out of the half that had the powder in it, while he and his companions carefully drank out of the other half.

Shutendo praised the wine, and would not stop drinking until he had taken the last drop. He drank greedily, and barely allowed his fellows to sip it. Pretty soon he was asleep and snoring like mighty thunder in the distance, and the others soon followed his example.

Then Raiko jumped up and gave his followers their sign. They drew their swords and fell on the sleeping ogres, while Raiko attacked Shutendo with the magic sword given him by the gods. When he swung it the sword whistled through the air, and the monster's head fell from its trunk. The hideous head flew into the air; the mouth was wide open, the teeth stood out, the eyes were fixed, and the horns grew out to an immense length. Seven times the head flew round and then it fell on Raiko's head. It would have gone hard with our hero if he had not been so well equipped. The monster's head bit through his monk's cap, but could not pierce the magic helmet. Finally it fell to earth with a thud. The victory was won.

After they had killed the ogres, freed the prisoners and divided the booty they set the castle on fire, so that it should disappear forever from earth. Then the brave warriors started home, followed by the prisoners and a cheering crowd. They took Shutendo's head with them, but before they left the ogres' castle they buried the bones of the poor victims.

Honor and riches were given to Raiko by the Mikado and eternal gratitude by the citizens of Kioto for freeing them from the dreaded presence of the ogres.

BROADMAN, LONGFELLOW AND SHARP EYES.

BOHEMIAN.

The story I am going to tell you happened at the time when cats used to wear shoes, frogs went in caps, donkeys clicked their spurs on the streets and dogs were chased by hares.

At that time there lived in a certain country a king who had a daughter who was very beautiful and very stubborn. Princes and kings came from distant lands to see her and offer marriage; but she would have none of them, and finally declared that she would only have for a husband the man who was able to watch her for three nights and not let her get away from him.

This news spread far and wide and princes and kings came to court her, but no one was able to keep watch on her and each one had to pay for his daring with death. The fame of this young lady extended so far that it reached over the borders of a distant kingdom into a royal castle and came to the ears of Prince Matash, who was swift as a deer and had eyes like a hawk. When Prince Matash heard of the beautiful princess he jumped up on his nimble feet and said he would keep watch over her. In vain his father held him back, pleaded and forbade him. Matash would not change his mind, and in the end his father had to let him go. So Matash took some money, buckled on a sharp sabre and set out alone to seek his fortune in the world.

The second day on the high road he overtook a man walking somewhat sadly. So Matash joined him and asked him where he was going. "I am going into the world to seek my fortune."

"What is your trade?" asked Matash.

"I have no trade, but I can do what no one else can. I am Broadman, and I can make my stomach so broad that a company of soldiers can walk into it." And as he said this, he stretched himself out so that the high road was not big enough for him.

"You are a fine fellow," said Matash, who took a fancy to him. "Don't you want to go with me? I am going into the world too to seek my fortune."

"Why not?" answered Broadman. "I will," and so they went on together.

Some distance farther they met a man who was as thin and as wasted as a bean pole. "Where are you going, friend?" asked Matash, who liked his looks.

"Out in the world," replied the stranger.

"What is your trade?"

"I have no trade, but I can do what no one else can. I am Longfellow, and I can stretch myself up to the clouds, and when I walk every step is a mile." With this reply the man began to stretch, and he stretched himself far up into the sky, and when he took a step it was a mile long.

"You are a good fellow, indeed," cried Matash. "Don't you want to go with us?"

"Certainly I will go along," answered Longfellow.

Presently they came to a forest where they saw a man making a heap of wood and leaves. Matash asked him who he was and what he was making a heap for. "I am Sharp Eyes and want to build a fire," answered the man, casting his eyes upon the pile he had made. In an instant the whole mass was set on fire by his eyes and burst into flames.

"Well, you certainly are a fine fellow," said Matash. "Don't you want to go with us to seek your fortune?"

"Yes, I will go with pleasure," replied Sharp Eyes, so he joined the others.

Matash was glad to have found such companions. He took care of them on the road, but he was not able to give Broadman enough to eat. After several days' tramping they came to the city where the beautiful princess lived. There Matash informed his comrades of what he had in mind, and asked them to help him. He promised them good pay if he should succeed in getting the princess. All three promised him their help. Then he bought them good clothes and when they were dressed he went into the castle to announce to the king that he and his servants would keep watch over the princess for three nights. But he did not say that he was a prince.

They bade him welcome and said, "Now take good care, for if the princess gets away from you, you will all be a head shorter."

"Whether she gets away or not, we will watch her well," replied Matash.

"All right, if you are ready, I will take you to my daughter," said the king, laughing maliciously, and he led them to his daughter's bedroom.

Matash was amazed at the beauty of the royal young woman, and she greeted the good-looking young man pleasantly.

Now when the king had gone away, Broadman lay down before the door, Longfellow and Sharp Eyes took their places at the window, and Matash sat down beside the beautiful princess and began to talk to her. But at the same time he watched her every movement. She remained quiet and finally said after a while, "I think I will close my eyes a bit," lay down on the bed and went to sleep.

When Matash saw that she was asleep, he placed his elbows on the table, propped his head in the palms of his hands and after a while his eyes shut also. Sharp Eyes and Longfellow went to sleep too, and Broadman was snoring at the door as if somebody were pouring walnuts down stairs.

The princess soon noticed that they were all asleep and changed herself into a red apple, slipped under Broadman's ear and rolled out of the castle into the court-yard and straight across it. At the same instant Matash woke up and not seeing the princess called his comrades and told them that she had escaped. Sharp Eyes immediately put his head out of the window and as he had not only burning eyes but also the sharpest kind of eyesight, immediately saw the red apple rolling away across the field. He pointed it out to Longfellow who stretched out of the window and seizing the apple brought it back into the room, and handed it to Matash; but the instant he took hold of it, it changed into the princess again.

The king was not a little astonished when he came into the room in the morning and caught sight of the princess sitting beside Matash. He was displeased, but he had to keep quiet and had also to entertain the strangers. This was no trifle because Broadman ate two oxen at one time and drank four tubs of wine, and was still so hungry and thirsty that he had to swallow a number of stones to satisfy himself.

When Matash found himself in the princess' bedroom on the second evening, the king warned the princess that she must take better care and not get caught. As on the first night Broadman lay in front of the door, Longfellow and Sharp Eyes took their places at the window and Matash sat next to the princess. They talked until quite late into the night and the prince did not take his eyes from her, but he did not notice anything remarkable. About midnight she said, "I would like to close my eyes for a few minutes," and lying down on the bed went to sleep.

Matash kept quiet and when he saw that the princess was asleep, he placed his elbows on the table, propped his head in the palms of his hands and after a while his eyes also closed. The princess had scarcely noticed that Matash and his comrades were sleeping when she changed into a dove and flew out of the window, but she touched Longfellow's hair with her wing, and he woke up. He would not have caught the dove, however, had not Sharp Eyes seen her, turned his burning gaze on her and scorched her wings so that she began to fall and had to perch on a tree, and then Longfellow stretched out, caught her and handed her to Matash, who had meanwhile awakened. But before Matash had her in his hand, she had changed back again into her own form.

If the king was astonished on the first morning, he was still more so on the second, when he saw the princess sitting by Matash. But he could not help himself. He had to keep quiet and also had to entertain his guests for the second day.

As the third day came on, the king told his daughter that she must use all her art and not let herself be outwitted by these common young fellows. Matash, too, exhorted his comrades to watchfulness. "Take the greatest care, my friends, for if the beautiful girl gets away from us, we will, as you know, lose our heads in the morning."

"Do not worry about it, master. We will keep well on guard," his companions promised him.

When they had entered the room, each took his place and Matash sat down by the princess. He had grown very fond of her as he talked to her, and thought that he would gladly sit with her always if she would not run away from him. "But I will watch her well, and then she will be mine," he thought to himself, and firmly determined not to go to sleep. But about midnight the princess said that her eyelids were heavy and she did not talk any more, but lay down quietly and closed her eyes as if she were asleep. Matash placed his elbows on the table, propped his head in the palms of his hands and stared at her for a long time, but finally sleep mastered even his hawk eyes, and he dozed off as did his comrades. But the princess did not sleep and was watching everything without their knowing it.

When she saw her guards were asleep she changed into a fly, flew to the court-yard, turned into a little fish and dove down into the well clear to the bottom. Perhaps they would not have found her this time if she had not touched Sharp Eyes' nose in flying past him. But he woke up and in looking around saw where the princess had hidden. He gave the alarm and all four ran down into the court-yard to the well, and Longfellow stretched down and reached the bottom, but grope as he might, he could not find the fish any more than if it were not there.

"Well, come out," said Broadman. "I will let myself down." So Longfellow came out and Broadman going down into the well, puffed out his big body so that all the water ran out and still the little fish was not to be seen.

"You come out, and I will soon get it out of there," cried Sharp Eyes. So Broadman stepped out of the well and Sharp Eyes bent over and turned his burning gaze into the well. Immediately the rest of the water began to boil up from the bottom, rise higher and higher and spread over the top and the little fish fell out. As soon as it touched the ground it changed into the princess. Matash sprang quickly to her, seized her in his arms, pressed her to his heart and thanked his comrades.

The king could not wonder enough and was very angry when he came to the bedroom early and saw the princess with Matash. But his daughter said to him, "He has watched me well and I belong to him both by right and by my own will." She loved the young man very much, but the king was not pleased, as he did not want to let his daughter go away from him at any price. Nevertheless it was in vain. The young man stood on his rights, took his bride and left the castle with his comrades to guard them.

When the king heard that, he immediately sent a troop of soldiers after them and gave them strict orders not to come back without the princess unless they wished to lose their heads.

Matash, his bride and his companions had already put several miles of their journey behind them, when the princess asked Sharp Eyes to look back and see if any one was following them. Sharp Eyes looked around and announced that he saw a band of soldiers coming about two miles away. "Those are my father's troops," said the princess. So when the soldiers were about a mile from them, the princess pulled the kerchief off her head, threw it down behind her, and said, "Let as many trees stand there as there are threads in the kerchief." And immediately a thick forest rose up behind them.

Before the soldiers could get through the forest, the travelers had covered some distance more and were taking a rest. Then the princess told Sharp Eyes to look around again and see if any one was following them. Sharp Eyes did so and immediately announced that the soldiers had got through the forest and were hurrying on. "Well, they shall not catch us," said the princess. So she dropped a tear on the ground and said, "Become a river." Immediately there flowed behind them a mighty river, and before the soldiers could wade through it, the travelers were far away.

"Look around you again, Sharp Eyes, and see if the soldiers have crossed the river," said the princess when they were resting once more.

"Yes, indeed," cried Sharp Eyes. "The crowd is right at our heels."

"If it were only dark," wished the princess. And hardly had she said the words when Longfellow stretched up to the clouds and covered half the sun with his cap, so that it was dark on the side where the soldiers were, while Matash and his friends went on in the light. After several miles Longfellow took his cap off the sun's face and it was light again.

They were very close to Matash's own city when the soldiers began to overtake them again. Then Broadman spoke up, "You go into the city and I will play them a little trick." So they all went into the city and Broadman stood in front of the gate, spread himself out and opened his mouth. The soldiers did not wish to go back without the princess and they attacked the city to try to storm it. They mistook Broadman's open jaws for the gate and all ran in. Then Broadman closed his mouth and walked into the castle after his friends so that the roof trembled.

Great rejoicing rang out in the castle because the young king Matash had returned and brought a beautiful bride with him. "Now, comrade," said Matash when they were inside, "Where are the soldiers?"

"Here they are," said Broadman, patting himself on the stomach. "But I would be very glad to put them out again because they are not very digestible food."

"Well, let them out of prison," said the prince, laughing. And then they called everybody in the castle to see it. Broadman placed himself in front of the castle, dug his hands into his sides and coughed, and you good people ought to have seen those soldiers hurry. One after another jumped out and ran away as fast as he could. One of them stuck in the throat, but Broadman sneezed and the soldier flew out and he kept on flying until he landed nine fields away.

Some days later they had a splendid wedding ceremony and the princess' father was there too. The princess had sent Longfellow to him to invite him to the wedding and also to say that his daughter had married a mighty king, so that her father would spare his soldiers from sure death. So everybody was happy and Matash rewarded his comrades royally and they stayed by him from that time on.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES AND THREE EYES.

POLISH.

There was once a father and mother who had just one little daughter. But before the daughter grew up her mother died, so the girl was sent to visit her aunt. Now the aunt wanted to marry the little girl's father, and persuaded her to make her father propose marriage. She promised to treat the little girl kindly and give her good meals and love her like her own daughter. So it came about that her father married the aunt and they all went to live together.

Some time after this the aunt had four little girls. One of them had one eye, the second two eyes, the third three eyes, and the fourth four eyes. Now instead of enjoying all the comforts that her step-mother had promised her, the poor little step-daughter had to take the cows out to pasture and was given mud dumplings and peppered cheese to take with her for lunch; and yet, strange to say, she did not get sick, but had rosier cheeks than her step-sisters. Time passed and the step-daughters grew up, but still the step-mother wanted very much to find out why her step-daughter remained so beautiful.

To try to find out she sent her daughter with one eye to the pasture with the step-daughter to watch and see if anything happened that would explain why the step-daughter was so pretty and rosy.

When they got to pasture the one-eyed girl said, "Sit down, sister, and comb my hair." So the step-daughter did so, but as she was combing she whispered, "Go to sleep one eye," and the girl went to sleep. Then the dappled cow came and gave her something to drink out of one horn and something to eat out of the other horn.

In the evening they came home again, and the step-mother asked her daughter, "What have you seen?" But the girl had not seen anything.

Next day the two-eyed girl went with her, and said, "Sit down, sister, and comb my hair," and as she did so the step-daughter whispered, "Go to sleep one eye; go to sleep both eyes;" and again the dappled cow came and gave her something to eat and drink. So when evening came the step-daughter said, "Get up, sister, we shall have to go home;" and when the step-mother asked the girl what she had seen the girl did not know anything more than the first one did.

The next morning the third sister with three eyes went out to pasture with her, and when they got there she said, "Sit down, sister, and comb my hair." Then the step-daughter whispered, "Go to sleep one eye; go to sleep two eyes; go to sleep all three," and again the dappled cow came and gave her food and drink. In the evening the step-daughter said, "Get up; we have to go home;" and when the step-mother asked her daughter "What have you seen?" she did not know either.

The fourth day the daughter with four eyes drove the cows out to pasture with her step-sister, and when they got to the pasture she said, "Sit down, sister, and comb my hair." So the step-sister did so and whispered, "Go to sleep one eye; go to sleep two eyes; go to sleep three eyes," but she forgot the fourth eye. Again the dappled cow came and gave her a drink out of one horn and something to eat out of the other. But the girl's fourth eye saw everything while the other three were asleep, and in the evening when the step-mother asked her daughter what she had seen, the girl said, "Step-sister put three of my eyes to sleep, but the other eye saw the dappled cow come and give her something to eat out of one horn and something to drink out of the other."

At this the step-mother was angry, and began to fatten up the dappled cow to slaughter it. The step-daughter had to stay at home and eat her mud dumplings and peppered cheese. But every day she visited the cow and cried over it. One day the cow said, "This is the day when I am to be slaughtered, but ask your step-mother to give you my udder and in it you will find a little stone. Bury it in the ground under the window and from it will grow a linden tree all made of glass, and under it a little dog will bark."

The girl did as the cow had ordered her, and from the little stone grew a linden tree under which a dog barked, and under the linden tree there was a spring and the girl had to wash clothes in the spring until her hands bled.

Now it happened that once a noble gentleman rode by, and when he saw the girl he wanted to marry her, although she was poor. But the step-mother would not allow it. A week later the gentleman came again and sued for her. Then the step-mother gave in, but she ordered her daughters to take a chain and wind it around the linden tree.

The step-daughter dressed herself up as well as she could, got in the carriage, and drove away with the gentleman; but the linden tree tore itself out of the ground and flew to the carriage, and the little dog followed behind barking.

In about a year the young wife had a son, and when the step-mother heard it she came to visit her. She just asked this question, "Daughter, are you sick or well?" and as she went away said that she would come again in the morning. The next day she brought her daughter with two eyes and asked again, "Daughter, are you sick or well?" So her step-daughter answered, "Yes; I am all right."

"Look out of the window," said the step-mother, "and see how the fishes are playing in the pond."

The young wife did so, and in that moment the step-mother threw her into the pond, so that the poor girl drowned. But her soul turned into a duck, which swam about sadly on the pond. Then the step-mother laid her own daughter in the bed and went home. When the young master, however, came home and saw what he thought was his wife he asked her, "Why are you so ugly? Are you sick?"

"Yes; very sick," she replied; and so the man took pity on her.

Now that night about twelve o'clock a duck came flying in at the window, changed again into the young wife, and, weeping all the while, bathed her little son; and when she had wrapped him up again she lamented, "My linden rustles no more, the little dog has ceased to bark, and my son is crying, crying. Two nights more will I come, and then no more." So saying she flew out to the pond again in the form of a duck.

The second night the duck came flying in at the window again, took on human form, prepared the bath and bathed the little boy; and when she had wrapped him up again she kissed him and complained, "My linden rustles not, the little dog has ceased to bark, and my son cries bitterly. One more night will I come, and then never more." So saying she flew out to the pond again in the form of a duck.

But her husband stood behind the curtain, and cried when he saw her and heard these words.

The third night she came again and bathed the little son, and when she had finished lamented, "My linden rustles not, my little dog has ceased to bark, and my son cries always. Now shall I come no more." Then the young man jumped out from his hiding place behind the curtain and caught her before she had changed into a duck. But the young wife begged pitifully, "Let me go, my love, while the time is favorable."

"I will never let you go," cried the man; and his young wife said,

"Well, finish the task then if you can. I have a girdle around my body, and if you can cut it in two at one stroke then I can stay with you; otherwise, it will be still worse with me."

The husband took his dagger and cut the girdle in two, and there his young wife stood again before him as beautiful and rosy as ever and told him what the step-mother had done to her.

Next morning the step-mother was tied to the tail of a horse, and the horse was turned loose and chased over rough stony country. That was the last of the step-mother, but the linden rustled again, the dog barked, and the little boy smiled.

THE BLOCKHEADS.

BULGARIAN.

There was once a peasant who went out to his fields to plough, but beforehand he told his wife to bring his lunch out to the fields to him. The woman sent her little daughter out, however, with the food, and the girl started on her way. When she had gone about half the distance she saw a willow tree and sat down in its shade to rest for awhile. While she was sitting there in her day dreams she imagined that her mother was arranging to get her married, and that she had a little boy and had baptized it Stoyan, and then that the little boy Stoyan had died. "Oh, how I shall cry when he dies!" she thought; and overpowered by her grief she broke out into tears and sobbed, "My dear little son Stoyan! Oh, my poor little boy!"

So the time went by quickly, but she stayed away so long that her mother came to look for her and found her daughter still sitting crying under the willow tree. She asked her daughter what was the matter, and what had kept her so long. Then the daughter told her how she had sat down there and thought of how she would grieve if she had a son and the son should die. At this her mother broke out into tears too, and bewailed, "Oh, my poor little grand-son Stoyan! Alas, my poor little grand-son!" So they sat and cried all afternoon.

About twilight the peasant started for home, and found the two under the willow tree crying and almost pining away. He asked them, "Why didn't you bring my lunch?"

Then they told him how and why they had been grieving the whole day long.

"I got to thinking," said his wife, "how awful it would be if our little girl got married and had a child and the child soon died; and we have both almost cried our eyes out."

"Well," he replied, "I'll go and look around in some other towns to see if there are any such silly fools as you are elsewhere."

So he did. On his trip he came to a village, and there he found some people who were just building a house. But one of the balconies that they were putting up was too short, and they were pulling and hauling, some at one end and some at the other end of the balcony, and trying in this way to stretch it out. The peasant asked them what they were doing, and they told him. Then he said, "What will you give me if I tell you how you can make the balcony longer most quickly?"

"Whatever you wish," they replied.

At that the man took a second balcony and joined it to the first one so that they had one good long balcony that was strong, and they gave him as much money as he wanted.

Now he went on and arrived in a second village where he found some people who had built a house without windows; and as the sun could not shine into it they were carrying sunlight into the house in a chest. The peasant was puzzled at this strange action, and he asked them what they were doing. They told him their difficulty with the gloomy house, and then he cut some windows so that the sun could shine into the house. For this he received a good sum of money.

He went on to a third village, and there he saw a man who had a new pair of trousers and was just climbing up into a tree to jump down into the trousers, because he did not know how else to get them on. The peasant showed him that it was much easier to pull them on, and again he got a good deal of money for this.

In a fourth village it chanced that he met a little old woman who had gone to a neighbor's to borrow a handful of salt. But when she had put her hand into the salt box and had it full she could not get her doubled fist out of the box. The whole village had come running to see her; men, women and children. All were shouting and chattering because the woman was caught in this difficulty. But our peasant gave the old crone a slap on the hand, so that she spilled the salt out of it and was saved. He got money for this too.

In the next village he came upon a wedding procession. The bride had got as far as the door, but could not get into the house because the door was too low. They were shouting like mad that she had better go to her parents' house. But the peasant just gave her one kick at the back of the knees and tumbled her into the room; and for this he was richly rewarded.

In the next village that he reached he found two sisters-in-law who were washing clothes, and there was a little pig running around near them. After the peasant had greeted the women, and they had replied to him politely, he said, "Now do you know, my dear girls, what brings me here?"

"No. What is it?"

"I have come," he said, "to take this little pig to a wedding, for his brother is going to be married."

"What a kind man!" said the two women. "And is that really so?" And without waiting to find out they scurried about to dress the pig up. "Hurry," cried one, "give me that silk dress; I'm putting my shawl on it," and the other one said, "Pin your fine laces on, and I will give my coral necklace." So each tried to outdo the other in dressing the little pig up with the richest and most beautiful things that they had. When they had dressed up the little pig to go to the wedding in the best they had, they gave it to the peasant to take away to the celebration. But he was hardly outside of the village before he took all the things off the pig and let the little animal run away into the field.

Meanwhile the women's husbands came home, and the women told them in great glee how beautifully they had bedecked the little pig for the wedding. The men cried, "After him, quick. We shall have to catch the rascal." One jumped on his horse and started after our brave peasant. He soon overtook him and asked him, "Have you seen a man go by driving a pig before him?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "He turned into that field there right ahead of me. I will hold your horse while you run over there so that you can catch him."

So leaving the horse with our hero the man ran across the field, but the peasant got up on the horse and rode home, which was much easier for him than walking.

When he got there he said to his wife and little daughter, "If I had not found people that were greater blockheads than you two, I would surely have beaten you black and blue."

THE BROTHERS.

SLAVONIC.

There was once a man who had a wife but no children; he had a dog but no little dogs; and a mare but no foals. "What's the use of sitting at home?" he said to himself. "I will go away into the world to seek my fortune since I have none at home." No sooner thought than done, and he went out alone into the wide world, like the bee which lights on all kinds of flowers.

One day about noon he stopped at a spring to eat his lunch, let down his bundle from his shoulders, took his lunch out of it and began to eat. There presently appeared before him another wanderer, who sat down beside the spring to rest. He invited the stranger to sit by him and share his lunch. The newcomer did so, and after they had finished eating asked him why he was on the road. Our friend said to him, "I have no happiness at home; my wife has no children, my mare has no foals, and even my dog has no puppies. I am wandering through the world as the bee flies from flower to flower."

After they had finished eating they got up to go on their journeys. The stranger thanked the unfortunate man for his food and his kindness, gave him an apple and said, "Take this apple and go straight back home. Pare the apple and give the parings to the dog and the mare. Then cut the apple in two; give one half to your wife and eat the other yourself, and plant near your house the two seeds which you will find in the apple. If you do this you will never regret it."

The man thanked the stranger for the apple, they separated on their journeys, and the unhappy man returned home again. He pared the apple and did all as he had been told. After some time had gone by his wife had two boys, the dog had two puppies, and the mare had two Arabian horses; and from the seeds sprung up near the house a sturdy apple tree. Now when the two brothers were grown up, the horses had already grown up, and the dogs were well skilled in hunting. A short time after this the father and mother both died and the two brothers were left alone. It was so lonely in the house that they decided to go out and seek their fortunes in the world. So each took one of the horses and one of the dogs, and they cut down the apple tree and made spears of it, and set forth into the wide, wide world.

I cannot really say how many days they wandered together, but what I know is that at the first fork in the road they separated. At this point there was a sign which said, "If you take the upper road you will not see the world for five years; if you take the lower road you will not see the world for three years." One of them chose the upper and the other the lower road.

Now the brother who had taken the lower road wandered for three years and came into the second world, to a lake where a great post stood with the writing, "If you enter you will regret it; if you do not enter you will regret it."

"If this is so," he thought to himself, "I will take the chance." So he went into the water and swam over the lake, and behold! he and his horse and his dog—all three—were covered with gold. On the other side he soon arrived at a great city spread out in the plain, and going into the market place he asked for an inn where he could stay over night. They told him that the great castle above was an inn. So he rode up and got down from his horse in front of the castle. Servants came out and led him before the master, who was the king. And the king bade him heartily welcome, and gave him plenty of food and a good night's lodging.

The next day he got ready to travel on, but the king's daughter, his only child, had seen him the day before going across the courtyard and fallen in love with him. She thought that the golden pilgrim had come on her account, and so she could not sleep. Her heart beat so that it pained her, and she thought it fortunate that the summer night was short, for if it had been a winter night she could not have lived till the day. She dreamt that the king called her and that she had to take a ring and an apple; and then she ran to the door, but it was shut and no one was there. Although the night was short, it seemed to her as if three nights had joined together one after another, and when in the morning she saw that the pilgrim was ready to go away, she ran to her father and begged him not to let him go, but to keep him and let him marry her. The king was good-natured and easily persuaded, so his daughter received what she wished. He detained the pilgrim and offered him his daughter in marriage. The pilgrim did not resist long, kissed the king's hand, gave the young girl a ring, she gave him a kerchief, and so they were engaged. It seems to me that they didn't even wait for the bans to be published. They celebrated the wedding soon, had a great feast, and everything ran smoothly.

One morning the bridegroom looked out of the castle window somewhat sadly and his young wife asked him what was the matter. He told her he longed to go hunting, and she was willing, but wanted him to take three servants with him. The young man, however, wanted no attendants, but took his golden horse and golden dog and went far out into the country.

The dog soon caught the scent and followed a stag which had golden horns. But the stag, strange to say, turned and ran to a castle with the hound after him, and the hunter after the hound. He caught the stag right between the castle gates and had drawn his sword and was about to cut off its head, when a girl called out of the window, "Don't kill the stag, but come in here and we will play for a wager. We will play draughts, and if you win you will take the stag with you, and if I win you will give me your hound." He was as ready for this as an old woman is for talking, so went up on the balcony and staked his dog against the stag. The hunter was almost winning when other maidens behind him began to sing,

"Draughts, draughts; give me a draught."

He turned around, and as he did so the girl made a false move, won the game and took his dog. Then they played a second time. She staked the stag and the dog against his horse, and she cheated him a second time. Now they played the third game, she staking the horse, and he wagering himself; and just as the game was about to end and he was going to win, the maidens began to sing again as they did the first and second times, he turned around, and the girl won the game. Then she took a rope and bound him and threw him into prison.

Now the brother who had gone on the upper road at their parting also arrived at the lake, waded through it, was gilded over with his horse and his dog like the first one, and also arrived at the royal palace where his brother had married the king's daughter. The servants awaited him, asked him if he were tired and what he had killed in the hunt; and finally the king's daughter came close to him, put her arms around him and kissed him affectionately. He could not stop wondering why everyone knew him. Finally it occurred to him that his brother, who looked like him, must have been here and married the girl. But the king's daughter was lost in amazement, and it pained her that her husband was so cold. The more she pressed herself close to him, the more he repulsed her.

The next day he got ready to go out and find his brother, and the king, his daughter and all the courtiers begged him not to ride away. "See," said they, "hardly are you back from yesterday's hunt before you want to go out again." All was in vain, however, and he left behind the thirty servants who were given him and went alone across country. When he got into the distance his hound scented the stag and chased it into the same castle where his brother lay, and when he raised his sword to kill the stag, the girl called out of the window, "Do not kill the stag, but come up here and we will play draughts. The winner takes the stakes; either you will take my hound or I shall take yours."

When he came into the castle there on the ground floor were his brother's dog and horse. The two dogs and the two horses recognized each other, and he knew that his brother was imprisoned here. They began to play draughts, and when the girl saw that he was going to win the maidens behind him began to sing,

"Draughts, draughts; give me a draught."

But he paid no attention to them, and kept looking steadily at the game. Then the girl began to make eyes at the young man to distract his attention, but he slapped her and said, "Play," and finally he won. The second time she staked her horse against his horse, but could not cheat him, and he took the horse and dog too. The third and last time they played and she wagered herself against him. And he won after he had beaten her the third time for rolling her eyes at him. So he took her, freed his brother from the prison, and they rode into the city.

The brother who had been in prison thought to himself, "He was with my wife yesterday, and who knows whether she does not love him more than me?" So he drew his sword and was going to strike him; but the girl stopped it. He flew into the palace before his brother, and as he came up the stairs his wife hung around his neck and nestled up to him and reproached him because he had been so cold and unkind to her the day before. Then he regretted that he had thought so basely of his brother who had freed him from prison and begged for his pardon. The second brother was a clear-headed and good-hearted man. He forgave him, and they embraced each other affectionately. So the first brother and his wife again inhabited the kingdom, and the second brother married the girl who played draughts and ruled over her kingdom, and they got along better together than anybody can imagine.

THE THREE SUITORS.

INDIAN

In the city of Udsha lived a Brahmin who was a distinguished man, a loyal servant and Prime Minister of the Prince Punjasena. He was called Harivamim. His noble wife bore him a son, Devas, who was in every way as gifted as his father, and they also had a daughter called Soma, whose uncommon beauty soon became widely celebrated.

When Soma was at the age to be married she was so proud of her great beauty that she let it be known through her mother, father and brother that her husband must be either a hero, a seer, or a magician. "I wish," she said, "either a hero, a wise man, or a wizard for a husband, or else no husband at all, and if my life is dear to you, you will not try to make me marry otherwise."

Her father, Harivamim, was now full of anxiety whether such a man could ever be found as would come up to these conditions. Then it happened that he was sent by King Punjasena as ambassador to a monarch in the south, who had invaded the country, and with whom a treaty was to be signed. As he was getting ready for his journey a Brahmin asked for the hand of his daughter, whose beauty he had heard much of. Harivamim said, "My daughter wants only a magician, a wise man or a hero for a husband, or else none at all. Which of the three are you?"

The Brahmin made answer, "I am skilled in magic."

"Show me," said the Prime Minister. Then the magician enchanted a wagon so that it could travel through the air. He took Harivamim up on it, showed him the heavens and the whole world in one instant, and to his great astonishment carried him to the palace of the southern monarch, to approach whom he had just been making his preparations. So Harivamim promised his daughter to the wizard, and agreed that the wedding should take place in seven days.

At the very same time another Brahmin came to his son Devas in Udsha and asked for his sister. Devas said, "She wants for a husband either a wise man, a wizard or a hero, and no one else."

Then the other said that he was a warrior, and proved himself wonderfully skilful in fighting, and in shooting with the bow and arrow. So Devas promised his sister to him, because she was younger than he, and he had a right to do it, and after consulting the astrologers he also arranged that the wedding should take place in seven days, as his father had done. But he kept it secret so that his mother knew nothing of it.

Soma's mother meanwhile was approached when she was alone by a third suitor who asked for her daughter's hand. "My daughter," she replied, "desires only a wise man, a hero, or a magician."

Then said the third suitor, "I am a prophet." When she found out that he could tell the past and foretell the future, she too promised that he should marry her daughter in seven days.

The next day Harivamim came back and told his wife and son that he had arranged for the marriage of his daughter, and they both gave him the surprising information that they also had done the same. So he saw that three suitors would be on hand at the same time, and did not know what to do about it.

On the wedding day the three actually came into Harivamim's house: the wise man, the magician, and the warrior. And then something very remarkable occurred. Soma, the bride, suddenly vanished, and however much they looked for her no one could find her. At once Harivamim turned to the seer. "Wise man," said he, "quickly tell me where my daughter has vanished to."

He answered, "The Dragon Rasiku has stolen her away, and taken her to his lair in the Vinda Forest."

Full of terror the father cried out, "Alas! who can fetch her thence, and how?"

The wizard was listening, and said, "Sir, be of good cheer; I will take you all thither if the prophet will tell me where she is." So saying he enchanted the wagon again, so that it could travel through the air, filled it with all kinds of weapons, got on it with Harivamim, the hero and the prophet, and in an instant carried them to the dragon's den in Vinda Forest, which the wise man had pointed out.

Then Harivamim encouraged the warrior to call the dragon out to battle. The monster fell into a terrible rage when he saw what was before him, and a wonderful battle took place between the dragon and the man. They fought with all kinds of weapons for the sake of the poor captive Soma. Soon, however, the man shot an arrow with a point like a half moon and cut the panting monster's head from its body. They rescued the girl from the dragon's cave, and all went back on the magician's wagon.

When they got home again there arose a quarrel between the wise man, the wizard and the warrior, although the happy hour for the wedding had arrived; and the wise man spoke, " If I had not discovered where the girl was hidden you never could have got her; and so she belongs to me."

The magician said, "If I had not furnished you with an enchanted wagon could you have flown there and back in an instant like the gods? Could you have fought with the dragon unless you had weapons to match against his? Therefore she belongs to me, for it is due to me that we are living at this moment."

The hero said, "All your labor would have been useless, and you could never have brought back the girl if I had not laid the dragon low in battle. Therefore she belongs to me."

So they quarreled; but Harivamim kept quiet, for he did not know how to help himself. Finally he said, "I will ask the king."

"To whom shall she belong, Your Majesty?"

And the wise king said, "She shall be given to the hero. When he conquered the dragon he risked his life for her and has won her by his courageous battle; the wise man and the magician served him as tools. Thus fate has ordered it."

So the hero who had fought for Soma, and loved her with all his heart, married her; and the prophet and magician were at the wedding too, for they stood by the king's decision and were not sorry that they had helped to bring the girl out of such great danger and make her happy.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.

Once upon a time there dwelt near a large wood a poor wood-cutter, with his second wife and two children by his former marriage, a little boy called Hansel, and a girl named Gretel. He had little enough to eat at any time; and once, when there was a great famine in the land, he could hardly get even his daily bread; and as he lay thinking in his bed one night, he sighed, and said to his wife, "What will become of us? How can we feed our children, when we have no more than we can eat ourselves?"

"Know then, my husband," answered she, "we will lead them away, quite early in the morning, into the thickest part of the wood, and there make them a fire, and give them each a little piece of bread; then we will go to our work, and leave them alone, so they will not find the way home again, and we shall be freed from them."

"No, wife," replied he, "that I can never do; how can you bring yourself to leave my children all alone in the wood; for the wild beasts will soon come and tear them to pieces?"

"Oh, you simpleton!" said she, "then we must all four die of hunger; you had better make the coffins for us."

But she left him no peace till he consented, saying, "Ah, but I shall miss the poor children."

The two children, however, had not gone to sleep for very hunger, and so they overheard what the step-mother said to their father. Gretel wept bitterly, and said to Hansel, "What will become of us?"

"Be quiet, Gretel," said he; "do not cry—I will soon help

"Stretch your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat."

you." And as soon as their parents had gone to sleep, he got up, put on his coat, and, unbarring the back door, went out. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay before the door seemed like silver pieces, they glittered so brightly.

Hansel stooped down, and put as many into his pocket as it would hold; and then going back he said to Gretel, "Be of good cheer, dear sister, and sleep in peace; God will not forsake us." And so saying, he went to bed again.

The next morning, before the sun arose, the wife went and awoke the two children. "Get up, you lazy brats; we are going into the forest to chop wood." Then she gave them each a piece of bread, saying, "There is something for your dinner; do not eat it before the time, for you will get nothing else." Gretel took the bread in her apron, for Hansel's pocket was full of pebbles; and so they all set out upon their way.

When they had gone a little distance, Hansel stood still, and peeped back at the house; and this he repeated several times, till his father said, "Hansel, what are you looking at, and why do you lag behind? Take care, and remember your legs."

"Ah, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat sitting upon the roof of the house, and trying to say good-bye."

"You simpleton!" said the wife, "that is not a cat; it is only the sun shining on the white chimney." In reality Hansel was not looking at a cat; but every time he stopped, he dropped a pebble out of his pocket upon the path.

When they came to the middle of the forest, the father told the children to collect wood, and he would make them a fire, so that they should not be cold. So Hansel and Gretel gathered together quite a little heap of twigs. Then they set fire to them; and as the flame blazed up high, the wife said, "Now, you children, lie down near the fire, and rest yourselves, while we go into the forest and chop more wood; when we are ready we will come and call you."

Hansel and Gretel sat down by the fire, and when it was noon, each ate the piece of bread; and because they could hear the blows of an axe they thought their father was near; but it was not an axe, but a branch which he had bound to an old tree, so as to be blown to and fro by the wind. They waited so long, that at last their eyes closed from weariness, and they fell fast asleep. When they awoke, it was quite dark, and Gretel began to cry, "How shall we get out of the wood?"

Hansel tried to comfort her by saying, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will quickly find the way." The moon shone forth, and Hansel taking his sister's hand, followed the pebbles, which glittered like new-coined silver pieces, and showed them the way. All night long they walked on, and as the day broke they came to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the wife opened it, and saw Hansel and Gretel, she exclaimed, "You wicked children! why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you were never coming home again." But their father was extremely glad, for it had grieved his heart to leave them all alone.

Not long afterwards there was again great scarcity in every corner of the land; and one night the children overheard their mother saying to their father, "Everything is once more consumed; we have only half a loaf left, and then the song ended: the children must be sent away. We will take them deeper into the wood, so that they may not find the way out again; it is the only means of escape for us."

But her husband felt heavy at heart, and thought, "It were better to share the last crust with the children." His wife, however, would listen to nothing that he said, and scolded and reproached him without end.

He who says A must say B too; and he who consents the first time must also the second.

The children, however, had heard the conversation as they lay awake, and as soon as their parents went to sleep Hansel got up, intending to pick up some pebbles as before; but the wife had locked the door, so that he could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted Gretel, saying, "Do not weep; sleep in quiet; the good God will not forsake us."

Early in the morning the step-mother came and pulled them out of bed, and gave them each a slice of bread, which was still smaller than the former piece. On the way, Hansel broke his in his pocket, and, stooping every now and then, dropped a crumb upon the path. "Hansel, why do you stop and look about?" said the father, "keep in the path."

"I am looking at my little dove," answered Hansel, "nodding a good-bye to me."

"Simpleton!" said the wife, "that is no dove, but only the sun shining on the chimney." But Hansel kept still dropping crumbs as he went along.

The mother led the children deep into the wood, where they had never been before, and there making a gigantic fire, she said to them, "Sit down here and rest, and when you feel tired you can sleep for a little while. We are going into the forest to hew wood, and in the evening, when we are ready, we will come and fetch you again."

When noon came Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had strewn his on the path. Then they went to sleep; but the evening arrived and no one came to visit the poor children, and in the dark night they awoke, and Hansel comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait, Gretel, till the moon comes out, then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have dropped, and they will show us the way home." The moon shone and they got up, but they could not see any crumbs, for the thousands of birds which had been flying about in the woods and fields had picked them all up. Hansel kept saying to Gretel, "We will soon find the way;" but they did not, and they walked the whole night long and the next day, but still they did not come out of the wood; and they got very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but the berries which they found upon the bushes. Soon they got so tired that they could not drag themselves along, so they lay down under a tree and again they went to sleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they still walked on; but they only got deeper, and deeper, and deeper into the wood, and Hansel saw that if help did not come very soon they must die of hunger. As soon as it was noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting upon a bough, singing so sweetly that they stood still and listened to it. It soon stopped, and spreading its wings flew off; and they followed it until it arrived at a cottage, upon the roof of which it perched; and when they went close up to it, Hansel and Gretel saw that the house was made of bread and cakes, and the window-panes were of clear sugar.

"We will go in here," said Hansel, "and have a glorious feast. I will eat a piece of the roof, and you can eat the window. Won't they be sweet?" So Hansel reached up and broke a piece off the roof, in order to see how it tasted; while Gretel stepped up to the window and began to bite it.

Then a sweet voice called out in the room, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, who knocks at my door?" and the children answered, "The wind, the wind, the child of heaven;" and they went on eating without interruption. Hansel thought the roof tasted very nice, and so he tore off a great piece; while Gretel broke a large round pane out of the window, and sat down quite contentedly.

Just then the door opened, and a very old woman, walking upon crutches, came out. Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands; but the old woman nodding her head, said, "Ah, you dear children, what has brought you here? Come in and stop with me, and no harm shall come to you;" and so saying she took them both by the hand, and led them into her cottage. A good meal of milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts, was spread on the table, and in the back room were two nice little beds, covered with white, where Hansel and Gretel laid themselves down, and thought themselves in heaven. The old woman behaved very kindly to them, but in reality she was a wicked old witch who waylaid children, and built the breadhouse in order to entice them in; but as soon as they were in her power she killed them, cooked and ate them, and made a great festival of the day. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see very far; but they have a fine sense of smell, like wild beasts, so that they know when children approach them. When Hansel and Gretel came near the witch's house she laughed wickedly, saying, "Here come two who shall not escape me." And early in the morning, before they awoke, she went up to them, and saw how lovingly they lay sleeping, with their chubby red cheeks; and she mumbled to herself, "That will be a good bite." Then she took up Hansel with her rough hands, and shut him up in a little cage with a lattice-door; and although he screamed loudly it was of no use. Gretel came next, and shaking her till she awoke, she said, "Get up, you lazy brat, and fetch some water to cook something good for your brother, who must remain in that stall and get fat; and when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Gretel began to cry, but it was all useless, for the old witch made her do as she wanted. So a nice meal was cooked for Hansel, while Gretel got nothing but a crab's claw.

Every morning the old witch came to the cage and said, "Hansel, stretch out your finger that I may feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel used to stretch out a bone, and the old woman, having very bad sight, thought it was his finger, and wondered very much why he did not get fat. When four weeks had passed, and Hansel still appeared quite lean, she lost all her patience, and would not wait any longer. "Gretel," she cried in a passion, "get some water quickly; be Hansel fat or lean, this morning I will kill and cook him." Oh, how the poor little sister grieved, as she was forced to fetch the water, and fast the tears ran down her cheeks! "Dear good God, help us now!" she prayed. "Had we only been eaten by the wild beasts in the wood, then we should have died together."

But the old witch called out, "Leave off that noise; it will not help you a bit."

So early in the morning Gretel was compelled to go out and fill the kettle, and make a fire. "First, we will bake, however," said the old woman; "I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough;" and so saying, she pushed poor Gretel up to the oven, out of which the flames were burning fiercely. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough, and then we will put in the bread;" but she intended when Gretel got in, to shut up the oven and let her bake, so that she might eat her as well as Hansel.

Gretel knew her wicked thoughts, and said, "I do not know how to do it; how shall I get in?"

"You stupid goose," said the witch, "the opening is big enough. See, I could even get in myself!" and she got up and put her head in the oven. Then Gretel gave her a push, so that she fell right in, and then shutting the iron door she bolted it. Oh, how horribly she howled; but Gretel ran away, and left the witch to burn to ashes.

Now she ran to Hansel, and, opening the door, called out, "Hansel, we are saved; the old witch is dead!"

So he sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened; and they were so glad that they fell upon each other's neck, and kissed each other over and over again. And now, as there was nothing to fear, they went back to the witch's house, where in every corner were caskets full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, putting as many into his pocket as it would hold; while Gretel thought, "I will take some home, too," and filled her apron full.

"We must be off now," said Hansel, "and get out of this enchanted forest;" but when they had walked for two hours they came to a piece of large water.

"We cannot get over," said Hansel; "I can see no bridge at all."

"And there is no boat either," said Gretel, "but there swims a white duck, I will ask her to help us over;" and she sang,

"Little Duck, good little Duck,
  Gretel and Hansel, together we stand;
There is neither stile nor bridge,
  Take us on your back to land."

So the Duck came to them, and Hansel climbed on its back, and bade his sister sit beside him. "No," replied Gretel, "that will be too much for the Duck, she shall take us over one at a time." This the good little bird did, and when both were happily arrived on the other side, and had gone a little way, they came to a well-known wood, which they knew the better every step they went, and at last they saw their father's house. Then they began to run, and rushing into the house, they fell on their father's neck. He had not had one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest: and their wicked step-mother was dead. Gretel shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled out upon the floor, and Hansel threw down one handful after the other out of his pocket. Then all their sorrows were ended, and they lived together in great happiness.

T2-FQP-452